★ RADIO MIRROR AND TELEVISION TV

DECEMBER • 25¢

From Radio Mirror TO YOU

Complete at-home way to make yourself a better, more attractive woman!

★

ODFREY'S GIRL JANETTE
By Fran Allison

so—Hilltop House,
oad of Life, Ma Perkins,
edric Adams

Are you in the know?

What does Hippy Hannah aim to be?

- ☐ *A wallflower*
- ☐ *A bouncing beauty*
- ☐ *An eavesdropper*

Tuning in on her neighbors? Nay, nay. Just bouncing her way to streamlined beauty. If *you're* hip-hefty, bump 'em off—10 minutes daily, against the wall. Stirs up circulation; helps trim over-rounded curves. (Mind though—no 'tween-meal nibblings!) Improving your figure improves your poise. But keeping poised on problem days depends so much on *comfort*. Choose *Kotex*. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape!*

Will you see the New Year in with—

- ☐ *Pink elephants*
- ☐ *Pink lemonade*
- ☐ *Rose-colored glasses*

Wha*tever* you're doing New Year's Eve—don't be the acquaintance who'll be forgot *next* year. A rootin' tootin' celebration won't hike a gal's rating. Better a rosy dating future rather than a cold grey dawn. You can make merry and still make sense. Taking *extra* care to spurn crash-happy drivers. At certain times, you'll want to guard against problem-day "accidents," too. Get the *extra* protection of Kotex and that special *safety center*.

Which outfit inspires a gift idea?

- ☐ *The tartan skirt*
- ☐ *The grey flannel dress*
- ☐ *The chinchilla coat*

If you're in the Smooth Set, you already know—these three outfits are fashion "firsts." Does your best study-buddy own a tartan skirt? Knit her some Argyle sox, to match the colors. A nifty giftie for Christmas! Different girls have different tastes in togs. Their sanitary protection needs, too, are not alike. So . . . Kotex comes in *3 absorbencies*. (Different sizes, for different days.) By trying Regular, Junior, Super, you'll learn which is "definitely for *you*."

When leaving, what to do about the chaperone lineup?

- ☐ *Run for the farthest exit*
- ☐ *Mumble hi and g'bye*
- ☐ *Take time out*

Would you weasel an exit via fire escape, rather than stop for a word at the door? Be courteous. Chaperones are frequently people! Take time out to thank them for their help. You needn't cringe from watchful eyes . . . even at calendar time. With Kotex, there are no telltale outlines, what with those *flat pressed ends* to *prevent* them. You're carefree. Moreover, your new Kotex Belt gives you added confidence, comfort. Made with soft-stretch elastic . . . non-twisting . . . non-curling. Washable; dries in a wink!

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

How to learn your social P's and Q's?

- ☐ *The hard way*
- ☐ *Via charm school*
- ☐ *Get "In The Know"*

Want quick answers to dating dilemmas? Hints on etiquette, grooming, fashions? Send for the new, fascinating booklet "Are You In The Know?"—it's *free!* It's a collection of the most important poise-pointers selected from "Are You In The Know" magazine advertisements (*without "commercials"*)—reprinted in booklet form by special request. Get *your* free copy! Mail the coupon!

FREE BOOKLET!
Mail the coupon today!

Address P.O. Box 3434,
Dept. 212, Chicago 1, Illinois

Please send me the free booklet, "Are You In The Know?"

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Her Charm Has Quit Working

Up until recently, Saturday night was big-date night . . . now it's just Saturday night. One-by-one the boys have quit phoning. Somehow her charm isn't working like it used to . . . and the reason* is one that she would be the last to suspect. It could happen to any girl . . . even to you.

How's your breath today?

Better not take your breath for granted. *Halitosis (unpleasant breath), you know, can be absent one day and present the next . . . without your knowing it. And when it is off-color, people are likely to avoid you.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is an easy, delightful, *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis? It's almost a passport to popularity.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best. Better still, rinse the mouth regularly with it night and morning as well.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis*

BEFORE ANY DATE...LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC...IT'S BREATH TAKING

R M 1

DECEMBER, 1950

RADIO MIRROR TV AND TELEVISION

VOL. 35, NO. 1 KEYSTONE

PEOPLE ON THE AIR

Best Answer to Young Dr. Malone Problem (Names of the Writers of the Five Next Best Letters) 11
"Thanks For Naming Our Home" (Johnny and Penny Olsen Home Name Contest winners) 13
Al Helfer 15
My Favorite Husband Contest Winners 17
Cal the Colorful 22
The Radio Mirror Awards Ballot for 1950-51 25
Lucky Me—Jan's My Friend! ..... by Fran Allison 26
Cedric Likes People! ..... by Helen Bolstad 28
I Can't Believe it Myself! ..... by Ralph Sigwald 30
Made-Over Mindy ..... by Eddie Joy 32
They Bring You The News 34
Julie Paterno Asks: How Much Trust Can You Place In Your Teen-Age Daughter? 40

INSIDE RADIO

Information Booth 23
Inside Radio 68

FOR BETTER LIVING

When A Girl Marries ..... by Joan Davis 6
Christmas Means Giving ..... by Dorry Ellis 10
Is There A Santa Claus? ..... by Terry Burton 14
Traveler of the Month ..... by Tommy Bartlett 20
This Is My Life ..... by Alice Frost 38
Radio Mirror's Daytime Fashions For You 42
Nonsense and Some-Sense ..... by Art Linkletter 44
The Night Before Christmas ..... by Nancy Craig 46
A Brand New You—The Complete Carol Douglas Way ..... by Carol Douglas 48
Poetry 71
Eating In Restaurants ..... by Victor Lindlahr 72

TELEVISION

What's So Funny? ..... by Jack Carter 54
Four From Chicago 56
That's My Bill ..... by Mary Gargan 58
Time For Beany 60
The Radio Mirror Awards for 1950-51—TV Program Ballot 61

YOUR LOCAL STATION

WNBC: Switch to Skitch 4
WBEN: "Best Friends . . . " 8
WPEN: "Disc Jockey with a Heart" 12
KDKA: Fairy Tale Weekend 16

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

Radio Mirror's Own Life Story 18
A Good Place To Be (A Ma Perkins Story) ..... by Shuffle Shober 62
Daytime Diary 64

ON THE COVER: Janette Davis—color portrait by Geoffrey Morris.
Blouse by Rojay

Editorial Director FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor DORIS McFERRAN
Art Director JACK ZASORIN
Associate Editor JOSEPHINE PEARSON
Associate Art Director FRANCES MALY
Editorial Assistants: JOAN POLLOCK, MARYANNE CROFTON, MARIE HALLER
Ass't to Editorial Director: NINA SITTLER
Television: FRANCES KISH *Home Service Department:* ESTHER FOLEY
Chicago Office: *Editor,* HELEN CAMBRIA BOLSTAD
Hollywood Office: *Editor,* LYLE ROOKS *Managing Editor,* FRANCES MORRIN
Assistant, BETTY MILLS
Staff Photographers: HYMIE FINK, STERLING SMITH *Assistant,* BETTY JO RICE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y., average net paid circulation 590,240 for 6 months ending June 30, 1949.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial Branch Offices: 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif., and 221 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill. O. J. Elder, President: Herbert G. Drake, Ernest V. Heyn, and James L. Mitchell, Vice Presidents; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $3.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions, and Canada. $5.00 per year for all other countries.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old as well as your new address. Write to Radio and Television Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage and will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury.
Re-entered as Second Class Matter June 15, 1950, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail, P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1950 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A. by Art Color Printing Co.
Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

MOTHERS! FOR A HAPPY BABY

Get this Booklet FREE!

Learn how to keep your precious baby healthier and happier.

SEND TODAY for this wonderfully helpful *free* booklet, "Ten Ways to Give Your Baby Security," and enjoy the peace of mind that comes with the knowledge that *your* child is receiving the best of care.

BABY AUTHORITIES say that you have to give your child more than just the material things in life. It is most important that he feel *mentally secure* in his home life . . . that you and your husband help give him *emotional stability*.

THE MAKERS OF "LYSOL" *brand disinfectant have prepared this booklet telling you how to give your baby that all-important inner security. You owe it to yourself and to him to write for your free copy today.*

ITS TWENTY-FOUR PAGES are fully illustrated and are filled with specific, valuable information that will help you bring up a happier, healthier baby. Problems that arise from day to day, as Baby is growing up, are discussed in plain, understandable language. Baby's emotional problems as well as his physical needs are discussed in this book.

READ THESE IMPORTANT SECTION HEADINGS

1. Show Baby Your Love
2. Make Baby Feel He Belongs
3. Make Your Marriage a Secure Setting
4. Make Baby Feel His Home is Trustworthy
5. Recognize Your Baby as a Person
6. Rules and Discipline Make a Baby Feel Secure
7. Help Your Baby Make Friends
8. Recognize Your Child's Natural Jealousy of a New Baby
9. Don't Be An Over-Anxious Mother
10. Don't Baby Your Baby Too Long

Hailed by Grateful Parents Everywhere

MALVERNE, N. Y.–Mrs. J. K. White writes, "Our boy was a 'crybaby' until I read this book. Now I know where *I* made mistakes . . . and how to correct them."

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.–Mrs. Hayden Ross-Clunis says, "This booklet showed us how our child's security and happiness depend on *us*, and we're better parents for reading it."

For Extra, Continuing Protection . . .

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"LYSOL"
Lehn & Fink Products Corporation
Dept. R.M.-5012, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me *free* 24-page booklet: "Ten Ways To Give Your Baby SECURITY."

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____

R M

Celebrities like Henry Fonda are frequent guests on Skitch's daily morning and afternoon shows.

SWITCH to SKITCH

Thirty-one-year-old bandleader Skitch Henderson is now on WNBC as a piano-playing disc jockey.

Since June of this year, New York mornings have been brightened by the appearance of the noted pianist-bandleader Skitch Henderson in WNBC's early morning (6-8:30) time spot.

Not the usual platter spinner, Skitch jockeys both discs and a Steinway. A painless awakener, Skitch's program offers light commentary, news, time signals, weather reports and oral and musical Hendersonisms as well as recordings and piano music.

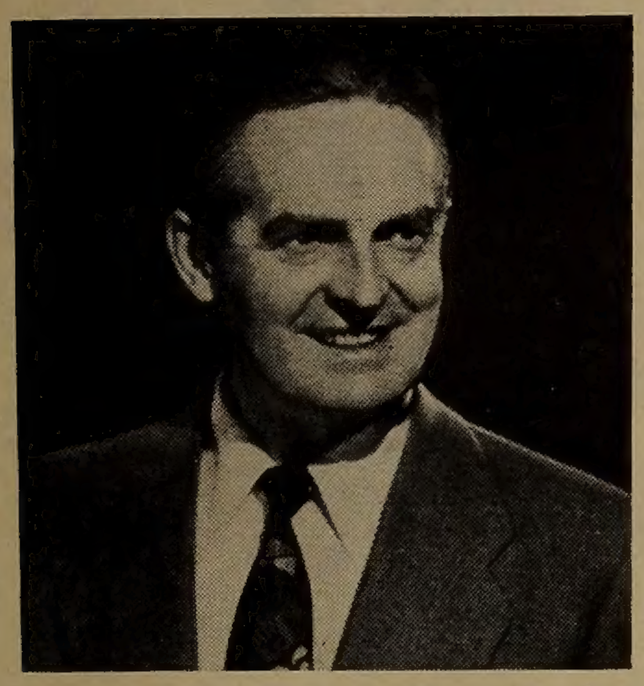
His other disc show, Skitch's Scrapbook, features records plus his own piano arrangements and, in addition, he is heard on WNBC's Prom Date (Saturday, 11:30 A.M.). On TV, Skitch emcees Talent Search, seen Mondays at 10:30 P.M. on WNBT.

Born in England, Skitch studied music in London with the intention of becoming a concert pianist. After arriving in America at sixteen, however, he was so affected by our popular music that he decided to switch specialties. Breaking into vaudeville as an accompanist to Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards, he subsequently toured with many "name" bands.

Settling in Hollywood after a wartime career as a pilot, Skitch was signed for motion picture work, where he scored an immediate success. In one of his first pictures, the Jimmy Stewart-Henry Fonda sequences of "A Miracle Can Happen" he wrote the musical background; conducted the score; wrote a song; instructed Jimmy Stewart in how a band's pianist works; ghosted the piano for Stewart and appeared in the picture as the bandleader.

Commanding the largest salary ever paid to a performer by WNBC, Skitch is one of the first major night-time network personalities to move into early morning radio as part of the station's over-all plan to bring top talent into the daytime picture.

Coming Next Month



In the January issue, that perennial favorite, Fred Waring.

In case you decide to make your list of New Year's resolutions early, you'll surely want to include one that covers getting the January issue of RADIO MIRROR. It's a resolution you'll want to make and keep not just once, but at least twelve times during 1951. Take the January issue, for instance. There's an inside story about Fred Waring that really *is* an inside story — it's by Daisy Bernier, one of the bright young singers on the Waring shows. Daisy will give you a new glimpse of the man whose brand of music has been one of your favorites for—how many years is it now? Look for "My Boss, Fred Waring"—you'll find color pictures with it of Fred and Daisy and the Pennsylvanians. It's an item you won't want to miss. The Maggi McNellis story is another one. Beautiful Maggi discusses a subject for which she is justly famous and that subject, of course, is "How to Be A Best Dressed Woman."

And there are more reasons why you should plan to keep December 8 in mind (that's the date the January issue goes on the newsstands): Dave Garroway is at large again and he's concerned with a most important subject, we think—women!—don't you? Dave agrees that it's a woman's world in a story of the same name. Extra added attraction: an at-home in Miami, Florida with Walter Winchell, a story with pictures of the famous columnist-commentator. Around, too, in January will be all the regulars: Art Linkletter, Nancy Craig and the Bonus Novel. Remember the date —it's Friday, December 8 for the January issue. Reserve your copies now!

Here's Wonderful Deodorant News!

New finer Mum more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer.* For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical —no shrinkage, no waste.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria — but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM** *cream deodorant*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Problems, even the most trying ones, are less of a burden when shared with someone like Joan

When a Girl

The best answer to the problem of Mrs. J. B., printed in the August issue, was submitted by Mrs. John Bowdre of Macon, Georgia, to whom RADIO MIRROR'S check for $25.00 has been sent.

Here is this month's prize problem letter, which I am asking RADIO MIRROR readers to help me solve with their letters of advice:

Dear Joan:

Three years ago I married Bob, a widower, with two boys: Ira nine and Donald ten. His first wife died in childbirth when Ira was born. When we decided to marry, I promised Bob I would mother his children as if they were my very own, and at that time Bob told me with his love for me, my love for him and our love for the boys, we were going to have a happy home. I have tried my utmost to keep that promise and have that happy home. However, now, three years later, I feel we are very near admitting failure. The boys had different ideas, and make no hesitation in letting me know they resent my being here, they resent having a stepmother, and most of the time they get downright rude. If I request correction on their conduct, Bob jumps to their defense and the day ends in a bitter quarrel.

Things that ordinary families do just don't happen any more. If I plan a picnic basket, the boys won't go. They will take the picnic lunch and go fishing with Bob, but make it plain it's their and their Dad's outing. To keep peace in the family I'm usually home with a magazine or friend.

I have suggested leaving and getting started again for myself, but Bob insists he loves me very much and his home cannot be happy without me. I love Bob too, and in all other respects he is a very fine, honorable person.

We have tried evenings going out, but again Ira and Donald give us an evening of agony, for they will not mind a sitter, and cannot be left alone. He states, since they do resent me, in spite of my efforts, it would be best if I leave them alone and let him handle their upbringing because they are his. He absolutely refuses any punishment, because he feels he wants them to get adjusted. I feel now, if they haven't become adjusted in three years, they never will. The way things stand now, none of us are happy, and our situation has been growing steadily worse. I do not know why they resent me, I certainly have tried to be, in all fairness, a happy companion to them, and even Bob will admit I've tried harder than most women would.

I do not want to give up. I only want to find happiness for my husband, our boys and myself.

Mrs. L. P.

Now here are other problem letters and the answers which I have given to them:

Dear Joan Davis:

Five years ago my wife was committed to an asylum, hopelessly insane. She left in my care two wonderful children who are now six and eight years of age.

I have done my best to raise them with the affection and care that a capable mother would give them, but a succession of not too satisfactory housekeepers and my limited time away from business has made the job difficult and hard on my little ones.

About a year ago, I met a wonderful woman who adores the children, and has given every indication that

When A Girl Marries

By JOAN DAVIS

Joan Davis, of When A Girl Marries, is heard M-F at 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC. Sponsored by General Foods.

she would be a fine wife and mother. Dora and I love each other very much, and my son and daughter welcome her into my home with great affection.

Dora and I feel that together we could make a happy family unit, and that the children would benefit greatly from a woman's care. Since my wife's mental illness has been pronounced incurable by specialists, tops in their field, would I be justified in seeking a divorce? My wife's parents object strongly, but I feel it is not only I, but the children who must be considered. Am I right in thinking of remarriage?

M. M.

Dear M. M.:

I feel that, especially in view of the fact that your children welcome Dora into your home, you might be justified in seeking a divorce and in marrying Dora. However, there are several things which should be taken into consideration. First is a technical matter—some states do not allow divorce on grounds of insanity. Second, medical science has been making great strides in recent years toward the cure of those who seemed, until a short while ago, hopeless mental cases. I think you owe it to yourself, your children, and to both the women involved, to make sure before you take any steps that there are not new methods and techniques which might change the diagnosis "hopeless" that was made five years ago. Third, if your children are of an age where they can be consulted on such a step, by all means you should take them into your confidence and, although the choice is not entirely theirs, at least have their opinion before you make any step. There might be a great difference, you know, in your children's (*Continued on page 9*)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR will pay $25

to the person whose problem letter is chosen and another $25.00 will be paid to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than November 30. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The name of the winner will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

"BEST FRIENDS . . . "

Heading for the top are WBEN's Buffalo Bills—tenor Vernon Reed, baritone Dick Grapes, lead Al Shea and bass William Spangenberg—heard Tuesdays at 7:45 P.M.

Up in Buffalo, New York, whenever a certain patrolman, an executive of a boy's club, a clerk and a truck driver get together, they form just about the best barbershop quartet anywhere.

Under the name of the Buffalo Bills, they are the International Barbershop Quartet Champions, having won that proud title against the stiffest competition in Omaha, Nebraska, last June.

All are married and their wives are credited with a loud round of applause for their title-winning performance at Omaha. They practice in each other's living rooms and the girls accompany their husbands by playing cards or sewing, and most important of all, criticizing their singing when necessary. They are also stopwatch-holders, making sure that the Bills conform with SPEBSQSA rules, which require no less than four minutes and not more than six of actual singing.

The Bills have gained an enviable reputation although they have been singing as a group for only two years. When they first sang in the Nationals in Oklahoma City in 1948, they finished sixteenth. The following year, however, they moved up to sixth, and last June they ascended to the title.

One of the Bills' best boosters has been Budd Tesch, WBEN staff announcer, who has emceed both their video and radio shows. Budd has constantly encouraged and advised them. And the Bills listen to Budd, too, since he is a recognized authority on group singing—he emcees his own Barbershop Quartet Time program on WBEN every Sunday

When A Girl Marries

(*Continued from page 7*)

attitude, between welcoming a woman into your home as a friend and as a stepmother!

Dear Joan:
My problem is one that is uncommon. When I married, I had several thousand dollars. I married a farmer and during the depression of the 30's we used that money to carry on. Now, with prices improved and better crops we have been able to make the farm a paying proposition.

In the house though, I still have no improvements. Am I foolish not to ask for equal modernization of home?

Mrs. E. G.

Dear Mrs. E. G.
I think you are quite right in insisting, if your family budget will allow it, on improvements for the home as well as for the farm. However, your insistence on these improvements should be made on the basis that they will make for a better way of life for the family—for your husband as well as for you—and that they will allow you to conduct the business of homemaking on a more efficient satisfactory basis, just as farm improvements have enabled your husband to conduct his business more efficiently. In other words, remember that everything in your marriage belongs, not to one or another, but to both.

Dear Joan:
I am an ex G.I.'s wife. We have two small boys. Recently my husband had an accident and lost one of his arms. We had planned on a family of four, do you think it fair to ourselves to go ahead with our plans, when we are not sure of our financial future?

Mrs. T. C. G.

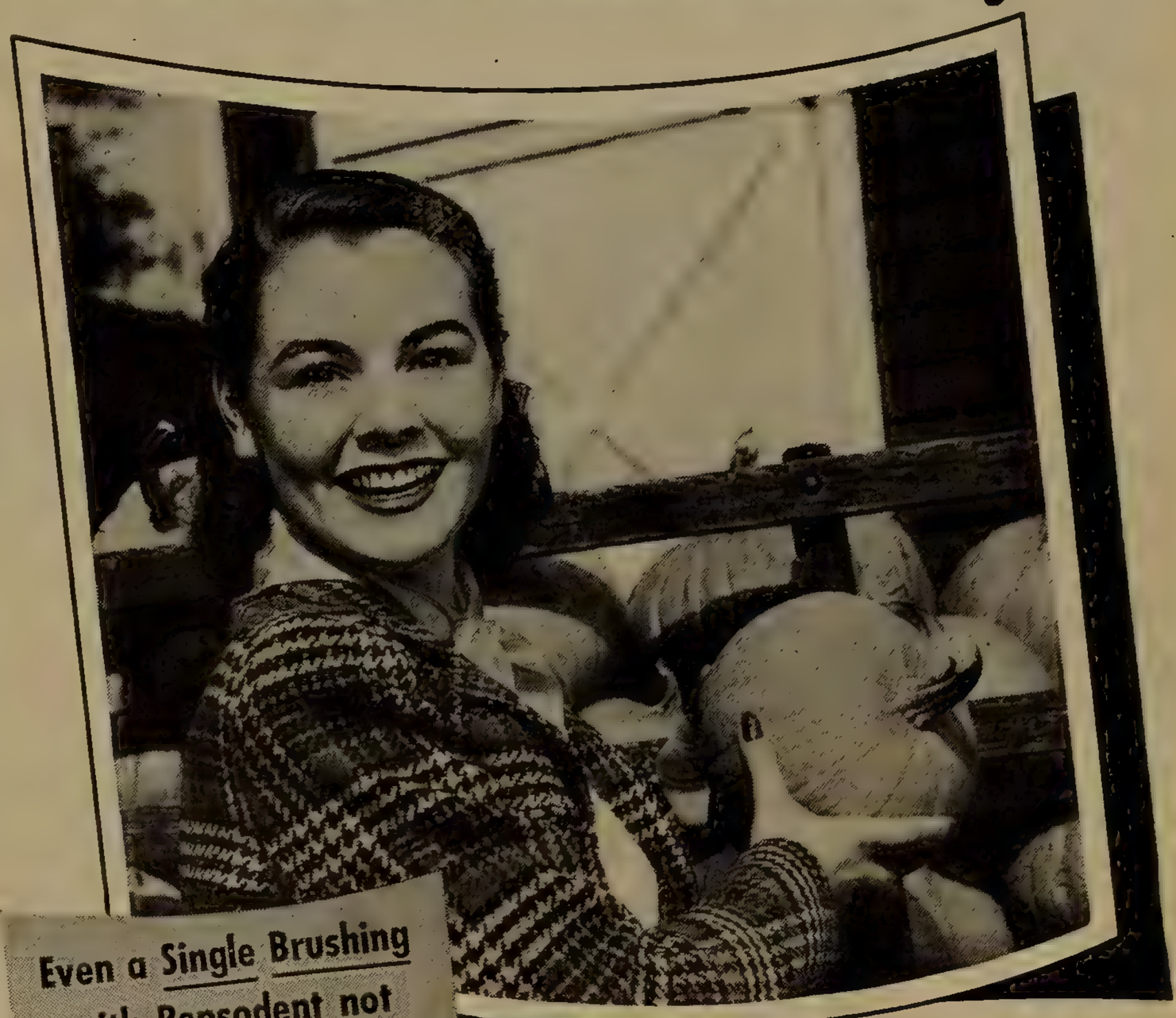
Dear Mrs. G.:
It doesn't seem to me that it should be necessary for you to make the decision either way at the moment. Why don't you wait a little, until your husband has had an opportunity to make his adjustment to his unfortunate injury—until he has had time to learn, if necessary, a new way of earning a living or adjust to earning it at his old trade under this handicap. When his adjustment to living under these new conditions has been made—will be time enough for the two of you to decide whether your financial position will allow you to add to your family.

Dear Joan Davis:
I am writing in regard to my daughter and her girl friend—one is fourteen and the other will be thirteen next month. They want to go out on dates. I feel they are old enough to go out in couples and come home early.

Mrs. M. M. D.

Dear Mrs. D.:
I'm inclined to agree that fourteen—certainly not yet thirteen!—is too early an age for girls to go out on actual "dates," if by that word we mean a girl and boy going out alone together. However, I think that groups of boys and girls of this age should be allowed to gather at each other's houses both for parties and informal get-togethers, and might also be allowed to go in groups to an early movie at night provided that a curfew hour is agreed on with their parents, and kept by the youngsters.

PEPSODENT does *far more* than reduce tooth decay



Even a Single Brushing with Pepsodent not only reduces decay the sure way, but GETS YOUR TEETH FAR BRIGHTER than any other leading tooth paste

Yes, PEPSODENT's exclusive ***brighter-polishing*** agent—effective yet so gentle—gets your teeth ***brighter*** . . . makes your smile more beautiful. And authoritative scientific tests prove conclusively that even a ***single brushing*** with PEPSODENT removes acid-film that causes decay. Only PEPSODENT has this ***film-removing*** formula!

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

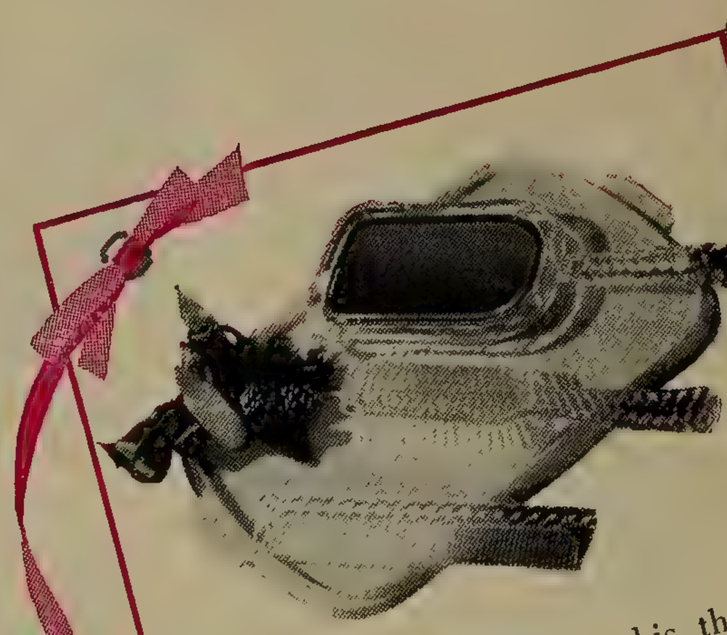
For that Pepsodent Smile—
Use Pepsodent every day
—see your dentist twice a year.

R M

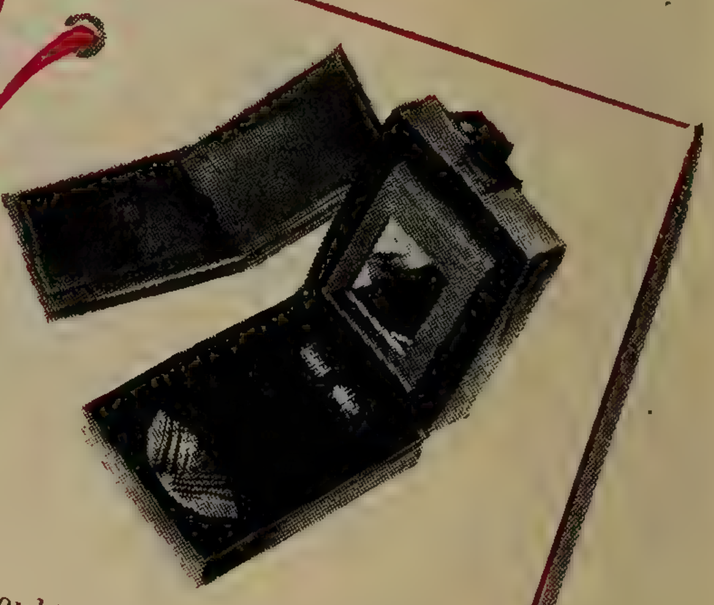
CHRISTMAS MEANS GIVING

To avoid being caught in the annual holiday rush, Ilona Massey, glamorous star of NBC's Top Secret, shops early in the season.

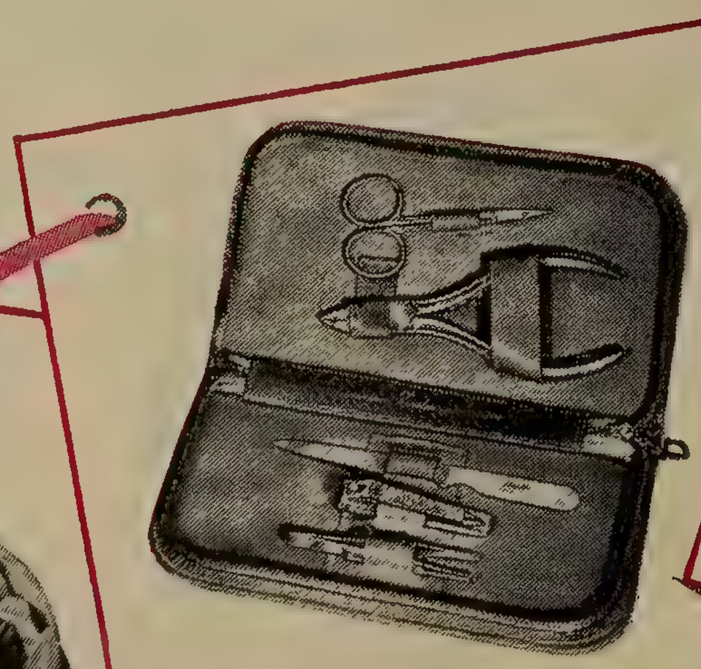
These beauty accessories make ideal gifts for "that certain someone" at Christmas or any other time of year



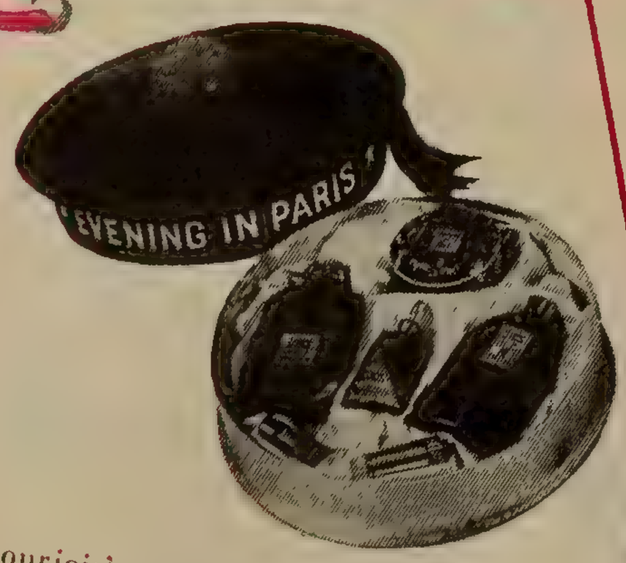
Like sparkling jewels is this three piece hair-grooming set made by Pro-phy-lac-tic in a swirl-twist design, and sold at a reasonable $12.50.



What could be smarter than this Beauty Bagette by Max Factor? Complete with wallet, lipstick and vanity, the price is $10.00 plus tax.



Manned for action is this masculine gift by Revlon. Packaged in a pigskin case, it is sturdy and nail-worthy at $12.50 plus tax.



Bourjois' treasure of six Evening in Paris favorites nestles attractively in a perky French sailor's hat . . . and it's only $7.50 plus tax.

Should a Threatened Marriage be held together for the Sake of the Child?

Anne Malone is heroine of Young Doctor Malone, M-F 1:30 P. M. EST on CBS. Sponsor: Crisco.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to the Malones in September's daytime drama problem.

In September's RADIO MIRROR reader-listeners were told in brief the story of the Malones and were asked: Should a Threatened Marriage Be Held Together for the Sake of the Child? RADIO MIRROR editors have chosen the best answers from the numerous letters that had been sent in and checks have been mailed as follows:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Mrs. Tina Principato, 4467 Washington St., Roslindale, Massachusetts, for the following letter:

Yes. A threatened marriage is not a shipwrecked marriage. There is still time to salvage Anne and Jerry's. Anne should steer her course straight to Jerry.

She has unwittingly hurt Jerry by trying to prove Lucia what he has not judged her to be. Ignore Lucia. Time will find her out. Meanwhile be patient and *present or Lucia will win out.*

Fortunately children do not hold their hatreds especially when they have no foundation. Jill will sail back into her father's arms naturally when she sees standing beside him his mate, her mommy.

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next letters in answer to the question has been sent to:

Mrs. Floyd McGimsey
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Helen L. Altimus
Indiana, Pennsylvania

Margaret L. Crawford
Newark, New Jersey

Mrs. E. M. Miller
Richmond, Virginia

Mrs. E. E. Stone
Celina, Texas

Which girl has the natural curl and which girl has the Toni?

The beautiful girl with the Toni says: "From the very first moment my new Toni with Permafix had all the beauty of naturally curly hair." Can you tell which girl was born with naturally curly hair, and which girl has the Toni? See answer below.

New improved Toni guarantees your wave will look soft and natural from the very first day!

Permafix is a new wonder discovery of Toni research. Far more effective than any other neutralizer known. It actually conditions your hair . . . leaves your wave silky-soft at first combing — more natural month after month.

From the first thrilling moment your hair will feel like naturally curly hair —comb like naturally curly hair — look like naturally curly hair. That's because Toni's gentle creme waving lotion working in combination with amazing new Permafix leaves your hair in a softer, more natural condition. With wonderful Permafix your wave is angel-soft at first combing—yet lasts longer than ever before. So, month after month, your Toni will require no more care than naturally curly hair.

There are many imitators—but remember there is only one Toni—the only permanent that guarantees your wave will look soft and natural from the very first day . . . and last far longer. Ask for Toni today. Jean Worth, the lovely girl at the right, has the Toni.

Toni *the wave that gives that natural look!*

TONI REFILL ONLY $1

R M

Having a 6 A.M. show means WPEN's Stu Wayne must rise early but wife Agnes always is on hand to brighten the early morning hours.

"DISC JOCKEY with a HEART"

Stu Wayne, known to all Philadelphians as the disc jockey with the pleasant, easy manner, greets his listeners every morning on WPEN at 6 A.M., and chats informally with his many fans until 9 A.M.

Getting up early is not new to Stu because he spent his early life on his father's North Canton, Connecticut, farm. Stu attributes his radio successes to "Mommy" because it was she who got him started in radio. "You see," says Stu, "after she saw an advertisement for radio talent, she answered in my name and I received an application, auditioned, and got the job. I feel this was all due to 'Mommy's' faith in my ability."

After this first announcer's job, Stu went to New York. Several experience-packed years of free-lancing in New York qualified him for staff work, but later he went to Hartford as production manager because he wanted to learn about all phases of radio. His next move, to KYW in Philadelphia, spiraled him to the top in the local radio talent field and, in January of 1950, Stu became a WPEN man.

His early morning Stu Wayne Show is slanted toward housewives, children, and shut-ins. He started a "Shut-in Club" which now has over 200 members who constantly receive cheer-up mail and cards from listeners. In addition, Stu often takes celebrities to visit these people. Once a week "Uncle Stu" goes to the Philadelphia Children's Heart Hospital and tapes interviews with the children so that they may say "hello" to their families via his Saturday radio show.

Another group to whom "Uncle Stu" caters are his "Tiny Tots." He devotes fifteen minutes daily to these youngsters, one to five years of age, playing music recorded especially for them. Each Saturday Stu has a half-hour show called Big Tot Time for children from five to ten years of age. At this time the children are permitted to come down to the WPEN studios, with their parents, to see "Uncle Stu," be interviewed by him on the program, and receive little gifts and goodies.

In their country home Stu, Agnes and Tiny, the Toy Bull, are joined by Mom and Pop Wayne and their dog Butch.

Johnny and Penny Olsen's new Connecticut home is complete—it has a name!

"THANKS for Naming our New Home"

When Johnny and Penny Olsen issued a plea for a name for their new home through the pages of RADIO MIRROR (September, 1950), the response was so overwhelming that the editors had to postpone the announcement of winners for a month in order to give the Olsens — and themselves! — a chance to read through the mammoth mounds of mail that came into the office. Finally, after the last letter was opened and the last name read, Johnny and Penny picked the one suggested by Mrs. Frances E. Troxel of Esterly, Pennsylvania. "Keepsake Cove" is the name Mrs. Troxel suggested and it's the one the Olsens liked best. For the name and for her letter explaining why she chose it, Mrs. Troxel is receiving a check for $25.00 This is what she wrote:

My idea of a name for Johnny and Penny Olsen's new home is Keepsake Cove. I think this is a good name for the Olsen home because the home, located along a cove, contains many mementoes and souvenirs of generous fans, personal friends and relatives.

For suggesting the five next-best names and for their letters of explanation, the following persons are being sent $5.00 apiece:

Helen Hood
Los Angeles, California

Mrs. Ruth E. Schaefer
Sayreville, New Jersey

Elizabeth A. Murphy
Grand Prairie, Texas

James N. Rice, Jr.
Portland 12, Oregon

Mrs. H. R. Hughes
Painesville, Ohio

Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club is on M.-F., 12 Noon EST, ABC, sponsored by Philip Morris. Johnny Olsen's Rumpus Room is on 12:30 P.M. EST, WABD, sponsored by Premier Foods.

A HUSBAND SIMPLY CAN'T TELL this to a sensitive young wife!

Do YOU Know About This Grave Womanly Offense?

Too many wives are careless, too tired or simply don't know how to practice a complete hygiene (including internal cleanliness). Failure to do this so often results in broken marriages.

A modern woman realizes how important it is to put ZONITE in her fountain syringe for health, womanly charm, after her periods and for marriage happiness . . . and to combat an odor even more offensive than bad breath or body odor. She seldom detects this odor herself, but it's so apparent to others.

And what a comfort for a wife to know that NO OTHER TYPE LIQUID ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE TESTED FOR THE DOUCHE IS SO POWERFUL YET SAFE TO TISSUES AS ZONITE. Just listen to this—

Zonite's Miracle-Action

The ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and a scientist. It is the *first* in the world to be so *powerfully effective* yet *absolutely safe* to tissues. Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche and no other type was *so powerful* yet *safe* as ZONITE! ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use this wonderful antiseptic-germicide as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury.

Gives BOTH Internal and External Hygienic Protection

ZONITE dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It promptly relieves any itching or irritation if present. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you CAN BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. ZONITE gives external protection, too. Instructions in detail with every bottle. At any drugstore.

© 1950 Z.P.C.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

*Offer good only in the U.S.

FREE! *NEW!*

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-120, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

R
M

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

By
TERRY BURTON

Mrs. Douglas provided the Burtons with one of the most beautiful answers to the age-old query, "Is there a Santa Claus?"

"Is there a Santa Claus?" has been asked by children all over the world. But I think I heard the most beautiful answer to that age-old question when Mrs. L. V. Douglas visited us as Family Counselor.

Fifty-two years ago, Mrs. Douglas asked the question, "Is there a Santa Claus?" in a letter to the Editor of the *New York Sun*. She wrote: "Dear Editor: I am eight years old. Some of my friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, 'If you see it in *The Sun*, it's so.' Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?" signed, Virginia Hanlon, 115 West Ninety-fifth Street, New York City.

Today Virginia is Junior Principal of Public School 31, New York City. The answer to her letter, written by Francis P. Church in 1897, has been printed every year by *The Sun* and here it is:

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours, man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge. Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exists, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy.

Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world. You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

And the whole Burton Family re-echo Francis Church's sentiment, "Thank God! He lives and he lives forever."

Every Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton, heard Monday-Friday at 2 P.M. EST on CBS. Sponsor: General Foods.

AL HELFER

Except for a hitch in the navy during the war years when he served as a line and commanding officer both ashore and afloat, Al Helfer has been broadcasting sports for radio and TV since 1930.

During the baseball season, Helfer handled the Game of the Day for the Mutual network. This assignment brought big-league ball games to the small city and town for the first time in history. Over 365 communities tuned in Al's program every day and the program landed an astounding total of local sponsors.

In sporting circles, Helfer is known the nation over for his various sports coverages. Last year he teamed with Russ Hodges on radio and TV to deliver Giant baseball accounts. Before the war, he performed a similar task with Red Barber for the Dodgers. He also has relayed Yankee baseball to the armed forces around the world.

Although Helfer has handled three All-Star Games, a World Series and baseball in Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, he also has done basketball, boxing, golf, tennis and auto racing. For a while, his voice was familiar to the numerous boxing followers of ABC's popular show, Cavalcade of Sports.

On other occasions, Helfer has moved to movies, doing "News of the Day," and his voice has also been heard on Pathe News describing the National Collegiate Invitation Basketball Tournaments.

Helfer himself, is quite an athlete, having been a football and basketball star at Washington and Jefferson, and he received several professional offers before he decided to go into the broadcasting end of sports.

During the football season, every Saturday afternoon, Helfer airs the top-flight game of each week with the indispensable aid of Mutual's Art Gleason.

"We sailed 3 oceans ...without leaving port!"

Shooting the "3-ocean" voyage for "Captain Horatio Hornblower" kept us in the English Channel for weeks. Day after day, stinging winds bit my skin raw!

The ropes on the bosun's chair rasped my hands . . .

But soothing Jergens on my hands, arms and face . . .

Softened and smoothed my skin for romantic close-ups.

Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above . . .

You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10¢ TO $1.00 (PLUS TAX)

Fairy Tale Weekend

Throughout KDKA-land there are thousands of housewives who have dreamed of a week-end in New York, and now because of KDKA's Cinderella Weekend program many of them are finding their dreams come true, for Cinderella Weekend provides just that opportunity.

Every Friday some lucky couple is flown to Gotham by Capitol Airlines. They are given their own hotel suite and for three days they are treated to a quickie vacation with visits to supper clubs, night spots and other attractions in the Big Town. And it's all free.

Winners are chosen on the daily Cinderella Weekend programs which are conducted by the district's favorite quizmaster, Stan Norman. On Friday morning the daily winners compete to determine the grand prize winner.

Prizes of all kinds are showered on the winners—wearing apparel, jewelry, cosmetics, household articles—with the New York trip and a new traveling suit as the grand prize. What's more, the winner can take her husband, relative or friend with her.

GI's have spent belated honeymoons in New York; wedding anniversaries and birthdays have been celebrated there and many winners have used their prize as an opportunity to visit friends and relatives.

Cinderella has provided most of them with their first radio prize; their first airplane trip and their first visit to New York.

It's a favorite program with women in KDKA-land, one that they all want to take part in. Participants must write in for reservations and reservations have piled up until now the show is booked many weeks ahead.

KDKA's Cinderella Weekend is enjoyable partly because of Stan Norman's humorous antics—as illustrated below.

The show is frequently broadcast from conventions, fairs and the like. This picture was taken during a summer "remote."

My FAVORITE Husband

Lucille Ball's real life favorite husband is Desi Arnaz, of course!

Way back in the April issue, Lucille Ball, the sparkling star of the radio comedy, My Favorite Husband, wrote about her favorite husband—he's Desi Arnaz, as all Lucille Ball fans know and Lucille's been married to him for ten years. She knows exactly why he is her favorite husband and she told you why in her story. If you remember that story, you'll also remember that Lucille and the editors of RADIO MIRROR invited you to tell who is *your* favorite husband and why. For writing the best letter, Mrs. William Glasgow of Crandon, Wisconsin receives $25.00 from RADIO MIRROR and a case of Jell-O from General Foods, sponsor of the My Favorite Husband program. Here is Mrs. Glasgow's letter:

My favorite husband isn't perfect, no, but his imperfections seem so insignificant compared to the way he measures up in things that really matter. I'm extremely proud of him and his love.

Even after ten years of marriage he still makes me feel I am someone special. And the thoughtful little attentions that keep me glowing and happy result in a cheerful, contented home atmosphere that is beneficial to the whole family—all because he is such a grand person.

Five dollars each is being sent to the writers of the five next best letters; also a case of Jello-O apiece from General Foods, sponsors of My Favorite Husband:

Mrs. James L. McMillan, Lone Tree, Iowa; Mrs. Gladys Cook, Weston, Ohio; Mrs. Laurie J. Maki, Virginia, Minnesota; Mrs. John H. Hudspeth, Lubbock, Texas; Mrs. Edgar Miller, Logan, Kansas.

My Favorite Husband is heard Saturday evenings at 9:30, EST, on CBS. Sponsor—General Foods.

Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl.

Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo

Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness . . .

Better than a soap! Better than a liquid! Kay Daumit's *cream* shampoo with lanolin. Jars: $2, $1. Jars and tubes: 49¢, 25¢.

1 **Leaves hair silken soft,** instantly manageable . . . first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 **Leaves hair sparkling** with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3 **Leaves hair fragrantly clean,** free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show *him* a lovelier you —after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

R M

This was the cover of the first issue of Radio Mirror. One guess only as to who it is!

Taking such deadly aim at radio was only a gag for Gracie Allen and the R. M. photographer.

The crooning Crosby in his collegiate picture period. Here he's with Lona Andre.

RADIO MIRROR'S

Memoirs of the magazine that is

The month was November, the year 1933 when Volume 1, Number 1 of Radio Mirror Magazine appeared on the newsstands of America. On the cover was the portrait of a man who had rapidly established himself in the comparatively new medium to which the new magazine was dedicated. Anyone looking at that cover knew immediately who the man was—there was no mistaking those enormous eyes. The man, of course, was Eddie Cantor, who might very well be regarded as a symbol of all those personalities who made the transition from medium to medium—from vaudeville to musical comedy to movies to radio and now, in 1950, to television. It's significant that the majority of the entertainers featured in that first issue of Radio Mirror are delighting the same millions—and many more—today that they were seventeen years ago.

In 1933 those millions were concerned with a crisis more terrible than any in their previous experience. Radio Mirror's cover reflected it. In the upper right hand corner was the NRA Eagle with its familiar slogan, *We Do Our Part.* Inside, the new magazine began on a sober note. The opening editorial, nominating as the "outstanding broad-

The caption on this picture said: "If Kate Smith likes you, she'll cook your dinner any day."

In 1933, young singer Phil Harris was being hailed as "a new Romeo out of the West."

OWN LIFE STORY

dedicated to bringing you the story of the medium

caster of this era" not an entertainer or a newscaster but the new president, Franklin D. Roosevelt, said ". . . One of the greatest assets which this President has brought to his office is his radio personality . . . Today (he) steps before a microphone and gives his encouragement to the industrial worker in the east, the planter in the south and to the more jobless hordes along the Pacific. He believes what he says and they believe him. The farmer is encouraged to plant another crop, the mill worker looks for a job and gets it, the planter is convinced his product will be sold . . . In a fateful time it was radio, originated little more than a dozen years ago as a pleasant medium of entertainment, which provided an able man with the instrument of contact. If broadcasting did nothing more, it has served in this tempestuous and critical year for Roosevelt and Radio to lineup the nation."

RADIO MIRROR's real accent, however, was on what the editorial had designated as "a pleasant medium of entertainment." There was a picture gallery featuring singers Vera Van, Gertrude Niesen, Howard Marsh, Romona, Leah Ray, Tamara and "that prince of dance rhythm," Vincent Lopez. Al Jolson talked about his radio career in a story called "From Mammy To Mike:" "I'm enjoying every minute of the time . . . of course, I get paid for it. But, sincerely, I'd do it for nothin', and I mean it!" Mary Margaret McBride interviewed the then president of NBC, Merlin Aylesworth, who said, "Until we had radio . . . thousands of men and women . . . read no national dailies and knew and cared little of what went on in the nation and the world. Radio has brought the world to them in a very real sense so that they recognize themselves as part of it." In a straight question and answer story, Bing Crosby admitted that his middle name is Lillis, that he loves lobster and wants to write a novel. Then, as now, parents and educators—but not the kids themselves—were worried about the fare for small fry being offered over the air. The article was entitled, "What Will We Give The Children?"—a question that has been reworded a thousand times since and which doubtless will be reworded a thousand times more to apply to television. And on the last editorial page, the new magazine self-consciously asked "How Do You Like it? This First Issue Of Your New RADIO MIRROR." Very well, indeed was the eventual answer that the breath-holding editors of 1933 received.

TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

To the Campbells, "home" means "far away places with

This month emcee Tommy Bartlett came up with three veteran travelers: Mrs. Pearl Campbell, little Joy and Marcia.

"It's a long ways from Ecuador to Afghanistan" could be the theme song for Mrs. Pearl Campbell, our traveler of the month. Even more, it could apply to little three-and-a-half year old Joy Campbell.

Little Joy was born in the Ecuadorian wilderness, but not to Mrs. Campbell. Mrs. Campbell's husband was stationed in Ecuador in the diplomatic service, and she used native help around the house. Her cleaning woman had fourteen black-haired, white-toothed, bright-eyed children and Mrs. Campbell found them fascinating. "Why don't you let me have one of them?" she asked the cleaning woman jokingly, time after time. The cleaning woman appreciated the joke, too, and always chuckled over it, even after it had become a little worn from use.

But there came a time when it was no longer a joke. The Ecuadorian woman gave birth to a fifteenth child, a daughter, and she knew she was on her deathbed. She called Mrs. Campbell to her hut and, in the presence of her husband, said simply, "We give this child to you. Her name is Joy," and then she closed her eyes and died.

The Campbells, with two teen-age sons, wanted a daughter. They adopted the baby and little Joy brought them luck. A year later, they had a daughter of their own, little blonde, blue-eyed Marcia.

The Campbells had lived for seven years in Ecuador and had come to love much of the country. "We'll never be able to forget it now," Mrs. Campbell told me when she appeared before my NBC microphone at Welcome Travelers.

When I asked her if it had occurred to her that there might be any problems in connection with the adoption of a foreign child with obviously foreign features, she looked astonished. "I couldn't have let that poor mother die without promising to take care of her baby," she said simply. "And Joy is every bit as dear to us as Marcia. One's a brunette and the other is blonde and we think the combination gives us a perfect family."

Our Welcome Travelers audience in the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago was interested in hearing Mrs. Campbell's stories about Ecuador and the diplomatic service —but I'm afraid my mind wandered. I kept looking at Joy and Marcia as they happily played together.

Joy's already a traveler, and she's going to be even more of a globe-trotter. She had gone from Ecuador to Florida, original home of Mrs. Campbell. The brief stop in Chicago was for a visit with young John Campbell, her foster-brother, now twenty.

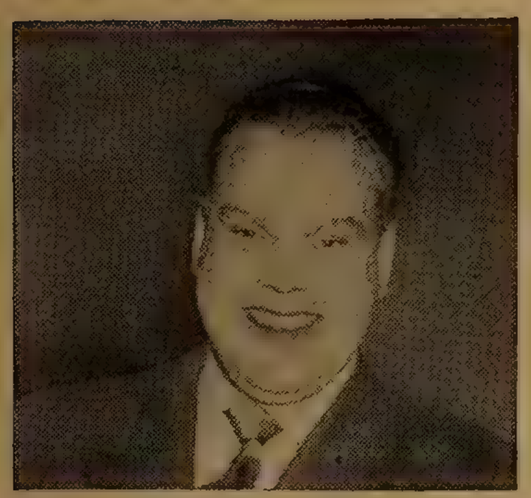
And whether Joy realized it or not, she was on her way to another home. When Mrs. Campbell and her daughters left Chicago by plane for

strange-sounding names"

By

TOMMY

BARTLETT



Welcome Travelers, heard Monday-Friday at 10 A.M. EST, NBC, is sponsored by Procter and Gamble.

New York, they were on the first leg of a long journey.

You see, members of the diplomatic service get around, and Mr. Campbell is now stationed in Kubul at Afghanistan. His wife and daughters will board a freighter out of New York for the Near East, where they'll set up a new household.

Mrs. Campbell wasn't at all concerned about life in Afghanistan when I talked to her. "We enjoy ourselves wherever we are," she said philosophically, "and we've found fine, warm-hearted, interesting people wherever we've gone."

Mrs. Campbell left no doubt that her mother-love has shoved out all thought of racial differences. That's a wonderful thing—and proving that it's such an easy thing to accomplish is even more wonderful. For being a fine mother and a great person, I think Mrs. Campbell well deserves the honor of being the traveler of the month.

I thought my face was clean...

Until *I took the "tissue test"!*

The "Tissue Test" convinced Rosalind Russell, star of Independent Artists' "Listen—the Night" that *there really is a difference* in cleansing creams.

We asked her to get her face as clean as she could with her regular cleansing cream. Then we invited her to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue to take it off.

The tissue told a startling story. Even after a thorough cleansing with her former cream, Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pores . . . lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny, dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Do you really think *your* face is clean? Try the "Tissue Test"— and be sure! Buy a jar today—20¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten

R M

CAL the COLORFUL

Author, lecturer, columnist, commentator—Cal's no slouch.

World travel and a residence on millionaire row in Tulsa hasn't changed him. The fact that he's written for three national magazines and that his syndicated newspaper column has been read by millions doesn't impress him. It's true he's been heard on three AM networks and a television network—but the homespun humor and whimsical philosophies heard on The Cal Tinney Show on ABC and NBC are as much a part of the real Cal Tinney as the large hat he wears.

He wrote his first column in the New York *Post* in 1934 "on a subject that has stuck to me for a good many years—my underwear." His first broadcast on his new morning series, The Cal Tinney Show which originates in the KRMG studios in Tulsa, was on "how to catch a husband."

Cal was born in Pontotoc County, Oklahoma, and, as a youngster, he walked eight miles to school. At high school in Tulsa, he wrote for the local papers, but after five long years, he failed to graduate.

Since then, his life has been a series of adventures. He worked his way around the world—leaving with seventeen dollars and returning in two years with three cents. In Germany, despite his ignorance of the country, he worked as a tourist guide; in Paris he got a job on the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* "changing over the fancy words in the English newspapers so's American tourists 'd be able to understand them. You know, 'elevator' for 'lift,' 'janitor,' for 'caretaker'—that sort of thing."

Back in the states, after a stint as secretary to a Congressman, Cal decided to go to college. At the University of Oklahoma, it took them less than a year to discover that he hadn't finished high school and he was promptly asked to leave.

Recently, when Cal moved to his twenty-room mansion, he brought with him a hen and her thirteen baby chicks which he put into an abandoned dog house. Rats got into the dog house and disturbed the chickens so Cal let them run around his expansive grounds. Ordinarily, white fowl on the green lawns of Tulsa cause little comment because many yards are decorated with statues of ducks, but consternation reigned on millionaire row when one of Cal's neighbors brought her limousine to an abrupt halt in front of the Tinney manse and, staring in wild-eyed amazement shouted, "My G--, they're moving!"

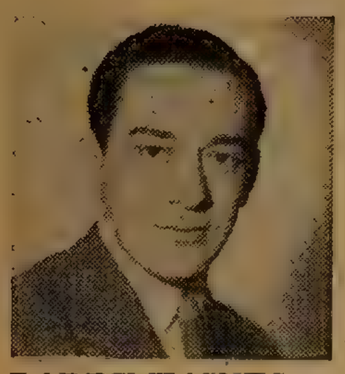
KRMG humorist Tinney and family—Cal, Maxine (Mrs. Cal), David, Lon, Scott and Linda Lee—stand inspection.

The Cal Tinney Show is heard M-F on NBC at 10:30 A. M., EST and on ABC at 7:15 A. M., CST.

INFORMATION BOOTH

Ask Your Questions—We'll Try To Find The Answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—if there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign your full name and address and attach this box to your letter.



LARRY HAINES

SLIGHTLY OFF-KEY

Dear Editor:
Please tell me what time Hearts in Harmony is on the air. I would also like to see a picture of Johnny Keith.
Glenwood, W. Va. MISS C. M.

You'll have to check your local paper—Hearts in Harmony is no longer on any network, but here's Johnny, played by Larry Haines.

ELSPETH ERIC

GOOD GUESS

Dear Editor:
I would appreciate a picture and some information about the actress who portrays Dorothy on This Is Nora Drake and Lucia Standish on Young Doctor Malone. I'm sure it's the same person.
Newport News, Va. MRS. A. D.

You're right. It's Elspeth Eric of Chicago. As secretary to author-dramatist J. P. McEvoy, she accompanied him to Woodstock, New York, where she appeared in summer stock. This led to her Broadway debut and in 1937 she turned to radio.

RUSS MORGAN

MUSICIAN AND BANDLEADER

Dear Editor:
I would like to see a picture of Russ Morgan, the musician and bandleader.
Rodman, N. Y. MRS. E. S. T.

Here's Morgan—Russ, that is.

KATE SMITH

SEEN AND HEARD

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me what has become of Kate Smith? I never hear her on the radio anymore.
Flint, Mich. MRS. M. N. W.

Kate is still very much in evidence. She is heard Friday night at 8 P.M. on WOR and M-F at 11:45 P.M. on the Mutual network and can be seen Monday through Friday at 4 P.M. on WNBC-TV.

READER'S DIGEST* reports the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with

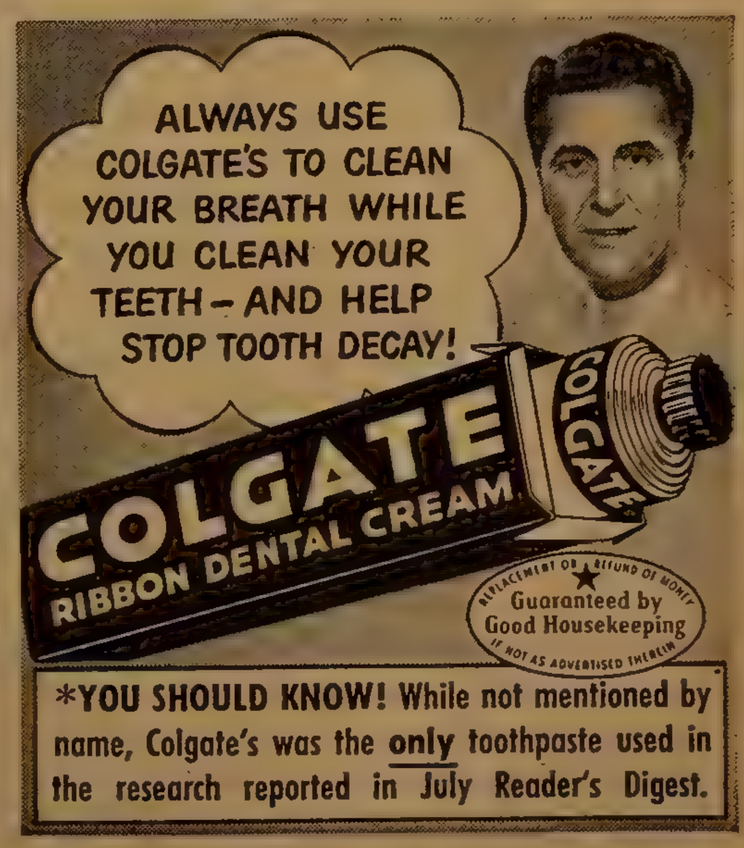
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Published Reports!

Reader's Digest recently reported on one of the most extensive experiments in dentifrice history! And here are additional facts: The one and only toothpaste used in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Yes, and two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results!

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research reported in July Reader's Digest.

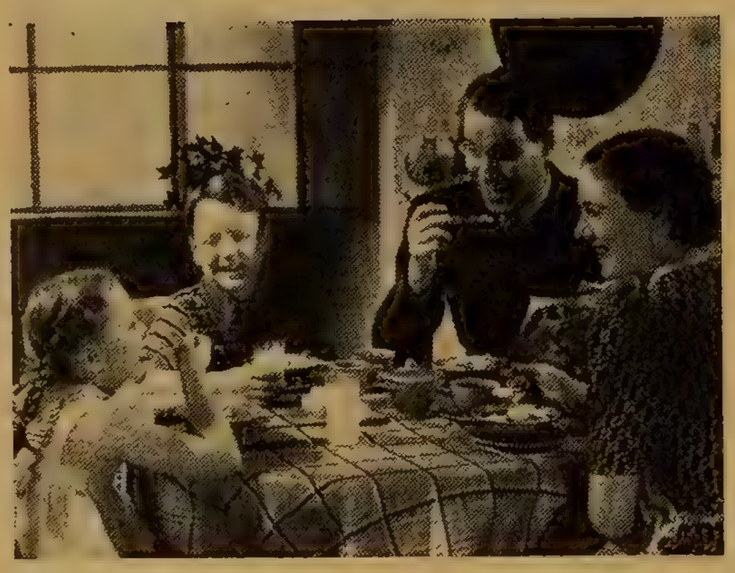
R M

Serve nutritious, money saving meals with the

MAGIC COOK BOOK

THE KEY TO KITCHEN ECONOMY

Prepared by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine



Now—just what you have always wanted—a cook book designed to save you money! Yes, the keynote of the MAGIC COOK BOOK is economy. And with today's high prices, the need for such a guide is evident to every homemaker.

Choice Recipes from Every Part of the Country

The recipes contained in this book were gathered from every section of the country by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine. In most cases, these recipes were obtained by talking with housewives in their own kitchens. Other recipes were sent to the editors by interested readers. Naturally, only the most highly prized recipes were submitted for consideration. Then all the recipes were put to actual test in the True Story Kitchen. The result is a collection of 1500 proven recipes that will add sparkle to your meals and comfort to your pocketbook.

How to Cut Costs on Your Food Bills

The MAGIC COOK BOOK saves you money in many different ways. When you plan your menus as suggested, the costs are budget-wise, yet the nutritional values are high. This is the important part of meal planning—and it is your job to get top nutritional value out of every dollar you spend on food. Here, also, are new ways to prepare low-cost dishes—also, simple ways to make inexpensive cuts of meat appetizing and attractive.

Here, too, are tips on how to judge beef, pork and poultry—and information on the quantities to buy per serving. The shopper with an eye to thrift and good management will buy just what she can use.

A Complete Cook Book

The MAGIC COOK BOOK is more than a collection of mouth-watering recipes. It is a complete storehouse of cooking information. Here you will find in simple, easy-to-understand language, important facts on nutrition . . . special sickroom diets . . . everyday menus, as well as menus for holidays and important occasions . . . suggestions on cooking for two . . . lunch-box hints for children and workers . . . new ways to use package mixes . . . canning and preserving instructions . . . rules for table setting and service. Also many useful charts and tables to help make your cooking chores easier.

Step by Step Instructions

The recipes in the MAGIC COOK BOOK are described in the convenient step-by-step style. This is the natural way of presenting recipes—it is the way you describe a favorite recipe to a friend. You simply can't go wrong when you use these easy instructions. Beginners, as well as experienced cooks, will find this book fascinating. For here are new ways to prepare and serve mouth-watering dishes to delight your family and your friends.

Send No Money

You need send no money now. Merely mail coupon at once and this giant 500 page book containing 32 pages of photographic illustrations will be sent to you. When the postman delivers the book, pay him $2.98, plus a few pennies postage. Money back if not delighted. Get your copy now.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, Inc. **Dept. RM-1250**
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me MAGIC COOK BOOK. When postman delivers book, I will pay him $2.98, plus a few pennies postage. Then if after reading it for 5 days I decide that I do not wish to keep it, I will return it to you and my $2.98 will be refunded immediately

NAME.....
Please Print

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

☐ Check here if you prefer to send $2.98 with this coupon and we will pay postage—same return privilege of course.

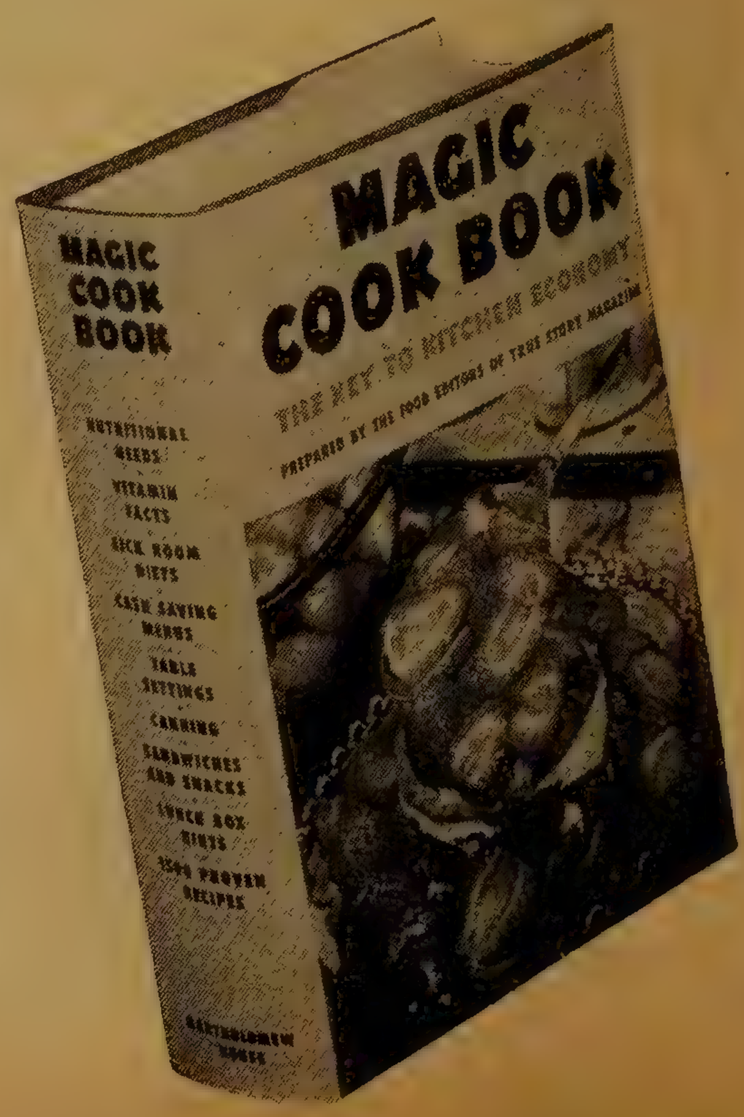
R
M

PARTIAL CONTENTS

1500 Proven Recipes • Budget-Minded Menus • Nutritional Needs • Vitamin Facts • Sickroom Diets • Table Settings • Canning Information • Lunch-Box Hints • Over 500 Pages • 32 Pages of Illustrations • Bound in Washable Fabrikoid Cover

ONLY $2.98

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
OR
DIRECT FROM PUBLISHER



The RADIO MIRROR AWARDS for 1950-51

Second ballot—vote for favorite programs!

Here is your yearly—and only—chance, as a radio listener, to voice your approval of the radio programs which have given you greatest enjoyment this season: the annual RADIO MIRROR Awards balloting. Vote in each category. And remember—this ballot is for radio; TV program ballot is on page 61.

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAMS

(Write in the name of *one* favorite program opposite *each* classification)

My Favorite
DRAMATIC PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
VARIETY PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
COMEDY SHOW is.....

My Favorite
COMEDY STORY PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
MUSICAL PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
AMATEUR PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
DAYTIME SERIAL is.....

My Favorite
WOMEN'S PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite Audience
PARTICIPATION PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite (non-serial)
DAYTIME PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite (daytime)
QUIZ SHOW is.....

My Favorite (nighttime)
QUIZ SHOW is.....

My Favorite
MYSTERY PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
RELIGIOUS PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
CHILDREN'S PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
TEEN-AGE PROGRAM is.....

I Think That The
BEST PROGRAM ON THE AIR is.....

I Think that the BEST NEW PROGRAM on the air this year is.....

(Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO MIRROR, Box 1505, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York, postmarked not later than December 1, 1950.)

Lucky me—

They knew each other when . . . and that was long before Kukla and Ollie and a man named Godfrey

One recent Thursday, my telephone rang and a voice which now is as familiar to millions as it is to me announced, "Fran, it's Jan. I'm homesick for Chicago. May I come out to spend the weekend with you and Archie?"

I took a look around me. In plain Aunt Fanny English, the place was a mess—rugs off the floors, furniture out being cleaned. It was pure luck I had even received the call, for while our near northside carriage house was being renovated, my husband, Archie Levington, and my mother and I were staying at the home of a friend who was touring Europe. I'd merely stopped in for a few minutes to see how the work was coming along.

But all the commotion of redecorating was forgotten in my pleasure at hearing from Janette Davis. I sidestepped a canvas the painters were spreading over the remaining furniture and sat down for a real talk.

"Come along," I said, (*Continued on page 76*)

Jan wouldn't dream of missing a Kukla, Fran and Ollie show. But then who would?

JAN'S my friend!

By
FRAN
ALLISON

Distance doesn't mean a thing—not when there are airplanes and the deep kind of friendship that exists between Janette Davis and Fran Allison. The last time Jan visited Fran, Bill Lawrence came along to see the sights of Chicago.

This is how they looked in their near northside days: both were singers and Fran, an occasional daytime serial player.

Janette Davis sings on Arthur Godfrey Time, M.-F., 10 A.M.EST, CBS; sponsored by Lever Brothers for Spry and Rinso; Pillsbury Mills, Wildroot, Gold Seal Wax, the National Biscuit Co., and Chesterfield Cigarettes. She also sings on Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, Wed., 8 P.M. EST, CBS-TV, sponsored by Toni, Pillsbury Mills and Chesterfield Cigarettes, and on the Godfrey Digest, Sun., 4:30 P.M., EST, CBS, sponsored by Reddi-Wip. Fran Allison can be seen on Kukla, Fran and Ollie, M.-F., 7 P.M., EST, NBC-TV, sponsored M. & F. by RCA; Tues. & Thurs. by Sealtest, Wed. by Ford. Fran is on the Don McNeill Breakfast Club as Aunt Fanny, M.-F., 9 A.M., EST, ABC, sponsor: General Mills, Philco, Swift & Co.; on TV Wed., 9 P.M., EST, ABC-TV, sponsor: Philco.

Cedric Adams: whom everyone, friend and stranger alike, calls by his first name. No, that's not right either—for no one in the world's a stranger to Cedric!

Realization of a life-long ambition: Cedric's cruiser, the Adams X.

Cedric Likes

Camera-fan Stephen poses Pop serenading Mom with a Godfrey-gift uke.

Niecy's housekeeping quarters on the boat are cramped but efficient. Behind her, the hungry boys.

People!

By Helen Bolstad

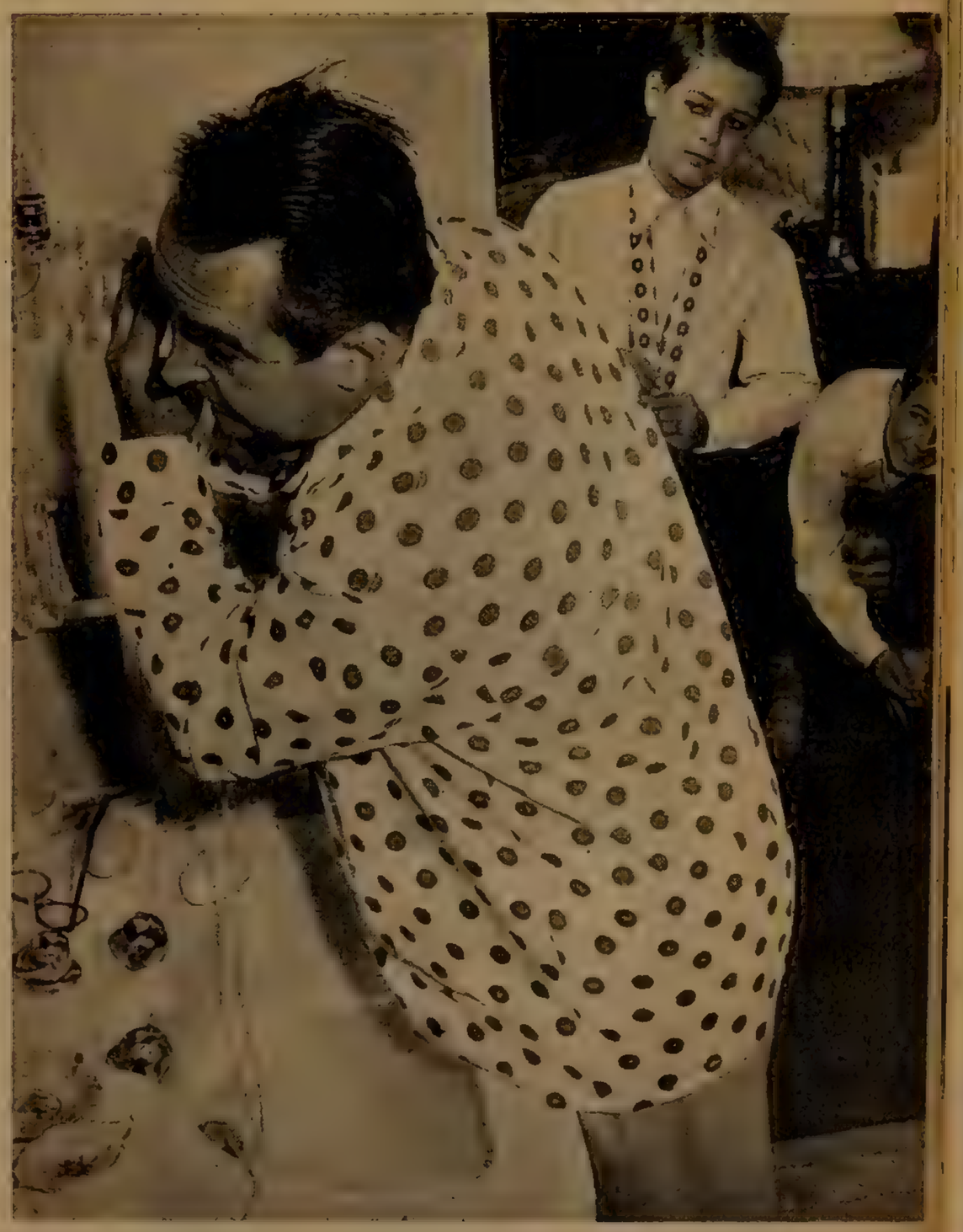
A man who firmly believes radio listeners as well as radio broadcasters should have their say on the airwaves hunched his wide shoulders over a typewriter a couple years ago, ran his fingers through his wiry black hair, popped his thick black eyebrows above his owlish spectacles and swiftly pecked out a letter which began, "Dear Arthur Godfrey: You'll be interested in a little item I ran into the other day . . ."

While the item itself has long been lost in a jungle of filing cabinets, it contributed toward putting a new show on the radio schedule, for the writer was Cedric Adams, who as news commentator at WCCO was rated Minnesota's best known radio personality but was then unknown to the national audience.

Godfrey, who also believes there should be two-way communication between listener and broadcaster, recognized a kindred uninhibited spirit. Their correspondence was on. They met face to face a few months later when Cedric arranged for Godfrey to guest star at the Minneapolis Aquatennial, an annual Summer celebration offering as entertainment everything from yacht races to gala stage shows.

Listeners of each would have liked to have witnessed that meeting, but Cedric who is singularly unimpressed by events in his own life insists there was nothing to it. He reports he said, "Hello, Arthur. Nice of you to come." Godfrey replied, "Hi, Cedric. Nice of you to ask me."

Niecy, Cedric's wife, and the Adams' sons added their welcome and the Redhead moved into the (*Continued on page 74*)



"Thoughts while shaving" time—Cedric and sons discuss everything: today, tomorrow, the world.

Cedric Adams is on M-F, 3:55 P.M., Sat., 12:55 P.M., EST, CBS, sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, and on numerous WCCO (Minneapolis-St. Paul) programs.

"When you're poor," says Ralph, "you learn how to use your hands." He proves he hasn't forgotten at the workshop on Heidt's ranch.

Ralph decided that the world isn't as big as it seems when he met a fellow Charlestonian during a stopover in the Azores.

I can't

Ralph's Aunt Frances, who reared the orphaned Sigwald kids, shows him seventy-five-foot telegram from Charleston well-wishers.

Spare time on the Heidt tour was used for sightseeing. Here is Ralph in Tripoli. He also saw Vienna, Paris, Berlin, Munich.

TUNE IN: The Horace Heidt show is heard Sunday evenings at 9:30 on CBS. It is televised over CBS-TV on Monday evenings at 9:00. Both shows are sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.

believe it myself!

He's been called Mr. Cinderella, he's been compared to a Horatio Alger hero—he's the man who was a janitor last year, who's the entertainer of millions this year

By RALPH SIGWALD

One minute I was a janitor. The next minute I was on a stage singing before ten thousand people.

Until one day last year I was earning one hundred and seventy-five dollars a month and it had to feed and house and clothe nine people. Last year I earned twenty thousand dollars. This year looks like I'll earn more.

Before I went on tour with Horace Heidt's "Parade of Stars" show I'd never been out of South Carolina in my life. As a machinist and sheet metal worker at the Charleston Navy Yard I'd worked on many a ship but never so much as left the Yard. Now suddenly I'm singing in every city in the USA. (*Continued on page 78*)

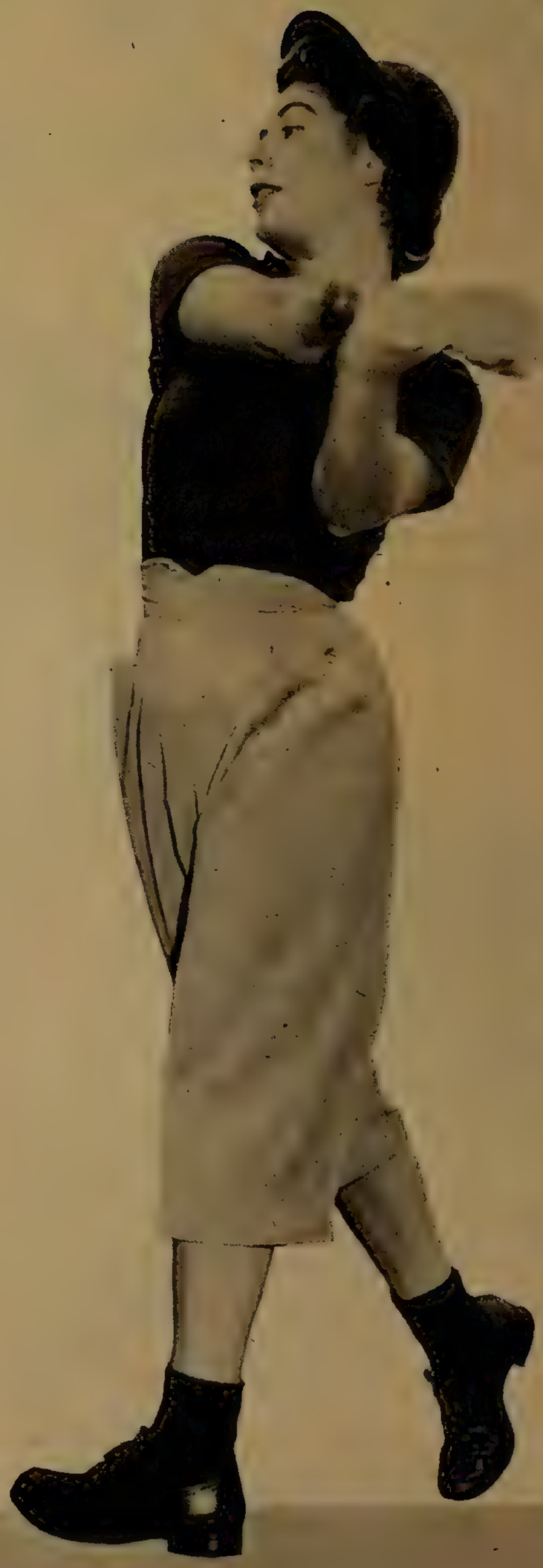
Horace Heidt gave Ray his big chance and is now making it possible for him to study music.

Eddie first met Mindy when she was a self-conscious bobbysoxer—a long way from the poised young singer he first managed, then married.

MADE-OVER

By

EDDIE JOY



From bobbysocks to silk stockings, from tomboy to wife —my wife—from a sales job to star billing over NBC: that is the telescoped story of Mrs. Eddie Joy, nee Mindy Carson.

Mindy, at twenty-two, has a radiant smile, beautiful blue eyes and soft brown hair. She was always that way. She has poise and feminine grace. But she wasn't always *that* way. Certainly not the first time I saw her.

"Who's the kid?" I asked.

The "kid" wore saddle shoes, a gingham skirt and a wholesome smile. The time was May, 1946. I had been back from the war two weeks, after piloting air force transports over the hump. And I was sitting in the outer office of my father's music publishing company, beginning the process of what was called "the soldier's readjustment." I was in the midst of promoting a new song, "Rumors are Flying," and wondering who I'd use to record the vocal. That was when I saw the girl in bobbysocks. If there was any anxiety in her eyes, I figured she was only worried about a truant officer tagging after her.

My father walked over then and said, "Eddie, this is Mindy Carson. She'll be a famous singer one day."

From that moment, I looked on her with respect. My father, once a vaudeville star and still a judge of talent, never makes casual observations. Also, I took a better personal look—and saw that this was actually a very attractive young woman. That same day, Mindy made a recording of "Rumors are Flying" so I could play the song for orchestra leaders. In her voice I recognized the qualities critics were to call "hypnotic," "contagious," and "refreshing." I wanted to hear more of this "kid" and her amazing talent.

She began amazing me immediately. "If I'm not well along to being successful within a (*Continued on page* 90)

A husband and a career— Mindy Carson found these when she traded her baseball

Mindy

Mindy still remembers the proper batting stance, but these days she's more likely to be found, feminine and fragile, in a glamorous evening gown.

Mindy Carson Sings is heard Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 11:15 P.M., EST, NBC.

bat for a lipstick

THEY BRING

Who? What? Why? When? Where? and How? always asked. And these are the people who

MARTIN AGRONSKY

ABC's Philadelphia-born Martin Agronsky handles the news from the nation's capital every a.m. A Rutgers graduate, Martin was a correspondent during the war, covering Cairo when Rommel struck, Singapore when the Japs attacked, and N. Y. when the UN first met. He joined ABC in 1943 as Washington correspondent, and lives there with his family.

H. R. BAUKHAGE

"Baukhage Talking" labels H. R. Baukhage's news commentary for ABC. Talking or writing, Baukhage has been keeping people well-informed since his first job, which was on a newspaper abroad. Born in LaSalle, Ill., in 1889, he graduated from the U. of Chicago, studied in Germany and and worked in Paris for AP before returning to U. S. to do radio and newspaper work.

ERWIN CANHAM

Erwin Canham does a Tuesday evening news commentary for ABC and, as editor of the *Christian Science Monitor,* is considered one of the most distinguished newspapermen in America. He was born in Auburn, Maine, graduated from Bates and went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. His first job for the *Monitor* was reporting the League of Nations.

ELMER DAVIS

The succinct style of Elmer Davis' news commentating is, no doubt, the product of his Hoosier background. He was born in Aurora, Indiana—also the birthplace of his fellow ABC commentator, Edwin C. Hill—in 1890 and went to nearby Franklin College, also to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. During the war he was internationally famous as director of OWI.

PAULINE FREDERICK

Pauline Frederick has the distinction of being the only woman reporter on all of the networks. A Pennsylvanian, she went to American Univ. in Washington, D. C., and did newspaper work and occasional radio appearances in that city. Coming to New York, she got her first assignment from ABC, for which station she covers the UN beat with Gordon Fraser.

TAYLOR GRANT

ABC considers Taylor Grant one of its ace political reporters. As an unlikely start to earning this reputation, Grant was a sportscaster on a station in Philadelphia, his home town. He also emceed audience participation and quiz shows. He joined ABC in 1945 where he bosses Headline Edition, covers special events. He is married, has two children.

JOHN B. KENNEDY

The voice of John B. Kennedy is one of the more familiar ones on the air. He began his radio career in 1934, which makes him one of the first star newscasters. Born in Quebec, Canada, in 1894 of an Irish father and a French mother, Kennedy attended schools in Canada, England and the U. S. He left St. Louis to become a reporter. ABC's his station.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Radio news commentating is a new field for Robert Montgomery, whose reputation as a top-flight actor and director had already been established before he took to the airwaves for ABC. Montgomery was born in Beacon, New York and was a star on Broadway before being recruited for the movies. During the war he served as a lieutenant commander.

DREW PEARSON

Drew Pearson is one of the most widely listened-to commentators on the air and his newspaper column is the most widely syndicated. This ABC newsman was born in Evanston, Illinois, in 1897 and was graduated from Swarthmore. He has been a seaman, a teacher, and has written for newspapers in India, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

GEORGE SOKOLSKY

George Sokolsky is another ABC commentator who manages to combine newspaper work and radio to the satisfaction of vast audiences. Sokolsky was born in Utica, N. Y., in 1893 and grew up in Manhattan, attending Columbia U. For several years he worked in China as correspondent and editor. He divides his time between Massachusetts and Manhattan.

YOU THE NEWS

How? These are the questions that are who answer them, both in war and in peace

HENRY J. TAYLOR

Henry J. Taylor brings to his weekly ABC news commentary a background steeped in economics and government. Educated at the U. of Virginia, his first job was on the Kansas City *Journal.* Also a businessman, the Chicago born commentator successfully built up a corn products company and has his own paper company. He was a W.W.II correspondent.

WALTER WINCHELL

Walter Winchell's Sunday night fifteen minutes over ABC are among the most widely heard in the history of radio. Winchell's electrically charged delivery of news plus his endless fountain of information on Hollywood and Broadway add up to a quarter hour millions are loath to miss. Manhattan-born Winchell is also a widely syndicated columnist.

NED CALMER

Ned Calmer is a CBS news analyst and reporter who also happens to be a novelist, a not very common combination. His most recent novel is *The Strange Land,* based on World War II. Calmer was born in Chicago, grew up in Boston, went to the U. of Virginia. He came to CBS in 1940 after having worked for several years on newspapers here and abroad.

CHARLES COLLINGWOOD

Charles Collingwood, CBS's White House correspondent, like so many of his colleagues, came to radio directly from a press bureau abroad. In his case it was UP; the place, London. He received the job while studying at Oxford. In 1940 he became a CBS war correspondent and until his White House assignment, was that network's chief West Coast correspondent.

BILL COSTELLO

Bill Costello's interest in Far Eastern affairs extends back to his undergraduate days at the University of Minnesota. Now, as CBS's chief correspondent in the Far East, he reports on the Korean situation, being brought in by transpacific circuit for the network's audiences. Costello had worked for the Honolulu *Star Bulletin* before joining CBS.

DON HOLLENBECK

Nebraska-born Don Hollenbeck's career can be summed up in a series of initials: AP, *PM,* OWI, CBS. Spelled out, he was a picture editor for the Associated Press; picture editor for the newspaper *PM,* also its national affairs editor; and European broadcaster for the Office of War Information. Don is now a news analyst for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

ALLAN JACKSON

To Allan Jackson, like most CBS news analysts, the centers of world news are no mystery. He, along with other CBS staffers, can usually say, "I've been there." Jackson spent two years in the network's London office and was in Berlin during the crucial months of 1948. Then assigned to Washington, he covered the State Department. He's now in New York.

LARRY LeSUEUR

CBS's United Nations correspondent is Larry LeSueur, who won a 1949 Peabody Award for his coverage of that institution. LeSueur started with the UP in 1932, went abroad for CBS at the start of World War II. He covered the Blitz, the fall of France, the Russian defense against Germany and was the first to broadcast from the Normandy beachhead.

EDWARD R. MURROW

Edward R. Murrow's reportorial experience ranges from Hitler's march into Austria to the invasion of South Korea. In between he has covered the London blitz, the North African campaigns, Princess Elizabeth's wedding, and the Berlin airlift—all for CBS. His achievements have been acknowledged twice by George Foster Peabody Awards.

ERIC SEVAREID

Eric Sevareid, CBS's chief Washington correspondent, was honored this year with a George Foster Peabody Award. A native of Velka, N. D.—he was born there in 1912—he studied at the University of Minnesota and started his career on the Minneapolis *Journal.* Later he worked in the Paris bureau of the UP. It was in Paris that he joined CBS.

WILLARD SHADEL

Bill Shadel is another CBS correspondent with a predilection for being in the thick of things. He was with a Navy task force off Utah Beach on D-Day. He was with General Patton's Third Army through the Battle of the Bulge. He also covered the discovery of Hermann Goering's salt mine art cache. He's now heard daily on CBS from Washington.

HOWARD K. SMITH

Howard K. Smith, CBS's European News Chief, is a Tulane graduate and a Rhodes Scholar. As CBS's Berlin correspondent, he was asked by the Nazis to leave Germany. *Last Train From Berlin* was the best seller he wrote about this experience. His European staff includes David Shoebrun, Paris; Richard Hottelet, Berlin; Winston Burdett, Rome.

LOWELL THOMAS

This is the year that marks Lowell Thomas' twentieth anniversary on the air. (See the October RADIO MIRROR for Lowell's own story of the years he's spent bringing you the news.) Almost as impressive as his two decades on radio are his doctorates, twelve, and his books, forty. His most famous one is *Lawrence of Arabia*. Lowell is heard M.-F. on CBS.

CECIL BROWN

Mutual's commentator Cecil Brown holds one of the prized Peabody Awards for his radio headlining. He's also been honored by the Overseas Press Club and the National Headliners Club. Past performances have included broadcasting the invasion of Crete and reporting the sinking of the British cruiser Repulse by the Japanese—he'd been on it!

FRANK EDWARDS

Frank Edwards started his radio career as a special events broadcaster, now handles MBS's late-evening news series. He was born in Mattoan, Ill., in 1908, went to college at U.C.L.A. Politically a liberal, his crusades for progressive objectives have earned him a reputation as one of the most independent commentators. He's also a successful lecturer.

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

MBS's Major George Fielding Eliot is a Brooklyn-born military affairs expert whose name is widely known in writing and radio circles. Part of his youth was spent in Australia where his family had moved when he was eight. Eliot attended the U. of Melbourne's Trinity College. His first military experience was with the Australian Imperial Forces as a lieutenant.

CEDRIC FOSTER

Cedric Foster, Mutual commentator, is acknowledged as one of the most astute analyzers of military information. A one time editor of the Hartford *Times*, he also has worked for the UP and the AP. His journalistic jaunts have taken him all over the world but he prefers his native New England as a place to live. Foster is married and has two daughters.

GABRIEL HEATTER

Gabriel Heatter has been a radio institution ever since the evening in 1936 when he spoke extemporaneously for an hour over a hook-up at Trenton, N. J., where the Lindbergh baby kidnapper was being executed. Since then, the Manhattan-born, Brooklyn-bred Mutual commentator has found huge audiences for his sympathetic reporting of events.

BILL HENRY

Bill Henry is one of the few reporters who can say that he made his first broadcast in 1923. He spoke over a telephone-crystal set job, but it was sufficiently exciting to convince Bill that he should devote his future to the new medium. He's been in front of one version or another of a microphone ever since. Bill now has a daily five minute news spot over Mutual.

WILLIAM HILLMAN

William Hillman, veteran foreign correspondent, is now a permanent member of Mutual's Washington news staff. During his days in Europe he interviewed such shapers of destiny as Churchill, Hitler, Goebbels, Goering and Mussolini. He is credited with breaking the first story of the British ultimatum to Germany over Poland. Hillman is also a *Collier's Magazine* editor.

EVERETT HOLLES

Experience as a war correspondent and foreign editor makes MBS's Everett Holles a natural for jobs behind the microphones in the nation's capital. Holles does a commentary program for MBS, is moderator for Reporters' Roundup, the program which allows listeners to ask questions, along with newspapermen, of a guest currently in the headlines.

FULTON LEWIS, JR.

Fulton Lewis, Jr., who has one of the Mutual network's largest audiences, was born in the city that he covered for so many years as a columnist and reporter, and from where his broadcasts now come. The city, of course, is Washington, D. C. He went to the University of Virginia, graduating from there in 1924. Fulton is married and has two children.

HARRISON WOOD

Harrison Wood started his radio career doing book reviews. He soon expanded his topics until now there are few subjects upon which he doesn't comment with knowledge and authority. His particular field is the Orient and his discussions of its peoples have been heard on both the lecture platform and over the air waves. He is a graduate of the University of Kentucky.

MORGAN BEATTY

Morgan Beatty, who handles a daily news of the world program for NBC, has been called "America's outstanding disaster reporter." The holder of this title has been acknowledged more formally for his abilities—namely with the Headliner's Award, 1947 and the DuPont Radio Commentator's Award, 1949. Born in Little Rock, he worked for the AP, came to NBC in '41.

W. W. CHAPLIN

W. W. Chaplin is NBC's roving reporter. As such, he has covered the atom bomb tests at Bikini, the UN Security Council opening in London, and the fifty-one nation peace conference in Paris. He came to NBC's news staff in 1943, working out of the London office. Before joining NBC, Chaplin worked for the Syracuse *Journal*, the AP and the International News Service.

LOCKWOOD DOTY

Lockwood Doty worked on radio stations in Buffalo, Boston and Atlanta before coming to New York as a staff member of NBC's News and Special Events Department. Born in 1921 in Lockport, New York, he went to school in Avon, Conn., and on to Trinity College in Hartford, graduating in 1942. He's married, has a year old daughter nicknamed "Trinket."

JAMES FLEMING

James Fleming, who handles NBC's Voices and Events program, served in General MacArthur's headquarters as radio reporter during the war, and until he joined NBC in 1949, had been supervisor of ECA's radio activities. Fleming is a native of Baraboo, Wis., and holds a B.A. from the U. of Chicago. He was once asked to leave Russia for arguing with a censor.

GEORGE T. FOLSTER

George Thomas Folster, who was with the 1st Cavalry Division when it invaded Eastern Korea in July, heads the NBC Tokyo News Bureau. His tape recordings of the landings were among the first to reach American audiences. Folster's acquaintance with the Orient stems back to a South Seas expedition he made for the American Museum of Natural History.

RICHARD HARKNESS

Commentator on the Washington scene for NBC is Richard Harkness who first distinguished himself when, as a reporter for the UP, he exposed the Pendergast machine. As a writer for the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, the White House was his beat. During the 1940 presidential campaign, he toured with both Willkie and Roosevelt. He came to NBC in 1942.

RAY HENLE

Ray Henle, along with Felix Morley and Ned Brooks, handles NBC's Three Star Extra. This distinguished trio (Henle is credited with having some of the best news sources in Washington; Morley, a Pulitzer Prize winner, is also a former college president; and Brooks, is a crack writer for Scripps-Howard) presents a discussion and analysis of the news.

GEORGE HICKS

Among other distinctions, NBC's George Hicks can boast that he has never held a job other than one in radio. While at Georgetown U., he found a part-time job as staff announcer on WRC, NBC's Washington, D. C., station. That was in 1928 and the announcing and reporting voice of Hicks has been a part of the NBC scene ever since. Married, he has one son.

H. V. KALTENBORN

Few news commentators are better known than H. V. Kaltenborn, especially since his coverage of the Munich crisis in 1938. Kaltenborn was born in Milwaukee, Wis., in 1878, won a Phi Beta Kappa key from Harvard, worked for the Brooklyn *Eagle* and in 1922, in an address to the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce, launched his celebrated career.

LEON PEARSON

Leon Pearson, who covers the United Nations for NBC, has been close to that organization since its inception. He was at Dumbarton Oaks, San Francisco and the first London meeting of the General Assembly. Like his famous brother Drew, Leon was graduated from Swarthmore. He was a member of the Washington Merry-Go-Round staff for ten years.

ROBERT TROUT

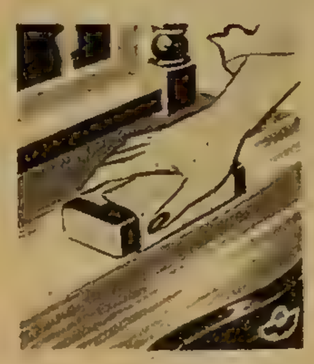
Robert Trout's radio career began in Washington, D. C., a city which seems to have given impetus to the careers of a number of famous radio commentators. Bob came to NBC's news staff in 1948; before that he had been newscaster for another network, assigned to such strategic spots as England during the Blitz, and San Francisco for the UN conferences.

By ALICE FROST

THIS IS

My husband, Bill, and I live in an apartment in New York City. As apartments go, it's big—but for me, it just couldn't be big enough, for I'm a collector and ours is a hobby house. The whole thing started when one of my best friends, Madeleine Pierce, who is also a radio actress, gave me a lovely "Alice" doll—*Alice in Wonderland* had always been one of my favorite books. With her came the White Rabbit, complete with his gloves. Then a map, showing Alice's travels. Then china figurines of the characters, lampshades, framed illustrations from the book. All at once, we had an Alice in Wonderland room!

Surprise for Bill



When Bill left town for a three-week trip not long ago, I decided to surprise him by doing needed redecorating myself, particularly the tall louvered screens and the double chest in our bedroom. I chose a dry-dull enamel for the job, and after reading the label, I found there was more to painting than meets the brush. Preparation is important. First step, wash the furniture to remove soil and wax. With a cloth wrung out in light lather of mild soap and lukewarm water I went over a small area at a time, rinsing with clear water and drying immediately. So the new paint would stick, surfaces had to be sanded. I used 4/0 sandpaper wrapped around a wood block, working with the grain, wiping with a soft cloth. On narrow or curved spots, I wrapped the sandpaper around wadded cloth. Next step, undercoater to cover mars. At last, the enamel. Quite a job—but worth it!

When Company Comes

In our apartment there's only one way to entertain and that's buffet style. It doesn't take much space, and it's easy, too. Around Christmas time I trot out my Swedish specialties, serve Smorgasbord. A favorite is:

SWEDISH MEAT BALLS WITH SOUR CREAM GRAVY

½ cup fine bread crumbs
½ cup milk
½ pound beef
¼ pound veal
¼ pound pork
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 tablespoon minced onion
¼ teaspoon pepper
pinch allspice
4 tablespoons fat
1 cup sour cream

Soak bread crumbs in milk 5-10 minutes. Have meat ground together or combine well. Combine with soaked crumbs, salt, egg, onion, pepper and allspice. Shape into tiny balls. Heat fat in heavy skillet. Add meat balls; brown on all sides. Add sour cream and warm, stirring often. Makes six delicious servings.

Making Lampshades—The Alice Way . . .

My Alice in Wonderland lampshades set the stage, make the purpose of the room plain. And—I made them myself! I did it the easy way, using ready-made, undecorated artificial parchment shades. First I got a good copy of "Alice" and looked through the book to pick out the pages I like best—about 30 in all. I needed rubber cement and a good brush with which to put it on. A can of white shellac and a new brush completed my needs. I played with the pages to make sure I had enough, laid them out exactly the way I wanted to put them on the shade. Next step had to go quickly—I covered one shade completely and very evenly with rubber cement. Then I turned over the first page to be mounted and gave that a coat of cement. Then I pressed it on the shade. And so on—page by page—until a shade was covered. Second shade, repeat process. Next, I brushed on shellac carefully from top to bottom. A few hours of patient waiting and they were dry. The job was done. And very perky and cute they looked, too. The shellac stiffened the pages so they have a little ripple. I like them that way, but there is a method—read on—to do shades so the pages lie flat.

MY LIFE

Here are some of the things Alice Frost has done in her home that make it distinctively hers

Alice is Pam North of Radio's Mr. and Mrs. North, heard Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M., EST, on CBS, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

. . . The Other Way

For a pattern, use an old lamp shade. Cut or steam apart carefully along the seam. Iron it flat. Trace its outline on artificial parchment and cut out. Then apply the pages as I did, first coating the shade, then each page separately, with rubber cement. After the pages are in place, weight the whole shade evenly so the pages will dry flat. Then shellac. When it's dry, put the shade together the way your pattern shade was fastened. Or, if you doubt your ability to attach the shade to the frame, visit a handicraft shop for materials—they'll show you how.

It Pays to Read

Recently, when I went into a fabric store to buy some curtain material I found myself talking to one of those particularly pleasant—and informative—salesgirls you run across every now and then. We got into an interesting discussion of the information on fabric and garment labels—well worth knowing, I think. For instance: "Sanforized" means the remaining shrinkage in the fabric won't exceed one per cent. "Sanforset" is the word with the same meaning to be found on rayon fabrics. "Sanforlan" on woolens. (These are trade names.) "Tebalized" is a process often used for cottons, linens, rayons and spun rayons to make the fabric crease resistant—does not wear off. Other names for same process: T.B.L., Unidure, Vitalized. "Vat-dyed color" means resistant to sunlight, washing with good soaps.

Julie Paterno asks:

How much trust should you

It isn't fair to a girl in her teens—nor to yourself—to treat her as if she were still a child. But neither is it right to expect her to conform to adult standards. There must be a middle ground. What should be the quality, the quantity, of your trust in an adolescent daughter?

Julie Paterno mothers the children who live at the orphanage, Hilltop House, as if they were her own. One of these, Pixie, past fourteen, presents all the joys and problems that occur in any household in which a teen-age daughter lives. She's beginning to feel herself an individual with rights and privileges as such—no longer a child, to be governed by rules and denied what she considers *more* grown up experiences to which she feels she is entitled. She wants to make her own decisions—her own mistakes, if need be. She's filled with a sense of power and believes she has a good deal of knowledge—which to Pixie, as to any adolescent, is a feeling of knowing everything that there is to know! All of these throw her judgment out of balance and make for too-hasty decisions. Pixie has become, for the first time in her life, interested in a boy—a boy who has, unfortunately, an undesirable character.

Julie, of course, realizes Pixie is growing up, must be treated accordingly. But she knows, too, that Pixie hasn't yet the experience and wisdom that the future years will bring to her, wants to help her in whatever way she can, without imposing discipline of the sort that works well with younger children, but doesn't work at all with adolescents. Discipline without an understanding of the adolescent's needs and his changing personality will only cause a revolt, be harmful, solve nothing. She has gently and tactfully made it clear to Pixie the girl's behavior will reflect in a way on Hilltop House and on Julie who, taking a mother's place, gave Pixie her childhood training. Beyond that, Julie lets Pixie know she has complete faith in her, which Julie feels is most important.

What are *your* feelings on the subject of the "amount of rope" a teen-ager should be given? How far should her judgment be deferred to, her decisions allowed to stand? What should she be allowed to decide for herself, in what be guided by her parents? Consider it from a broad point of view—that is, taking teen-agers generally, as well as the specific question of Pixie—and tell Julie what you think.

Radio Mirror will purchase readers' answers to the question: "How Much Trust Should You Place in Your Teen-Age Daughter?" Writer of best answer will be paid $25.00; writers of five next best $5 each.

What do *you* think about this problem? State your answer and reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address to Hilltop House, c/o Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00, and the five next-best for $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence concerning them. The opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than Dec. 1, 1950. This notice should accompany your letter.

Hilltop House is heard Mon.-Fri. at 3:15 P.M., EST, on CBS stations, sponsored by Alka Seltzer.

Talking things over's a good plan, Julie and Dr. Jeff try to convince a troubled Pixie.

place in your teen-age daughter?

RADIO MIRROR'S

Festive clothes that won't tax holiday-strained budgets—just right for Christmas entertaining

What's on your mind when the coming holidays are mentioned? Of course—parties! The versatile separates Pat Wheel of Road of Life wears on these two pages should be just right for whatever this season brings. Opposite: holiday-mood jersey, one hundred per cent wool, prettied-up with studding of rhinestones on deep cuffs of the blouse, big patch pockets of the skirt. Fitted blouse has the new, flattering U-neckline; matching skirt is soft with unpressed pleats. Also comes in green, black or white, 10-18; blouse $8.95, skirt $12.95. By Koret of California. Available at Saks-34th, New York, N. Y.; Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass. For glitter: Coro's rhinestone necklace.

This page: young-gentleman look in wonderfully switchable separates. Double-breasted vest comes in green, black, orange too; skirt in black only. Pique blouse boasts tucked bib front. Vest $8.95, skirt $12.95, blouse $5.95—all by McArthur in 10-18. Available at Crowley's, Detroit, Mich.; McCreery's, New York, N. Y. For stores nearest you, write manufacturers listed on page 80.

Road of Life's Pat Wheel models these holiday garments. Road of Life is heard M-F at 3:15 P.M., EST, over NBC stations, is sponsored by Crisco.

Quick-change trio of separates: each piece will go well with other things you own or want to buy. The jet-buttoned velveteen vest looks holiday-right in red, contrasting smartly with the black velveteen skirt, dandy-collared white pique blouse.

Daytime Fashions for You

Art Linkletter's Nonsense

IF YOUR CHILDREN ASK YOU—as one of mine once did last Christmas—what year the Christ Child, whose birthday we were celebrating, was born, don't quickly answer, "One, A.D." That's not right. I got to thinking about it, looked it up: The year 1 B.C. is the first year before the beginning of the Christian era. The year 1 A.D. is the first year of the Christian era. So January 1, 1 B.C. is just one year before January 1, 1 A.D. It was Abbot Dionysius Exigus who decided the year of Jesus' birth should be the first year of the Christian era. He took the Roman year 754 as the birth date. But historians have proved him wrong, for King Herod, who commanded the Massacre of the Innocents, died in 750. Since Jesus escaped the massacre, He was living before Herod died. The calendar was not changed, but the birth of Jesus is now placed at 4 B.C. by some historians, 6 B.C. by others.

THOMAS CARLYLE SAID IT:

Love is ever the beginning of Knowledge, as fire is of light.

* * *

Art Linkletter emcees House Party, heard Mon.-Fri. 3:30 P.M. EST, CBS. Sponsored by Pillsbury Mills.

DECEMBER . . . Christmas—who thinks of anything but Christmas in December? Nobody but a die-hard adult, and I've met very few, no matter what their age, who don't revert to childhood around the holiday season . . . There'll be snow in time for Christmas, the Old Farmers' Almanac says reassuringly, at least in those places where snow can reasonably be expected—and who knows, maybe even out here in California we might have a spell of that "unusual weather" the Chamber of Commerce would rather not have us discuss. Incidentally, the Almanac also casually remarks that the 29th of the month is the anniversary of the beginning of a sixty-seven day spell of zero weather in North Dakota in 1934. If the weather man is listening, I wasn't hinting for anything *that* unusual, please . . . It won't be too long now before Lois starts making batches of Christmas cookies, the way she always does. I love 'em, eat 'em by the handful without regard for waistline or digestion. She makes a zillion varieties, and I always have a terrible time deciding which ones I like best. (Why do kids always ask that whenever there's a choice, and insist that you make a decision: "Which kind do you like *best* of *all*, Daddy?") Certainly I'm partial to those chunky chocolate numbers with a dollop of fudge-like frosting on top the frosting dunked in pistachio nuts. But on the other hand there are the fat little round cookies, snowed over with powdered sugar and rich and chewy with ground almonds inside. And a caramel-and-pecan business called "Baked Candy" that Lois cuts in squares and wraps in silver foil. And of course the old-fashioned crisp molasses kind, cut into shapes of stars and wreaths and trees and Santa Clauses, and decorated with colored sugar and little candy sprinkles and red-hots for holly berries on the wreaths. And—but that's enough of that. I'm so hungry now I'll never last till dinner!

STORY WITH A MORAL

Story: **There was the man who bought his son a present, an extremely expensive little honest-to-goodness model steam engine. It came in a sturdy box, which he and his wife duly wrapped and placed beneath the tree. "He'll like that best of anything," they told each other. "Hang the cost—after all, it's Christmas!" True, little Johnny liked that present best of anything—he spent all of Christmas day ignoring the steam engine and having a wonderful time playing with the sturdy box in which it came.** ***Moral:*** **Well, you can figure it out for yourself—it's not the money that goes into the choosing of a gift, but the thought and the ordinary horse-sense that count.**

and Some-sense

READERS' OWN VERSE DEPT.
DECEMBER

December is a holly wreath
That bids a welcome to our door;
It's mistletoe we kiss beneath
And toys and goodies by the score.

December is a Christmas tree
That gaily blinks its colored lights—
A cozy fireplace where we
Toast marshmallows on wintry nights.

December is old Santa Claus,
As dear and jolly as can be,
Whom I will always love because
One Christmas he brought you to me!
—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

MINUTE PHILOSOPHY—
Wrong kind of Christmas shopper: the one who buys things she can't afford with money her husband hasn't yet earned to impress people she doesn't like anyway.

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Boy: Say, you know those Santa Clauses who stand on street corners around this time of year ringing bells?

Linkletter: Sure. What about them?

Boy: Know why they always have chicken wire over the top of the pot?

Linkletter: No, why?

Boy: So kids can't steal nickels out of the pot. In other words, so Santa Claus won't be "nickelless"—get it?

THINKING ABOUT CHRISTMAS—

Let the kids wrap their own presents, I say—their presents for other people, of course. Sure, they can turn out some hair-raising concoctions, but what does it matter? Any parent, relative or friend who wouldn't prefer an "I wrapped it up my own self" gift to a right-out-of-the-gift-wrapping-department number isn't worth his salt, anyway. Besides, package-wrapping keeps the youngsters busy in those pre-holiday moments when someone asks every few minutes, "How many more days till Christmas, Mommy?" . . . Another thing that'll keep them endlessly occupied is what we call in our house The Christmas Village. Ingredients are any flat surface—like a window seat, a set-up card table, or even a corner of the floor if you haven't cats, dogs or other wild life galumphing through the house—a batt of cotton (the non-inflammable kind) some little metal figures of people from the dime store, and a flock of imagination. The cotton makes a snow-covered landscape. Small houses can be made simply of cardboard—folded into a square, with a second folded-in-half piece for a peaked roof—and painted with the children's water colors. Little pine trees are available at the dime store, too, or realistic-looking evergreenery can be made from torn-off piece of sponge dipped in green ink or diluted vegetable coloring—the kind used to tint frosting—or use the branches that always have to be lopped off the Christmas tree anyway. A little mirror makes a fine pond for skaters. An inverted bowl, cotton covered, furnishes a hill for skiers and sliders. I don't have to offer any more suggestions—a hundred variations will occur to your children once they get started. And they'll have a good time, too!

REMEMBER—?

There's so much rushing around at the holiday season, it's a pleasant relief—good for you and for the youngsters, too—to take some time off and sit down (near the fireplace for atmosphere, if you're lucky enough to have one) and read aloud. "'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse." Remember that from your childhood? It's worth digging up, reading again. Or Dickens' "Christmas Carol." Or "The Birds' Christmas Carol." And don't forget, for some of the most wonderful word-putting-together of all, The Gospel According To St. Luke. Oh, yes—and how about all of us restoring the good, old-fashioned custom of family caroling? That's one we should never forget.

THE NIGHT BEFORE

Christmas

By NANCY CRAIG • RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Heard at 4:00 P.M. EST, Mon.-Fri., on ABC. (Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen)

Christmas Eve! Time to trim the tree, hang up stockings, and start festivities for the big day.

We spend a quiet Christmas Eve alone at our house. Just our family. But the house is filled with the children's excitement and expectation. The peak is reached when the children start trimming the tree. My "best beau" and I stand by to help them reach the high spots. Nearby is a tray of cookies which are munched with much gusto throughout the evening.

I know that many people find Christmas Eve a time to get together, to exchange greetings and good wishes. Then fill the punch bowl to overflowing. Serve a tray of sandwiches, not too sweet, and a bowl of fruit or nuts. One of my favorite punches is made simply by pouring domestic champagne over orange ice. I start with one pint of orange ice and two quarts of champagne. More orange ice can be added if desired. It's easy, beautiful in color and sparkle, quick to get together, even for a large party. No matter whether you celebrate on Christmas eve or Christmas day—have a very merry time!

HOLIDAY EGG NOG

12 eggs, separated
1 cup sugar
1 cup brandy, rye or bourbon
1 cup Jamaica Rum
3 cups milk
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
nutmeg

Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Gradually beat in sugar. Stir in brandy and rum very slowly. Cover and chill. Just before serving, stir in milk. Beat egg whites until stiff. Fold into mixture. Whip cream until stiff, fold carefully into mixture. Makes about 3 quarts. Serve with hot ham biscuits, salted nuts, open sandwiches, fresh or dried fruit.

Note: If desired, omit brandy and rum; increase milk to one quart. Use three tablespoons of vanilla or one cup of fruit juice for flavoring.

WATERCRESS HAM BISCUITS

2 cups prepared biscuit mix
2/3 cup milk
2 tablespoons chopped watercress
1 (2¼ oz.) can Devilled ham

Prepare biscuit dough following directions on package. Add watercress and blend well. Turn out onto a floured board. Knead and roll ¼ inch thick. Cut with a 1½ inch floured biscuit cutter. Place on an ungreased baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes. Remove from oven; split. Spread while still warm with devilled ham. Serve hot. Makes 18 1½ inch biscuits.

SANDWICH IDEAS

Rolled Sandwiches:
Remove crusts from thin slices of very fresh bread. Spread with cream cheese, mayonnaise or pimiento cheese spread. Place watercress at both ends of center of slice. Roll; fasten with toothpicks and chill.

(*Continued on page* 84)

☆ The traditional punch bowl marks the center of activities on the traditionally festive Eve.

GIVE YOURSELF — AND YOUR

BEFORE

Anne Lyon wears the wrong hair style; chooses colors unflattering to her type.

AFTER

The right hairdo, natural make-up and smart clothes emphasize her new beauty.

Two-piece dress by Henry Rosenfeld
Coiffure by Antoinette of the Plaza

HUSBAND—A CHRISTMAS GIFT

A BRAND NEW YOU!

By CAROL DOUGLAS

—Charm and beauty expert famous for her helpful, practical, easy-to-follow plan for self-improvement, heard on This Is Nora Drake and other Toni radio and TV programs, and presented here for the first time in complete, printed form.

RADIO MIRROR reader Anne Lyon tried this new make-yourself-over method at home. It worked wonders for her—and will for you, too!

When I first met Mrs. Anne Lyon, a young homemaker from River Edge, New Jersey, I knew she could easily be transformed into a stunning woman. If you follow the same beauty routine I outlined for her, you can become a beauty, too!

FOOD: What you eat makes a big difference in how you look and feel. Plan to include these beauty builders in your diet: Fruit, vegetables, meat, eggs, green salad, milk, cheese, bread and cereal. Avoid fried foods that tend to blemish your skin; too many starches, sweets or alcoholic beverages that cause you to add those extra pounds and unwanted bulges. Don't skip lunch or breakfast and then try to make up for the lost meal by nibbling candy or cookies.

EXERCISE: To be sure that your figure is perfectly proportioned, you must take time out each day to do corrective exercise. If your particular problem is your hips, you must concentrate on whittling them away. Whatever you do, though, don't expect overnight results. Whether you are slimming your figure, or just remodeling it, only time, exercise and persistent effort will reveal the difference. You can be exactly what you are willing to make yourself!

POSTURE: If you neglect your posture, all the exercise in the world will never make your figure lovely. A truly graceful and gracious woman is the one who knows how to enter and leave a room, to sit and stand, and, of course, to put everyone else at ease by her assurance and manner. You can be such a woman, if you will always remember to stand tall, walk with smooth, easy strides, and sit with calm dignity. It's a matter of practice. Why not start today?

GIVE YOURSELF—

BATH: Your daily bath serves the double purpose of keeping you fragrantly clean and giving you a few minutes to relax completely. Fill the tub with warm water, add bath salts; then lie quietly before washing. Rub yourself dry with a rough towel and pat on your favorite bath powder.

Carol Douglas is beauty expert for the Toni Company, heard on This Is Nora Drake, M-F 2:30 P.M., EST, CBS, and is beauty consultant for other Toni programs—Give and Take, Sat. 1:30 P.M., EST, CBS, and Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, 8 P.M., EST, Wed., CBS-TV.

HAIR: Anne finds side bangs suit her face. A permanent adds body, makes hair easier to manage, can be done right at home.

NAILS: A home manicure is a "must" for good grooming. Always be sure polish looks fresh, and cuticles are neatly trimmed.

THE COMPLETE CAROL DOUGLAS WAY TO—A BRAND NEW YOU!

COLOGNE: Cologne didn't mean too much in Anne's life before she began to take her own personal beauty seriously. Now she doesn't feel dressed without it. A cologne which suits your own personality should be sprayed on before you put on your dress. Keep it in an atomizer which adds to the beauty of your vanity table.

PERFUME: For those brief freshening up moments, always carry some of your favorite perfume in a purse size portion (vial).

DRESS: The basic black dress comes to life with vivid Glentex scarves. Change your appearance with pearls or costume jewelry.

SHOES: Select footwear to fit your feet and wardrobe as well as your pocketbook. Choose shoes with sturdy leather soles.

GIVE YOURSELF—

CLEANING BEFORE MAKE-UP:

Since beauty is more than skin deep, be sure to remove every last particle of dust and stale make-up before putting on a new "face." For dry skin, apply a rich cleansing cream and rinse with warm water. For oily skin, use soap and water followed by astringent. Apply make-up base.

MASCARA: Eyes wide and handsome can be yours, as Anne finds out, through careful use of mascara, pencil and eye shadow.

LIPSTICK: A lipstick brush makes for a prettier lip-line. Try the newest shades of lipstick that will contrast with your clothes.

THE COMPLETE CAROL DOUGLAS WAY TO—

A BRAND NEW YOU!

SUCCESS STORY: Anne asks her husband, "Well, how do I look, Charlie?" His smile of approval tells her that she is groomed to perfection. She is radiant with the self-confidence that comes from knowing she looks her best. Now that Anne has learned to make the most of her own good looks, an exciting new world awaits her.

YOUR PERSONAL BEAUTY CHART

MY HAIR IS

BLONDE
Light ☐ Dark ☐

BRUNETTE
Light ☐ Dark ☐

BROWNETTE
Light ☐ Dark ☐

REDHEAD
Light ☐ Dark ☐

GRAY ☐

MY EYES ARE

BLUE ☐
GRAY ☐
GREEN ☐
HAZEL ☐
BROWN ☐
BLACK ☐

MY SKIN IS

FAIR ☐
MEDIUM ☐
OLIVE ☐
SALLOW ☐
FRECKLED ☐

MY HEIGHT IS _____

MY WEIGHT IS _____

MY AGE IS _____

Write to: New You Analysis, Box 1577, Grand Central Post Office, New York 17, New York. I am enclosing a photograph or snapshot of myself, and six cents in stamps to cover the cost of mailing and handling. Please send me my free beauty analysis.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

He made good substituting for Berle—but by being himself, not trying to out-Berle Mr. Television.

What's so

BY JACK CARTER

So you want to be a comedian—to wonder where your next laugh is coming from . . . what you can possibly do to amuse your audience, once you step out on that stage . . . whether the fellow from Hohokus will get the joke about Oshkosh, or vice versa.

Maybe you'll start out by being the life of the neighborhood parties. You're the one they turn the radio off for, and say, "Let *him* do something now." So you have to cook up something fast, and good, or you get a quick brush. Then, suddenly, the party's over, and you're left wondering: were you invited for yourself, or because you could entertain?

That's your first taste of show business. By that time it's too late to turn back. It's in your blood.

For me, it all started in my father's candy store in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn. Show folks packed the place in off seasons and they all dropped in at the store. They were all friends of Pop's.

I was a cut-up, even at seven, entertaining the customers with gags and impressions of movie stars. All strictly my own material. I had a knack for remembering everything I heard, and I devoured everything I could read. (*Continued on page* 82)

The Jack Carter Show is heard every Saturday at 8 P.M., EST, NBC-TV, sponsored by Campbell's Soups, Johnson's Wax, Whitman Candy, Wildroot.

VISION SECTION

funny?

He loves TV, Jack says, will never give it up—unless, of course, they want to put a comedian in the White House instead of a pianist!

Best test of a joke: try it on your wife. Jack tries his out on Joan.

A comedian can't even play solitaire in solitude—home life includes "try it on the boss" conferences with gag writers.

FOUR from

WITH CHRISTMAS AND ITS ATTENDANT GIFTS, DECORATING AND FESTIVITIES IN MIND, TH

Fashions are Tina's field. She says that clothes at holiday-season parties are women's "decorations."

Tina Redmond

Festive fashions are the most important of all Christmas decorations believes vivacious, clever Tina Redmond who combines glamor and practicality on alternating shows, Sewing Is Fun and Cooking Is Fun. (WBKB, 10.30 A.M., M-F) To meet the problem of looking different through a series of parties attended by the same circle of friends, Tina suggests you can be both solvent and svelte by starting with a basic dress. Vary it with this season's high style tunic jacket, a crisp peplum, or a drape. You'll find designs for them in most of the pattern books. For the youngsters in the family, a set of easily-made plastic aprons will keep clothes looking Christmasy. Tina studied home economics at Mundelein College, paying her expenses by modeling on the side. After graduation, she taught at a girls' school. Tina's married and runs her own household—a simple matter for a girl who's made homemaking both her careers!

Kay Westfall

The bright and beautiful feminine partner of the Bob and Kay show (WENR, 11 A.M., M-F) finds popcorn a versatile prop in setting the stage for holiday drama in her household. There's a big, inviting dish of well-buttered popcorn by the fireplace. Old fashioned strings of popcorn deck the tree. Popcorn balls, wrapped in red and green cellophane, are ready as impromptu gifts for small neighbors. And a popcorn snowman, flanked by popcorn trees, makes a novel decoration. To make the snowman, set three popcorn balls on top of each other while the syrup is warm enough to stick. Cut gumdrops to make the face, and give him a paper hat. To make the trees, roll the popcorn and syrup mixture around a center support stick. Shape into cones. Before the syrup hardens, set red birthday candles into the top. Blonde, brown-eyed Kay is Chicago-born, attended Lake View High and has a B.A. degree from DePaul U.

Kay has ideas on using popcorn for Christmas trimmings, and she tells you how to carry them out.

CHICAGO

THESE TV HOMEMAKERS OFFER SUGGESTIONS TO HELP YOU WITH HOLIDAY PROBLEMS

Barbara Barkley

If you're the kind of homemaker who is famous for a particular dish, a thoughtful and literally priceless gift to send a distant friend is directions for preparing it. Barbara Barkley, capable, tall blonde home economist who presides over Chicago Cooks With Barbara Barkley (WGN, 11 A.M., M-F) suggests you copy your favorite recipe on a file card, write a little note saying "Wish you were here to enjoy this with us," and enclose it with your holiday greeting. It's a bit of cheer which will long outlast the season. The same idea can be applied to your Christmas cookies to make them a year-round treat. Copy the recipes in advance, deck the cards with a gummed seal, and have them ready to hand out to those guests who, after tasting, say, "My, these are good. I wish I knew how to make them." Barbara studied home economics at Northern Illinois State Teachers College, is Mrs. Edward Zellers in her near northside private life.

Barbara thinks sharing your homemaking secrets is a warm and friendly way to say "Merry Christmas."

If your holiday spirit is great but your budget doesn't match, you'll like Dorsey's suggestions.

Dorsey Connors

When everything except your pocketbook is rich with Yuletide spirit, it's time to use your ingenuity as a substitute for cash. As a specialist in making decorating dollars stretch, Dorsey Connors (WMAQ, 10:10 P.M., M-F) confides that soap flakes put a professional-looking mantle of snow on your Christmas tree. Play safe by fireproofing the tree with one of the commercial preparations. Next, empty a half-package of soap flakes into a big bowl of water. Whisk into a very thick lather, and use a paint brush to apply it to the branches. When it dries, you'll have a sparkling reflector to enhance your lights. Your Christmas cards, too, should be worked into your decorating scheme. Try threading them on a string to festoon your windows or tack them on a screen. Chicago-born Dorsey, the mother of an eleven-year-old daughter, works hard for charity, is a founder of the Illinois Epilepsy League.

"He believes in being honest about what he likes or doesn't like," says Mary Gargan about her Bill.

That's my

By MARY GARGAN

Mary and Barrie, the elder Gargan son, listen carefully as Bill goes over a pre-rehearsal Martin Kane script.

If it hadn't been for Brooklyn, my mother's old squirrel hat, and the fact that a certain young red-head had a compulsion one afternoon, I wouldn't be telling this story, because my name wouldn't be Gargan.

Sometimes when Bill wants to tease me, he'll start telling people about the way we met, but he never tells it the same way twice. He keeps adding things. "To give it pathos," he explains to me.

I never mind, because I know how he really feels about marriage and about me. We've had twenty-three rich, wonderful years together, and there's never been so much as a frayed thread in the marriage bond that changed me from Mary Kenny into Mary Gargan. I do think, however, that it's high time that I had a chance to tell the story of our first meeting in its true version. And if Bill has any complaints about it, maybe he can persuade the sponsors of Martin Kane Private Eye to let him ad lib his protest at the end of his show.

This is the way it really happened:

I had lived in New York all my life and loved it. One Saturday, when I was about thirteen, my cousin Ellen, who had recently moved to Brooklyn, persuaded me to (*Continued on page* 85)

Martin Kane, Private Eye, seen Thurs., 10 P.M., EST, NBC-TV; heard Sun., 4:30 P.M. EST, MBS. Sponsor: US Tobacco Co.

From Brooklyn to Broadway to Beverly Hills, it's been a love story all the way for the Gargans. "We've had twenty-three wonderful years together," says Bill's Mrs. Is there any better tribute to a marriage?

The Gargans had to leave behind their pet turtle and cat when they visited New York recently. Bill made up for the missing menagerie by taking care of a friend's poodle.

Beany has his say in a conference with writer Charles Shows and producer Bob Clampett.

TIME FOR *Beany*

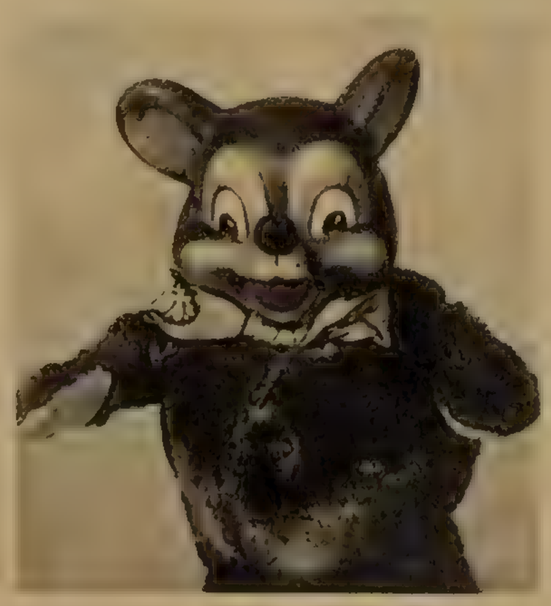
Captain Horatio Huffanpuff

When it's time for Beany, a hush falls over the house. Restless feet grow quiet and voices get low as the kids close in on the television set to watch little Beany, Cecil the Seasick Sea Serpent, Captain Huffanpuff and the rest of the puppet crew get themselves in and out of all sorts of fantastic scrapes. Oh, things like finding the fifth corner of the world, when all they expected was four! There's a sinister character, Dishonest John, whose evil designs are always foiled by the spirit of fair play and comradeship of Beany and his gang. That's why educators, parents, and the kids themselves go on finding time for Beany.

Dishonest John, the meanie

Time For Beany is currently carried on these stations: WSB-TV, Atlanta; WAFM-TV, Birmingham; WNAC-TV, Boston; WBKB, Chicago; WFAA-TV, Dallas-Fort Worth; WXYZ-TV, Detroit; KTLA, Los Angeles (Mon.-Fri., 6:30 P.M. PST, sponsored by Budget Pak candies); WTCN-TV, Minneapolis; WNHC-TV, New Haven; WOR-TV, New York City (Mon.-Fri., 6:45 P.M. EST, sponsored by Quaker Oats); WOW-TV, Omaha; WJAR-TV, Providence; WHBF-TV, Rock Island; KSD-TV, St. Louis; KEYL, San Antonio; KFMB-TV, San Diego; KPIX, San Francisco; KING-TV, Seattle; KOTV, Tulsa.

Klownie



Hunny Bear

The Pirate

Cecil, the seasick serpent

THE RADIO MIRROR AWARDS for 1950-51

TV PROGRAM BALLOT

Vote for your favorite TV programs—the shows that have entertained you deserve your approval in this, the only nationwide listener-viewer poll! In each category, vote for the show that's given you greatest enjoyment.

Write in the name of one television program opposite each of the classifications below

My Favorite
COMEDY SHOW is.....

My Favorite
COMEDY STORY PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
SERIES OF PLAYS is.....

My Favorite (continuing)
STORY DRAMA is.....

My Favorite
MUSICAL PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
VARIETY SHOW is.....

My Favorite
WOMEN'S PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
DAYTIME PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
HOMEMAKING PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
MYSTERY PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
QUIZ SHOW is.....

My Favorite AUDIENCE
PARTICIPATION PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
AMATEUR PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
NEWS PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
CHILDREN'S PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
WESTERN PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite
SPORTS PROGRAM is.....

The Best TV
PROGRAM ON THE AIR is.....

THIS YEAR'S BEST NEW TV SHOW is.....

(Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO MIRROR, Box 1505, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y., postmarked not later than December 1, 1950.)

A GOOD PLACE TO BE

Shuffle tells of the time Rushville Center was chosen the typical American town

It reminded me of a movie I'd seen down at the Cameo with one of those big cocktail parties

Have you ever had what they call an inferiority complex? You know what I mean—when you're always thinking the other fellow knows more or has more or *is* more than you? It can sure make you suffer, can't it? Worst of it is, half the time that's just what the other fellow is thinking about you, too, if you only knew it.

Now I'm too old a citizen to fall into that kind of trap very easy. One way and another I've been through enough, in my life, so I've got a fair idea what I'm worth, and how I fit into the general scheme of things. But even so, there was a time not so long ago when I woke up one morning and said to myself, "Shuffle Shober, darn if you ain't suffering from one of them complexes. At your age!" Then I thought about it a while, and I knew that it wasn't just me. The whole danged town was in the same boat—all of Rushville Center, suffering from an inferiority complex. And you know why? Because it had all of a sudden received the biggest honor in its whole history! Sounds

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS • By SHUFFLE SHOBER

it where dressed-up people rushed around from group to group, chattering away.

mixed-up, doesn't it? It was. I better begin at the beginning, and you'll see how it all came about.

First thing was, this big magazine down there in New York City, they had a contest or something. I don't rightly know how our town got into it, but it was a contest for finding out which little town in the whole of the USA was the most typical town—in other words, which was the most American, which came the closest to having the kind of people and streets and ideals and so on that we come to think of as real, rock-bottom American. And one bright day—well, it was a rainy day as a matter of fact, but that's no matter—one day it was all over town that the town they'd picked was us. *Us*—Rushville Center!

It was Charley, the fellow down at the Mansion House Coffee Shop, passed the news on to me while I was having breakfast there. Charley gets his news straight from the folks who make it, I guess, for I've never seen the time when he wasn't the first to hear whatever's going on. Stirring (*Continued on page* 92)

Ma Perkins is heard every Monday through Friday at 1:15 P.M., EST, on Columbia Broadcasting System stations, sponsored by Oxydol.

Daytime Diary

AUNT JENNY

Aunt Jenny
heard on
CBS 12:15 P.M. EST

One of Aunt Jenny's latest stories tells of a marriage that almost ended in dreadful tragedy through a combination of a husband's over-ambitious plans and his wife's unselfishness. Molly's efforts to sell her home-made jams to help out with family funds grew into a large-scale business of which her husband Griff took eager charge. What Griff did not know was that Molly's activities were actually endangering her health, and she hesitated to tell him because the new business had given them their first hope of attaining financial security they so badly needed. Griff's enlightenment came barely in time to save Molly, in one of Aunt Jenny's most dramatic climaxes.

BRIGHTER DAY

Althea
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M. EST

Elizabeth Dennis has made up her mind not to marry Hollywood producer Nathan Eldredge, in spite of the tragic accident in which he nearly died—and in spite of the fact that her whole family thinks she is making a mistake. From Hollywood, Liz's young sister Althea tries hard to talk Liz into marrying Nathan. Even gentle Dr. Dennis wonders if Liz isn't doing the wrong thing, since it is so obvious that she and Nathan love each other deeply. But Liz sticks to her decision, and only Sam Winship seems to understand . . . Sam, who is resigned to occupying the position of Liz's best friend. Is Liz working her way toward a different relationship with Sam?

BACKSTAGE WIFE

Mary Noble
heard on
NBC 4 P.M. EST

Claudia Vincent has been very busy mixing into the lives of Mary and Larry Noble. First she talks her way into a part opposite Larry in the new Broadway play in which he stars. Then she elopes with Oliver Wilson, each of them under the impression that the other is well supplied with money. When the truth comes out that they are both penniless, their infatuation changes to hatred. Claudia goes on with her work in Larry's play. After her debut Mary and several others go backstage to see the actors, and it is then that Mary stumbles over the body of Oliver Wilson—murdered. The shadow of suspicion hangs darkly over the Nobles.

DAVID HARUM

Aunt Polly
heard on
NBC 11:45 P.M. EST

Trying to help straighten out the family troubles of his old friend Ed Brice, David Harum learns that young Denny Elkins, with whom Ed's wife Ina was infatuated, is in the stolen car racket. Besides reuniting Ed and Ina, this bit of information gives David all the assistance he needs in preventing Ed's daughter Lucy from making a mistake that might have ruined her life. With Denny's criminal activities an established fact, David is able to make Lucy see that Herbert Elkins, Denny's brother, is the man she really ought to marry. With Herbert, who is as honest as his brother was crooked, and who loves her, Lucy will be able to find real happiness at last.

BIG SISTER

Ruth Wayne
heard on
CBS 1 P.M. EST

The marriage of young Neddie Evans and his wife Hope is almost shattered by the influence of the millionaire, Parker, who has laid his plans to just such an end. Neddie's sister Ruth has long suspected that if nobody stops him Parker will succeed in ruining many lives in Glen Falls, but so far she has been handicapped in her efforts to stop him by the clever manner in which he has ingratiated himself with enough people to enable him to pursue his plans. Now, however, Ruth has become confused in Parker's mind with Selena, a woman who once had a vital place in his life. Will his peculiarities reveal themselves as Ruth and the dead Selena join forces in his twisted mind?

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

Sally
heard on
NBC 5:45 P.M. EST

David Farrell, star reporter for the *New York Daily Eagle,* was recently assigned by his paper to cover a story which became known as the "Deep Freezer Murder Case." In this grotesque case the body of a department store executive is found in a refrigeration unit. When the police get busy, it develops that one of the store's employees quarreled with the executive shortly before the discovery of the body. In spite of many false trails that have surrounded the murder, and the frantic efforts of the guilty party to successfully conceal the facts, David and his wife Sally succeeded in learning what the police need to know to lay their hands on the murderer.

Here's your guide to good listening on the daytime drama circuit—plot, character, time, station information

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

Papa David
heard on
NBC 3 P.M. EST

Cal Duncan, the small-town Texas singer, learned fast to take advantage of his opportunities. Chichi, trying to further Cal's career, enlisted the help of glamorous actress Lise Martaine, and Cal quickly saw that making love to Lise would be more profitable than continuing to charm the unimportant Chichi. Recklessly deciding that it's a mistake to get serious about any man, Chichi embarks on a life dedicated to having fun—mainly at the Sapphire Room, a chic rendezvous run by an old friend of hers, Reynolds Coleman, who may—or may not—be going straight. In an effort to find out just what Coley is up to, Detective Craig Roberts becomes Chichi's frequent escort.

GUIDING LIGHT

Bertha Bauer
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M. EST

Little Chuckie White does not survive the accident which his mother Meta bitterly believes, was the direct result of his father's mistaken theories about how to bring up a child. So determined was Ted White to reduce Meta's control over their child and bring Chuckie up to be a real boy that he forced the child into vigorous activities completely unsuited to his personality and needs, and prevented him from doing what he really enjoyed, painting. Strained beyond endurance by the dreadful situation in Chuckie's death, Meta finally explodes in a desperately tragic action. She shoots Ted White, and does not even seem to mind when she is jailed. What does life hold for Meta?

LORENZO JONES

Lorenzo Jones
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M. EST

The Joneses, Belle and Lorenzo, have made a pact never to mention the name of Fifi, the Parisienne whose stories about the youth machine on which she and Lorenzo were going to make a fortune turned out to be a complete fake. Unfortunately Lorenzo learned the truth about Fifi only after he had borrowed money to pay her passage back to France. Chastened but still eager to keep working on his inventions, Lorenzo advertises in the local paper for ideas, and after giving the answers much thought decides to start work on a noiseless vacuum cleaner. The first and most important step is taken when he acquires financial backing . . . but what happens after that?

HILLTOP HOUSE

Dr. Jeff Browning
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M. EST

Julie Paterno, supervisor of the orphanage Hilltop House, sees the shadowy threat of a serious problem as one of her charges, teen-age Pixie, falls into the "wrong crowd" at high school. Pixie was a delightful child until recently when she learned that her real father had died in jail. Believing that the family who had planned to adopt her would not want her when this fact came out, Pixie believes her entire life is ruined, and starts going out with a boy who has already built up a record at Children's Court. Will Pixie's instinctive knowledge of right and wrong help her to work out this situation? How much can Julie do to control her, otherwise?

MA PERKINS

Fay
heard on
CBS 1:15 P.M. EST

Shuffle Shober, knowing for certain that Ma's cousins, the Hammachers, are up to no good, is still unable to prove his conviction. Ma's affection and family loyalty blind her to all the machinations of Ed and his son Sylvester to obtain control of her lumber yard, and Shuffle knows they have plans too for Ma's daughter Fay and Fay's considerable fortune. Anxiously trying to show Ma what the Hammachers are doing to her whole little world, Shuffle runs into nothing but trouble. Shuffle himself has virtually been driven out of Rushville Center by the Hammachers; Willy, Ma's son-in-law, has been forced out of the lumber yard—can nobody see the truth?

JUST PLAIN BILL

Kerry Donovan
heard on
NBC 5:30 P.M. EST

Bill Davidson is upset at the disturbance caused in the marriage of his daughter, Nancy, by Dr. Leonard Drew. The young doctor, who pulled Nancy through a serious operation, is believed by Nancy's husband, Kerry, to be in love with her. Dr. Drew's divorced wife, Vivian, still jealous of her former husband, seems to have the same idea, and this strengthens Kerry's suspicions to the point where even Bill, for whom he has great regard, cannot persuade him that he is exaggerating. However, to Bill's astonishment, it suddenly appears that maybe he is wrong and Kerry and Vivian are right, for in a dramatic moment Dr. Drew himself admits his fondness for Nancy.

NONA FROM NOWHERE

Nona
heard on
CBS 3 P.M. EST

Nona Brady's career as a film star has begun to develop unexpected snags. First of all her picture is not the tremendous success predicted. Producer Vernon Dutell, who wants to marry Nona, is suddenly confronted with a girl out of his past, Kay Lanier, who is so determined to win Vernon back that she has threatened to kill Nona . . . and has won the help of Vernon's brother, Alvin, who resents Nona's influence over Vernon. Alvin is afraid that he won't be able to get as much out of Vernon with Nona around. Now Nona wonders what effect the mysterious Countess Zelma Armand is going to have on her foster father, Pat Brady. Is Pat interested in the glamorous European?

OUR GAL SUNDAY

Sunday
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M. EST

At the urgent request of his uncle, Lord Percy, Lord Henry Brinthrope and his wife Sunday leave their Virginia home and fly to England. There Henry learns from his cousin, Sir Stewart Brinthrope, that their old friend Diane Caulfield is possibly involved with a ring of international jewel thieves. Sir Stewart himself is hospitalized after a brutal, mysterious attack, and after cautioning Henry to reveal nothing about Diane to anyone, not even Sunday, asks him to try to get evidence of Diane's activities. Sunday meanwhile is puzzled by the possessive attitude Diane displays toward Lord Henry. Will Diane succeed in her obvious plan to break up Sunday's marriage?

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

Dwight Kramer
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M. EST

Frantically trying to regain custody of her son Skippy, which was awarded to her divorced husband Dwight Kramer, Carolyn Kramer encounters a ray of hope when an impartial judge speaks of reopening the case. Dwight, meanwhile, completely at the mercy of his unscrupulous lawyer, Arnold Kirk, faces the ruin of his second marriage, for Constance cannot sympathize with Dwight's continued struggle to discredit Carolyn and get Skippy back. Knowing that Skippy wants to be with Carolyn and will not be happy with Dwight, Constance asks how Dwight can bear to tear Skippy from his mother . . . and gets no satisfactory answer.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

Father Young
heard on
NBC 3:30 P.M. EST

Though Pepper and his family are still worried about their friend Edie Hoyt, whose husband Andy is very ill in South America, they are forced to concentrate on trouble closer to home when a robbery with violence occurs at the Elmwood Bank. Mike, the watchman, tells a story that turns suspicion against Pepper's father, Sam Young, and in spite of the greatly respected position which Dad Young has for so many years held in the community, he feels impelled to resign his job at the bank. Pepper, furious that anybody could believe such a thing of his father, begins a determined fight to clear the Young name and discover who actually was responsible for the robbery.

ROAD OF LIFE

Dr. Jim Brent
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M. EST

There is no reason why Dr. Jim Brent should make any effort to help Beth Lambert, the woman who deceived him so terribly by posing as his dead wife, Carol. But as Beth stands her trial for treason with the rest of the Rockwell gang, it becomes evident that Rockwell plans to fix things so that all the guilt is thrown on Beth, and Jim's inherent urge to see justice done impels him to try to save Beth. Meanwhile, he wonders what part in his life will be played by the young girl, Jocelyn McLeod, whose gallant fight for health has engaged his wholehearted admiration and sympathy. Will Jim be able to bring Jocelyn back to a healthy, normal life?

PERRY MASON

Perry Mason
heard on
CBS 2:15 P.M. EST

Together with the police, Perry Mason is striving to find out who is behind the empire of crime which has spread its tentacles through so much of the life of his city. Relentlessly Perry tracks down the clues that he knows will one day lead him to the head of the ring which not only takes financial toll of the community, but corrupts the youngsters. Perry's friend, reporter Helen Henderson, is daringly "planted" in such a way that she becomes friendly with Allyn Whitlock, of whom Perry is suspicious without knowing the full truth—that Allyn is the girl friend of the man he is after, Walter Bodt. Will Helen's friendship with Allyn lead Perry to Bodt?

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

Agatha Anthony
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M. EST

With Helen Trent and Gil Whitney on the verge of marriage, Cynthia Swanson worked hard to separate them, and managed to create such a web of confusion and lies that even though Helen and Gil have come together again so much misunderstanding persists that their plans to marry may never be resumed. Producer Jeff Brady, who helped Helen buy Gil's house when Gil left Hollywood, thinks he is doing her a favor when he resells the house at a huge price to Cynthia and gives Helen a bankbook showing her profit. When Jeff's wife discovers this bankbook she believes the worst of her husband and Helen, and columnist Daisy Parker spreads the news around Hollywood.

PORTIA FACES LIFE

Walter Manning
heard on
NBC 5:15 P.M. EST

Despite the fact that Walter's death is apparently proved, Portia cannot get over her desperate conviction that he is still alive. She does not know that Beauty and Paul Ingersoll, a malevolent couple of schemers, have cleverly obtained control over Walter by identifying him as one Stewart Prescott. Walter's memory, confused by the accident in which he was supposed to have died, is not strong enough to refute the Ingersolls' identification, and when they sorrowfully have him committed to a mental hospital he actually believes that he is of unsound mind. However, in a daring maneuver he escapes and finds his way back to Parkerstown, where he is reunited with Portia.

ROSEMARY

Mother Dawson
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M. EST

How tragically different is Rosemary's homecoming to Springdale from the exciting departure so short a time ago! When she and Bill went to New York for Bill's wonderful new job, Rosemary thought they were on their way to success and happiness, not suspecting that they were also on their way to a meeting with beautiful Blanche Weatherby. Madly infatuated with Blanche, Bill behaves so cruelly to Rosemary that she goes back to Springdale convinced that everything is over. In New York her friend, Blondie, tries vigorously to keep Blanche and Bill apart. Will Bill ever come back to Rosemary . . . and if he does, will she still want him?

SECOND MRS. BURTON

Terry Burton
heard on
CBS 2 P.M. EST

The danger of neglecting a teen-age child is brought forcibly home to Terry and Stan Burton when the illness of their baby, Wendy, concentrates all household activities on her and leaves young Brad feeling lonely and unwanted. Brad becomes involved with a group of boys in what he believes to be a social club, but after a rather short period of time he realizes they are engaged in activities which are not entirely social—and far from entirely legal. Under the guidance of a man named Rocky who has an unsavory background, this gang of boys is rapidly on its way to becoming a seasoned group of criminals, and when Brad tries to back out it is almost too late.

WENDY WARREN

Wendy Warren
heard on
CBS 12 Noon EST

Reporter Wendy Warren's romance with managing editor Don Smith suffers a setback when wealthy Kay Clement, an important backer of Don's paper, develops a strong interest in Don. Gossip columnists begin to pair off Kay and Don, and Wendy is wondering if she has lost him completely, when, all of a sudden, he proposes immediate marriage. If this had happened earlier, Wendy would have been delighted but now she is disturbed at his insistence on getting married at once when, a short while before, he had given every sign of waning interest in her. Also, Wendy is wondering just why Don wants her father Sam to continue writing editorials for the paper.

STELLA DALLAS

Richard Grosvenor
heard on
NBC 4:15 P.M. EST

Phil Baxter is made the happiest man in the world when Stella finally consents to marry him. Stella, too, looks forward to a contented life with Phil, but is rudely shocked when she realizes that there are forces at work to prevent her marriage. Mrs. Grosvenor, mother-in-law of Stella's beloved daughter Laurel, is determined to keep Phil from marrying Stella, as are also Maxine Booth and Clark Marshall. Even while Stella and Phil plan their engagement party they are receiving threatening notes, and the evil at work around them takes concrete form when Stella falls—apparently by accident—in the garden. What will happen as she and Phil continue their plans?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

Harry Davis
heard on
NBC 5 P.M. EST

The accident which left Joan Davis paralyzed also threw her husband, Harry, into financial difficulties. He had to borrow heavily from his brother, Tom, to pay Joan's hospital expenses. Now that Joan is home and beginning to rebuild her life, Harry's happiness is marred by the pressure brought to bear by Lola, Tom's wife, who insists on immediate repayment of the loan. Trying to help, Joan's sister Sylvia is instrumental in getting Harry involved with a mysterious Englishwoman who wants to buy all the oil rights to the Davis land. Sylvia means well, but what kind of scheme is it in which Harry, with her eager help, is becoming so deeply involved?

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

Charles Dobbs
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M. EST

After much heartache Nora Drake finally breaks her engagement to lawyer Charles Dobbs, only to find that the man in whom she has begun to be interested may never be able to ask her to marry him. Psychiatrist Dr. Robert Seargent is still involved with his former wife, Vivian, largely because he is desperately attempting to prevent her from ruining the life of their young daughter Grace, and Vivian cleverly strengthens this hold over him. Also, Nora's break-up with Charles greatly disappointed Peg Martinson, who hoped that her husband, Ken, would lose interest in Nora if she married Charles. And Peg Martinson is dangerous when she can't get her own way.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

Anne Malone
heard on
CBS 1:30 P.M. EST

Anne Malone's separation from her husband, Dr. Jerry Malone, is finally about to end in divorce as Anne makes up her mind to marry devoted Sam Williams. But as she does so she learns that in New York something has occurred in Jerry's life—something that has upset it so violently that Jerry has disappeared. That whatever has happened concerns wealthy Lucia Standish Anne does not doubt, but she does not yet know that Jerry, completely disillusioned about Lucia, is about to give up everything she helped him to achieve in his career and his personal life, and start all over again. What effect will this have on Anne Malone's plans?

WE LOVE AND LEARN

Paul Tracy
heard on
NBC 1:45 P.M. EST

Will Jim Carlton ever learn to stand on his own two feet? It does not seem as if he will ever take an independent stand on his job or his home life. His mother, despotic Mrs. Carlton, insists she is doing the best thing for him, but continues to interfere in his life in such a way that Jim's marriage to Thelma can never reach a secure footing. In spite of the efforts of his friend, Madame Sophie, to help Jim and Thelma, Jim's weakness and his mother's influence combine to make it look as though the baby Thelma is expecting will be coming into a very unhappy, mixed-up home. And if this happens, Madame Sophie believes that young Thelma may do something desperate.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

Dr. Anthony Loring
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M. EST

Ellen Brown, the young widow who is devoting herself to bringing up her two children, is incredulous when she hears that her husband William is still alive. Going to Chicago to verify the news, she falls into the hands of a ruthless man posing as William. With his accomplice, Jackson, he outlines a plan whereby Ellen must marry and then divorce him, and promises her a vast sum of money. Ellen refuses, but is in a desperate plight since nobody in Simpsonville knows where she is except her friend, Norine Temple. Dr. Anthony Loring, the man to whom Ellen is engaged, believes she has gone to Chicago to see Jim Morrison, and his jealousy may prevent him from coming to Ellen's aid.

R
M

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below are Eastern Standard Time
For Correct Central Standard Time Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	String Quartet	Local Programs	Let There Be Music	The Garden Gate Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Wormwood Forest Bach Aria Group Hudson Coal Miners	Elder Michaux Dixie Quartet Christian Science	Milton Cross Album Voice of Prophecy	News E. Power Biggs Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Religion in the News Morning Serenade	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Negro College Choir	Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Faultless Starch Time UN is My Beat News Highlights Solitair Time	Back to God Reviewing Stand	Foreign Reporter Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir Bill Shadel, News 11:35 Invitation to Learning

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	American Forum of the Air Eternal Light	Kiwanis Choral Groups Chamber Music	Music of the Day Piano Playhouse	People's Platform Word Affairs Charles Collingwood
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Roundtable	American Warblers Organ Moods Lutheran Hour	Sammy Kaye National Vespers	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch.
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour Voices and Events	Top Tunes With Trendler Bill Cunningham Washington Reports	Billy Graham Mr. President Drama	The Symphonette
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	The Truitts The Quiz Kids	Bobby Benson Juvenile Jury	Music With the Girls The Lutheran Hour	Escape Make-Believe Town
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Falcon The Saint	Hashknife Hartley Martin Kane Private Eye	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	Earn Your Vacation Arthur Godfrey's Digest
5:00 5:30 5:45	Big Guy Charlie Wild, Private Eye	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	Author Meets the Critics The Greatest Story Ever Told	Meet Frank Sinatra World News

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Dream Show	Roy Rogers Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Norman Brokenshire	Rate Your Mate Our Miss Brooks
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	Show Time, USA Under Arrest	Sammy Kaye The Cliche Club	The Jack Benny Show Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Adventures of Sam Spade Theater Guild on the Air	Singing Marshall Enchanted Hour	Stop the Music	Bergen-McCarthy Show Red Skelton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	American Album	Opera Concert Gabriel Heatter George F. Eliot	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Crossroads With Ted Malone	Meet Corliss Archer Horace Heidt
10:00 10:15 10:30	$64 Question Meet Me in St. Louis	Oklahoma Symphony	Ginny Simms Jimmy Blaine Jackie Robinson	Contented Hour The Choraliers

SARA BERNER—well-known as Mabel, the telephone operator, on the Jack Benny show, has also been in five movies—with only her voice showing.

MAUREEN KEATING—young and talented actress who is often featured on CBS' Aunt Jenny's Stories (Monday-Friday, 12:15 P.M. EST) is a New Yorker by birth. Before entering radio she got her dramatic training with stock companies. In addition to her air work, Maureen studies voice and writes for magazines as a hobby.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Jack Baker Show Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45 11:55	Break the Bank Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick As a Flash Gems of Thought	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 Edwin C. Hill Local Program	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Dave Garroway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner The Star Noters	Mary Margaret McBride	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like A Millionaire	Variety Show* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise	Chance of a Lifetime 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere This is Nora Drake House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Nancy Craig Conversation with Casey Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Challenge of Yukon	Jimmy Wakely Show Space Patrol 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn Irving Field's Trio News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Bobby Benson Crime Fighters 8:55 Bill Henry	Inner Sanctum Henry Taylor Treasury Show	Hollywood Star Playhouse Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band of America	Murder By Experts Korean War Roundup	Dance Music Paul Harvey Tin Pan Alley	Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	NBC Symphony	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	United or Not John B. Kennedy 10:35 Symphonette	My Friend Irma Bob Hawk

* Heard in southern & west-central states

GALE GORDON —became a leading man in radio after his first audition. He comes by his acting talents rightly—both his father and mother were on the stage and today his mother Gloria Gordon is a well-known radio actress. Since 1940, Gale has been heard as the likable but confused Mayor LaTrivia on the Fibber McGee and Molly show.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Jack Baker Show Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45 11:55	Break the Bank Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash Gems of Thought	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 Edwin C. Hill Local Program	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	 Dave Garroway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner The Star Noters	Mary Margaret McBride	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	 Double or Nothing Live Like A Millionaire	Variety Show* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise	Chance of a Lifetime 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Nancy Craig Conversation with Casey	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Sky King 5:55 Bobby Benson	Jimmy Wakely Show Superman 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness Irving Field's Trio News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Armstrong of the SBI	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Baby Snooks	Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective 8:55 Bill Henry	Paul Whiteman Presents Time For Defense	Mystery Theatre Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Fibber McGee & Molly	John Steele Adventure Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air Erwin D. Canham Fine Arts Quartet	Life With Luigi Truth or Consequences
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	On Trial 10:35 Symphonette	Hit the Jackpot Capitol Cloakroom

* Heard in southern & west-central states

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Jack Baker Show Clevelandaires Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45 11:55	Break the Bank Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash Gems of Thought	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 Edwin C. Hill Local Program	Wendy Warren Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	 Dave Garroway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner The Star Noters	Mary Margaret McBride	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	 Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Variety Show* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise	Chance of a Lifetime 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hillton House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Nancy Craig Conversation with Casey Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Challenge of Yukon	Jimmy Wakely Show Black Hawk 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn Irving Field's Trio News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Halls of Ivy Great Gildersleeve	The Hidden Truth International Airport 8:55 Bill Henry	Dr. I. Q.	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Groucho Marx Mr. District Attorney	2000 Plus Family Theater	Detour	Harold Peary Show Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Richard Diamond	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Lawrence Welk 10:35 Symphonette	Dollar A Minute Dixieland Jazz Concert

* Heard in southern & west-central states

LES DAMON —one of radio's busiest crime-busters (currently The Falcon; he's also Dr. Seargent on This Is Nora Drake) landed in show business quite accidentally when, as an architectural student, he went to repair some scenery. While at work he was asked to read for an actor who hadn't shown up and promptly received a contract.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Jack Baker Show Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45 11:55	Break the Bank Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash Gems of Thought	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News The Note Noodlers Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 Edwin C. Hill Local Program	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	 Dave Garroway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner The Star Noters	Mary Margaret McBride	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	 Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Variety Show* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise	Chance of a Lifetime 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Nancy Craig Conversation with Casey	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Sky King 5:55 Bobby Benson	Jimmy Wakely Show Superman 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness Irving Field's Trio News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Armstrong of the SBI	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Father Knows Best	California Caravan Rod and Gun Club 8:55 Bill Henry	Screen Guild Players	FBI in Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Dragnet We, the People	Limerick Show Reporters' Roundup	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Robert Montgomery	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	NBC Theater	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Hollywood By-Line 10:35 Symphonette	James Hilton Playhouse One Nation Indivisible

*Heard in southern and west-central states

CONRAD BINYON — Hollywood-born actor heard as Hank on One Man's Family, has been on the radio for eleven of his nineteen years. His first professional appearance was a bit part in a movie when he was sixteen months old. Conrad spends his spare time flying and taking pictures of everything connected with planes.

ROSEMARY CLOONEY — vocalist of Songs For Sale, Fri., 9 P.M. EST, NBC, began singing publicly at the age of three at election rallies for her grandfather, who was mayor of Maysville, Kentucky. As a result of radio appearances while still in high school, she signed with Tony Pastor, who later encouraged her to solo.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	 Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air John B. Kennedy	Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45 11:55	Break the Bank Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash Gems of Thought	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics U. S. Marine Band	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 Edwin C. Hill	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	 Dave Garroway George Hicks You Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner The Star Noters	Mary Margaret McBride	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	 Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Variety* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise	Chance of a Lifetime 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Nancy Craig Conversation with Casey Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Challenge of Yukon	Jimmy Wakely Show Space Patrol 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn The Playhouse News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Football Tomorrow Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Nero Wolfe The Man Called X	Louis Prima Dance Orchestra 8:55 Bill Henry	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Songs For Sale
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Nightbeat Jack Lait: Confidential	Army Air Force Show	Ozzie and Harriet The Sheriff	Up For Parole Broadway's My Beat
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Bill Stern	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Cavalcade of Sports Dance Music	We Take Your Word Capitol Cloakroom

* Heard in southern & west-central states

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Coffee in Washington	Local Programs	No School Today	This Is New York
9:15				
9:30	Boston Symphony in			Galen Drake
3:45	Rehearsal			Garden Gate
10:00	Mind Your Manners	Local Programs		Family Party
10:15				
10:30	Archie Andrews	Leslie Nichols		Morton Downey
10:45		Helen Hall		
11:00	Archie Andrews	U. S. Marine Band	New Junior Junction	News, Phil Shadel
11:15				11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Smilin' Ed Mc-	Hoosier Hot Shots	Joe Franklin's	Junior Miss
11:45	Connell		Record Shop	

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	News	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs			
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez		American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:45				12:55 Cedric Adams
1:00	National Farm Home	Everett Holles	Navy Hour	Stars Over Holly-
1:15		Jerry & Skye		wood
1:30	Coast Guard on	Cumberland Valley	American Jazz	Give and Take
	Parade	Barn Dance		
2:00	Wayne Howell Show	Football	Football	Music With the Girls
2:15				
2:30				Football Roundup
2:45	Football			
3:00				
3:15				
3:30				
3:45				
4:00				
4:15				
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	Music	True or False	Tea and Crumpets	
5:15	Herman Hickman			
5:30	Wayne Howell Show	Ben Pollack Show		
5:45		Twin Views of the	Club Time	
		News		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Albert Warner News	
6:15	Bob Considine		Faith for the Future	Memo From Lake
				Success
6:30	Living, 1950	Preston Sellers	Harry Wismer	Sports Review
6:45		Helen Westbrook	Your Business	Larry Lesueur
7:00	Voices and Events	Al Helfer, Sports	Robert R. Nathan	Yours Truly, Johnny
7:15		Twin Views of the	Bert Andrews	Dollar
		News		
7:30	People Are Funny	Comedy of Error	Buzz Adian's	Vaughn Monroe
7:45		7:55 Cecil Brown	Playhouse	
8:00	Cass Daley Snow	Twenty Questions	Shoot the Moon	Gene Autry
8:15				
8:30	Hedda Hopper	Take a Number	Merry Go Round	Hopalong Cassidy
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Hawaii Calls	What Makes You	Gangbusters
9:15			Tick?	
9:30	Dennis Day	Lombardo Land	Can You Top This?	My Favorite Husband
9:45				
10:00	Judy Canova	Chicago Theatre of	At the Shamrock	Sing It Again
10:15		the Air		
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Dixieland Jambake	

JANE PICKENS—the lovely singing star well known to theater, night club, radio and TV audiences, has been making herself heard musically since early childhood. Born in Atlanta, Georgia, Jane began singing professionally with her two sisters, might never have soloed if matrimony hadn't claimed the other girls.

POETRY

SKIDROW

New masterpieces in misfortune, old
Chipped marbles, bronzes traced by tragedy:
Hamlet is here, grown grim in misery,
And Lochinvar in rags, and Hotspur cold,
Silently conning yesterdays he sold
For pittances of flesh; they make their plea
For dimes and butts in whined biography:
Park benches, cops and jails and being rolled.
Blind as old Milton and yet blinder still,
Exiled as Dante seeing hell again;
And yet their muted presence seems to fill
Galleries of our contemporaneous night:
"Move over, Mister, we shall meet you then."

—Cullen Jones

SEA REQUIEM

At rest at last in your arms I lie,
Stirred by the wind and touched by the sky,
Kissed by the moon since time was begun,
Watched by the stars and caressed by the sun,
Fed by the raindrops, enriched by the streams,
Singing a song full of sailors' dreams—
Soft in melody, sweet in rhyme,
Strong as for ever, faithful as time.
Eternal rest within your doors,
Your peace is mine and I am yours.

—Walter S. Starkey

KOREAN INCIDENT

I've walked these roads before
In other times, in other lands
I've walked the foreign shore
To stand upon these timeless sands.

I am not stranger to
These fields and hills. I've stood beneath
This sky and felt this dew
Fall like the evening tears of death.

Nor are these folk unknown
To me for in familiar eyes
I see the ancient tone
Of recognition's old surprise.

I am not stranger here.
A piece of earth somewhere beside
This road I walk is near
The time and place where once I died.

—Dan Kelly

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in each month by readers. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry, RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, New York. Each poem should be accompanied by this notice. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for use in RADIO MIRROR.

EATING IN RESTAURANTS

HOW TO AVOID HIGH CALORIE FOODS AWAY FROM HOME

By
VICTOR LINDLAHR
Noted Nutritionist

This new series, planned by an authority on weight control, will help you look well and feel well—while eating well!

Every diet-conscious person knows the hazards of eating out whether it be at a soda fountain or at a fashionable restaurant. Everything sounds so good, looks so tempting! But eating wisely is merely a matter of cleverly outwitting tantalizing menus.

The first obstacle to overcome is the bread and butter habit. While checking a menu, most people nibble a buttered roll. It's not safe for a person watching their weight. A 2" x 2" piece of buttered corn bread equals 375 calories, enough to lose the fight against fat for a couple of days. An ordinary slice of bread is worth 60 to 65 calories. And those thin, papier-mache types you find in so many restaurants are even trickier—they average one hundred and fifty calories each, double the value of a piece of bread. Add butter to any of them and you're fighting a losing battle against fat.

How do you ward off tantalizing rolls, especially if you're hungry?

Well, I order my salad first. I always ask the waiter to bring me some celery or sliced tomatoes while my companions debate the menu. Fresh vegetables, like radishes, lettuce, cucumbers, carrots, minus dressings, take the edge off your appetite and supply your body with necessary vitamins as well as the wonder working enzymes that actually burn up fat.

Another great friend of the weight-conscious person is soup. Consomme is safe and nutritious. Julienne soups are particularly good, because the vegetables have a minus value. Clear chicken soups and other broths are tasty and non-fattening. But beware of the rice or noodles floating in the bowl. Leave them alone or they may cost you ten points. Avoid all thick soups. Your enemies are bean, pea and cream of mushroom and tomato soups. Bouillons, too, are a bit deceitful because they are salty. However, many soups that seem complicated, like clam chowder or pepper pot, can be brought into the safe class by asking the waiter to strain them for you.

When it comes to the main course, you must order more wisely than ever. Since you have already satisfied your appetite to a certain extent with soup or vegetables, it shouldn't require as much will power to resist fatty foods. And in the next column you'll find a handy list to guide you.

MEATS: Always order broiled meats—lean slices, a chop, steak or hamburger when it isn't fatty. Steer away from fried and oven roasted dishes, and meats that are breaded, served with gravies or cooked in a pie.

★

FOWL: Take broiled chicken or stewed chicken, provided the luscious cream gravy and dumplings are ignored. Shun fowl that is roasted, casseroled or served in croquettes.

★

FISH: In salads or cocktails, shrimps, lobsters, oysters and clams are particularly recommended when eaten with a chili sauce dressing. Safe cooked fish are sea bass, cod steak and flounder when served without butter or flour sauces. Take yours with lemon or chili sauce.

★

EGGS: Boiled are best. Fried eggs are dangerous in calorie content. But eggs scrambled slowly in a pan dabbed with just enough butter to prevent sticking are friends. A plain omelet is safe, too, when the cook uses his grease spoon sparingly. Substitute chipped beef for ham or bacon.

★

DRINKS: Safest are lemonade, orange juice, unsalted tomato juice and skimmed milk. Beware of soda fountain concoctions. All alcoholic beverages, without exception, are fattening and stimulate the appetite.

★

DESSERTS: Almost any fruit is the answer to the desire for sweets at the end of a meal. With canned fruits, just pass up the syrup.

R
M

Victor Lindlahr's expert comment on food and health is heard M-F, 10:45 A.M., EST, over ABC, sponsored by Serutan.

She's Engaged!

Very young, *very* charming, Sally Wilshire of Old Greenwich is engaged to Leslie C. Bruce III. They met two years ago at a smart dance at the Yacht Club, and their engagement was announced this June. Theirs will be one of Connecticut's most prominent fall weddings—with Sally's pretty sister as her Maid of Honor and Sally a *bewitching* bride.

SALLY WILSHIRE—her complexion is soft and smooth and enviably lovely

Sally's ring is a large marquise emerald

She's Lovely!

Sally is winsomely blonde and petite—and her face just enchants you! Her eyes are gay, her complexion fresh as springtime, her smile goes straight to your heart. It's a face that gives out the sweet charm of her Inner Self—brings friends to Sally wherever she is.

She uses Pond's

"The nicer you look—the more confident you feel," Sally says

Isn't it true that you *enjoy yourself more* when you know you are your prettiest?

And Sally feels you absolutely *must* have a nice-to-see complexion. "I use Pond's Cold Cream on my face *every* single night," she says, "because this *cream* cleansing is so thorough, never drying—and softens my skin so beautifully."

Use this Pond's treatment as Sally does, *every* night, (mornings, too), *this* way:

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over your face to soften dirt and old make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off clean.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—doesn't your face look *glowing-clean* . . . feel *wonderfully* soft?

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. It lets a happy confidence brim out from the real you within—attracts other people to you on sight!

Get a big jar of fluffy Pond's Cold Cream today

K
M

START NOW TO HELP YOUR FACE SHOW A LOVELIER YOU!

Cedric Likes People!

(*Continued from page 29*)

family guest room. The kids took Godfrey for a speedboat ride and he retaliated by stunting in a borrowed small plane. When the public appearances were over, Arthur and Cedric boarded the Adams X, a forty-six-foot cabin cruiser.

Out in the middle of Lake Minnetonka, they settled down to talk shop. Later, Godfrey invited Adams to his place in Virginia for more of the same. The result of their encounter became public when Adams auditioned for a network show. Godfrey reminded CBS brass, "Now here is a great guy." He repeated it to his own audience when Cedric's program, A Little Talk and Little Tune, went coast to coast. He underscored it by arranging to have Adams emcee Prize Performance, Summer replacement for his televised Talent Scouts.

Everyone calls him Cedric, and listeners feel they have a cousin's interest in the Adams family. When the Adamses moved into their new house so many people drove by to look at it that they caused a full scale traffic jam which broke the surface of a road not designed to carry a heavy flow of automobiles.

The house, built into the side of a hill in the Frank Lloyd Wright manner, combines both living and working quarters, although Cedric also has downtown offices both at WCCO and at the Minneapolis *Star Tribune*.

On the street level floor, there's an entrance hall, Cedric's microphone-equipped workroom, the living room and the bedrooms. Below it, opening onto a terrace, are the recreation room, dining room, kitchen and storage rooms.

The establishment runs smoothly thanks to a wife and mother who, in her way, is as remarkable as Cedric is in his. Niecy uses her intelligence, quick wit and dry humor to knit together the complicated Adams schedule which must be wrapped around at least three radio broadcasts and a newspaper column each day, plus the demands of personal appearances and the preparation of weekly columns for three national magazines.

The family's day begins at seven. Niecy rustles up breakfast while Cedric writes his *Star Journal* column on a teletype in the corner of a storage locker conveniently close to the kitchen and that first cup of coffee.

Cedric estimates he saves forty-five minutes a day by teletyping his copy to the office. He uses this time for his daily ritual of dressing with the boys.

All three youngsters are husky kids. David, now preparing for Yale, is a high school senior. Tall as his father, but sharing his mother's fair coloring, he's a well-mannered lad who has asked Cedric to keep his name out of broadcasts—it makes it difficult to get along with the kids at school.

Cedric Jr., called Rick, reverses the complexion combination by being dark as his dad and slender and wiry as his mother. His greatest enthusiasm is his horse, a dappled pony presented to him by a rodeo owner. Rick shares his dad's interest in people and public communication and wants to know everything about what makes newspapers, radio and television tick.

Stephen, the youngest, also views television with more than a fan's attitude, for he's a camera bug with his own Speed Graphic and darkroom.

When the father-son conclave concludes, breakfast is ready. Afterwards, the boys depart on their own pursuits, Niecy tackles her housekeeping, and Cedric retires to his work room for an hour before going either to his offices or his boat. Like the house, the boat is equipped with microphone, typewriter and telephone, with the teletype located in Minnetonka Boat Works.

Boats have been a major love since childhood. "We didn't even have a swimming hole in my inland town," he explains. "With the first money I made in Minneapolis I bought a broken-down launch and finally achieved what I wanted in this cruiser. It sleeps eight and we live on it during the Summer."

Born in Adrian, Minnesota, Cedric hit his stride writing for a humor magazine at the University of Minnesota. Soon he discovered he could sell a gossip column to Stiffy, impresario of a restaurant, for fifteen dollars a week. The pithy Adams prose, when used as an ad in the student newspaper, made Stiffy's the campus Stork Club, turned Cedric into a hero superior to a football player, and eventually earned him a job on the Minneapolis *Star*.

Cedric's first *Star* column was short-lived. While he considered it a full-time job, his managing editor regarded it as a bit of spare-time fluff and assigned him to the rewrite desk. Cedric obliged until the managing editor imposed the further task of typing stock market reports, ordinarily the copy boy's job.

The two disagreeable tasks produced an explosion and he resigned in a fiery letter which precipitated a longtime feud with the managing editor.

Next stop was *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang* and *The Calgary Eye Opener*, earthy humor magazines published in nearby Robbinsdale. Because he knew all the jokes, he was often invited to be toastmaster at banquets.

A mutual acquaintance introduced him to Bernice Lenont of Virginia, Minnesota, and they were married July 13, 1931.

Cedric's publisher moved East and left him stranded. Their finacial problem became acute when David, their first son, was born. Cedric's feud with the newspaper editor barred him from Twin Cities dailies, and the best he could do was to sell a column to the *Shopping News*, a weekly all-advertising publication delivered free to homes. Toastmaster bookings helped out for a while, and these paved the way for a radio chatter program which, as Cedric is the first to admit, was far from sensational.

Niecy, took it in stride, for that was early in the depression. They learned to keep their fun low-cost, playing bridge with friends. Cedric now acknowledges the importance of those evenings. He found if he stumbled on an idea which made his own circle break into heated discussion, he could use the same topic in a column. Today he says an ideal program is "Something which will provoke card-table conversation."

Finally, in 1934, WCCO signed him to do a 10 P.M. newscast. Niecy, recalling it, says, "Wonderful as it was to have some real cash, it messed up our social life. I never accept a dinner invitation without warning our hostess Cedric would have to leave early."

That was her introduction to living with a man with an unlimited capacity for work. The pace intensified when newspapers changed ownership and Cedric signed on to write a daily column for the Minneapolis *Star*.

First evidence of his popularity came when he heard of a couple whose tax money had been stolen. Remembering how it felt to be broke, he appealed, "Don't strain your own pocketbooks. Just send a penny. Help these folks get enough to pay their taxes."

More than 57,000 pennies came in, a testimonial to Cedric. The annual Parade of Pennies now reaches major proportions and the most recent one bought a home and furnishings for a destitute blind woman and her children.

Radio advertisers responded in a different fashion by offering Cedric programs. This left little time for home life, but Niecy took it in her stride.

Today her ability to make swift adjustments has contributed to two Adams features which the public is now hearing. It was early last Spring when Cedric burst through the door one evening, on fire with a new idea. "Niecy," he shouted, "what do you think of interviewing the wives of well-known men?"

"Sure," she said, "women are always curious how other women live."

"Good," said Cedric. "How soon can you leave to set up interviews?"

Next day, she was on the train to Washington, armed with exactly one telephone number. But despite difficulties, she got what she went after, both there and in New York and Hollywood. She also made the involved technical arrangements needed for tape recordings which permitted Cedric to ask the questions by telephone from Minneapolis. Thanks to her success in this venture, she is also participating in a local program, new this season, Dinner at the Adamses, which originates at their home.

Managing the details of Cedric's work requires quite a staff and the services of an accounting firm. Ted Dahl is business assistant. Margery Gustafson and Irene Edstrom take care of the research, correspondence and scripts. Doreen Myhre is in charge of network operations and Meredith Woods is secretary at the newspaper Cedric has two part-time handicapped persons and a driver.

Cedric's endurance has increased, he says, since he went on the wagon by betting with a friend he wouldn't touch the stuff until October 2, 1950. Each drink prior to that time will cost him $500.

A measure of his home town's opinion of Cedric Adams occurred last Spring, when, on his return from his vacation, the Civic and Commerce Association presented him with a new Cadillac. Taken by surprise, Adams said the usual, "You shouldn't have done it," then specified he would accept only if he were permitted to give a sum equal to its cost to be divided between a Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish charity. Donors of the car were to name two groups, and as his nomination he gave Little Sisters of the Poor, an organization he admires.

His favorite among his shows is his local talent hunt, for it enables him to know his listeners. "Gotta get out where people live," he says. "They can't come to me, so it's up to me to go to them."

ANN BLYTH AND CRAIG STEVENS IN "KATIE DID IT" A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

"I'm a Lux Girl"

says **ANN BLYTH**

Sparkling little Ann Blyth has appeal you can't resist in her newest screen role. Her lovely Lux Complexion is so radiantly fresh in the close-ups!

"Naturally I'm a Lux Girl," says Ann. "Active-lather facials give my skin wonderful, protecting care!"

There's no finer care for delicate skin than these gentle beauty facials famous screen stars recommend. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly—discover how truly lovely *your* complexion can be!

HOLLYWOOD'S ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL:

"Ann Blyth is right when she says a Lux Soap facial gives skin new beauty—so quickly. First smooth the Active Lather well in . . .

"Such rich *abundant* lather even in hardest water! Now rinse with plenty of warm water—a quick dash of cold. Skin feels smoother already!

"After you pat your face with a soft towel look in your mirror. Your skin feels so much smoother now—it's exquisitely fresh, appealing!"

R
M

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Lucky Me—Jan's My Friend!

(*Continued from page 26*)

"Gee, I can hardly wait to see you."

Her bubbling laugh melted miles of distance. "That's good, for we've already made our plane reservations." There was an instant's pause, and she added, "I'd better tell you. I invited Bill Lawrence to come along. He'd like to see Chicago, too. He's heard me talk about it so much."

"Fine thing," I said. "Bill and Archie can go play golf or something while we talk, because oh Jan, I've got so much to tell you!"

As I went on downtown to keep my daily date with Kukla, Ollie and their boss, Burr Tillstrom, I kept thinking about Jan and how long I'd known her. Counting it in terms of years it seemed forever, but in terms of friendship it was only yesterday.

It's good, I thought, to have a friend such as Jan. Our liking for each other is so strong, so sure, that even if we don't see each other for a year the relationship is just the same as though we had parted ten minutes ago.

You take such friendship for granted when you're a youngster. It starts about the time you enter your teens. You may have played dolls with the girl down the block from the time you were able to toddle, but it isn't until you enter high school that the close association becomes really important to you.

Then all of a sudden, about the time you go out on your first date, you need a confidante—some girl to whom you can tell everything, *but everything.* You exchange secrets about a telephone call from Jack or a note from Joe. You face into the same mirror and feel ultra-sophisticated as you draw on your first lipstick mouth or experiment with eyebrow pencil. You worry together about getting a new dress for that very important dance. You daydream endlessly about the future as you explore the exciting idea of growing up. There's a period when you and your girl friend are closer than sisters.

And then before you know it, you really are grown up, and that teen-age friendship is over, too. Perhaps you go to different schools, or work at different jobs, or get married. Whatever it is, the two of you take different paths. You meet new people, your interests change, and nothing is ever the same again. When you happen to think about it, you wonder if ever again you'll find a friend who so completely shares your thoughts. But as the years pass, you realize you never do.

Unless you're lucky. Or, unless you enter a phase of your life which in some way duplicates earlier conditions. It was reverting to a teen-age situation of being neighbors and of having common interests which cemented the friendship between Jan and me.

I had known her for a number of years. It was that vitally alive look of hers which first caught my attention when we met at NBC, soon after I came to Chicago. I learned she, too, was a singer.

We said hello when we met in the halls, and there the association remained. I was working hard and I was going with Archie. While I had many acquaintances, there was no room just then, for any close friendships in my life.

Archie and I were married, and then—almost before we had a chance to settle down—he went into the Army. For a time, my whole life seemed to be at loose ends.

It wasn't just a matter of missing the man I love. I missed our show business shop talk, too. I was a singer on the CBS staff by that time, and since Archie was—still is—Chicago representative for Leeds Music Company, we had always known the same people and been interested in the same work.

I wasn't entirely alone after he left, for Nan, my mother, and I shared an apartment up on Marine Drive. Close as we are, it wasn't the same as talking things over with Archie, for you wouldn't exactly call Nan my sharpest critic. From the time I'd climb up on a kitchen chair to sing nursery rhymes, dear Nan has thought her darling daughter was wonderful. I loved her for it, but to do my best work, I needed the challenge of a more objective attitude.

That was my state of mind when I opened the door of the apartment house one afternoon and encountered Janette Davis. After mutual exclamations of "I didn't know you lived here!" we adjourned to my place for a cup of coffee and much conversation.

A short time later, a third singer moved in. Marian Mann, then the vocalist on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, took an apartment on the floor above me. We had a common interest, for Marion's and Jan's young men were in service, like Archie, and they were as lonely as I. After we had done our jobs and played our war benefit shows, there was nothing for us to do.

Nothing, that is, until all of us landed under the same roof. What a foursome of females that became—Jan, Nan, Fran and Mann! Because of Nan, we usually ended up in our apartment.

Dinner each evening started out to be a division of labor. Jan, Marian and I would dutifully plan and promise to do our share of the work, but soon we'd start to chatter about what had happened at the studios that day and there Nan would be, left to do all the cooking alone. Engrossed as we were in our own talk, she was lucky if we even set the table.

Nan, bless her, loved it. She had three girls to fuss over instead of one, and she was thoroughly happy mothering the bunch of us. She'd let us talk away to our heart's content before dinner. (But once it was finished, she'd hand out the towels and inform us we had better do dishes or else!)

Then after dinner, we'd play cards. Not one of us could be serious long enough to enjoy bridge, so we resorted to an ultra-simple little opus titled "Idiot's Delight", and believe me, it was. Childhood games of Flinch and Old Maid back in Iowa were complicated in comparison. Elementary as it was, each of us could get tangled up in mistakes, and when one did, the other three would rock with laughter. I've never been certain any of us could count.

The last time she was in Chicago, Jan reminded me of a side of those card games that I'd forgotten. Veritable fortunes exchanged hands among us—all on paper, of course. It gave us an illusory feeling of great affluence to say, at the end of an evening's play, "You owe me $946.68." And then to add, with a gracious gesture, "Forget it!" Jan was once in my debt, she remembered, to the tune of $20,000—at a time when, among us, we would have been hard put to it to scare up that many cents on short notice. Actually, though, we did play for pennies sometimes when we felt extra devilish. Usually they were Jan's pennies. She put what she won into a little money box. By the time the next game came around the rest of us would be temporarily out of funds, so we'd all dip happily into Jan's hoard in order to finance our evening's operations.

They sound silly now, those evenings at cards, but actually they weren't, for I know they saved me many hours of worry about what was going to happen to Archie and me, and how soon the war would end and let us be together again.

Gradually, a sort of family feeling grew up among us, with Nan watching over our welfare. When Marian, who was mad about clothes, spent too much money on them, Nan shook her head. When Jan caught a heel in a hem, Nan was there with thread and needle to catch it up. When I forgot something, they were all quick to remind me.

As we learned to know each other better, I became familiar, too, with Jan's tremendous enthusiasms. About the time the first robin cheeped, Jan would announce, "Now this year, I am going to get a real good suntan." She would thereupon betake herself to the roof and soak up sun. Unfortunately, however, she has a redhead's complexion. Instead of tanning, she'd fry. At least once each Summer she'd come down blistered and feverish and we'd all have to pitch in to play nurse, covering her with oils and baking soda and anything else we had heard was good for sunburn.

It was the same way with her golf game. She'd start out each Spring as though she were training for the Women's Open, yet before long the sun would get her and she'd be through. Jan never was meant to be an outdoor girl.

But life on Marine Drive wasn't all giggles and Cokes. We'd spend hours listening to each other's records. Whenever Jan, Marian or I did an important show or even one we wondered about, we'd have a transcription disc made and bring it home to play for the other two.

We all learned from those sessions. It was then that I gained a great respect for Jan's talent and intelligence. When a record was put on, she'd listen for a few minutes, her head tilted to one side, her eyes focused far away, her face wiped clean of all expression. Completely intent, she wouldn't have noticed if the house tumbled down around her.

And then suddenly she'd find the idea she was groping for and she'd come alive. Tersely, she'd state what was wrong and what was right. Never did she remark vaguely that she either liked or disliked something. She knew why, *exactly.*

Eventually I realized she applied the same critical thinking to her career. As I saw her sharply analytical mind attack a problem and arrive at a solution, I could well understand how Jan, the sweet little girl from the South, had developed into a potential star.

Jan's story had a touch of the fabulous. The eldest of eight children, she

won an audition at fourteen which gave her her own program on a Memphis radio station. A bit later she came to Quincy, Illinois to live with her great aunt. There, too, she stood on her own feet, paying for her music lessons by singing on the radio. At seventeen she had her own show on a Shreveport station. From there she moved to Cleveland, then to Chicago.

Everything she had gained she'd earned herself. She had talent, to be sure, but in addition she had the intelligence and common sense to know what to do with that talent. She also had an objective. Each booking was a bit better than the last. Yet ambitious as she was, she also had a warmth and charm which made her a delightful person to see every day.

It was I who broke up our foursome. As soon as Archie finished officers' training I rushed out to join him in California, and I stayed with him until it became too complicated keeping up with Army transfers. By the time I returned to Chicago I found things had changed. The daytime serials, which always offered acting roles to supplement my singing engagements, were moving out. Other shows too, were going to the two coasts. Performers were worrying whether to go or stay.

For me the decision was ready made, for Archie's business was in Chicago. I picked up my Aunt Fanny role and went on to Breakfast Club. Jan took the opposite course and headed for New York. Just to play safe, she held onto her apartment in Chicago. When Archie returned from the Army, we sublet it.

Her New York venture was a gamble, and I was almost as anxious as she. When she phoned to say she had that first solid booking on a sustaining network program, Archie and I celebrated. Since the program was not broadcast in Chicago, we hurried over to WBBM to hear it. We were delighted that Jan, who had worked so hard, was getting the chance she deserved.

We were much more excited about that than we were about the first Godfrey show. At that time, it, too, was a sustainer—not a sponsor in sight. It makes us doubly happy now that it's built up into such a wonder.

Jan felt the same way when Kukla, Fran and Ollie followed suit. Whenever KF&O or Breakfast Club goes into New York, I spend every available moment with Jan. For me, her apartment has been an oasis of quiet—a place where I can take my shoes off and put my hair up.

Our reunions, however, haven't all been placid. Take for instance, the time she stopped in Chicago after being home to Shreveport and Pine Bluff. Archie and I returned to our carriage house one afternoon to find a huge heap of roses before our door. Puzzled, we hunted until we found a card which read, "Best wishes for continued success—Chamber of Commerce." We hunted some more before we found the other note which read, "I'm at the Ambassador. Jan."

Dashing around the corner, we found her sitting solitary in the Pump Room. Close to tears, she demanded, "Why didn't you meet me? I told you I was coming Thursday."

Archie whooped, "You're more forgetful than Fran. This is Wednesday."

For all her farsighted wisdom about her career, she's the same old Jan—the girl who, like me, can make mistakes playing Idiot's Delight.

This last visit, however, proved to be

FREE! EASY-FLO DISPENSER

when you buy Mennen Baby Oil

only 49¢

with FREE dispenser

Easy as pressing a button! Hold bottle with one hand — press plunger — the right amount flows out.

No more caps to remove. Take off regular cap, insert dispenser. It's ready for instant use!

No mess, no waste, no spill. Saves time, money. More sanitary!

Protect baby's precious skin this easy, economical way. Ask for soothing, flower-fragrant Mennen Baby Oil with handy, new **easy-flo dispenser** included, *free*.

just the kind we'd always planned and never got around to. Archie and I met Bill and Jan at the airport. Just to show how much alike two friends can become, Jan and I had done a switch. She, who ordinarily is hatless, had on a creation big as a buggy wheel—and she had a smile to match. I, who stop just short of wearing one hat on top of the other, didn't even have a scarf around my head.

By the time we had gone to dinner and showed them through the grandeur of our borrowed house, everyone was tired and thought it would be a good idea to go to bed early. Archie and Bill held to it. But Jan and I—

Well, after I had climbed into bed, I thought of just one more thing I wanted to tell Janette. So I put on my robe and slippers and went into her room. Any woman who has ever been sixteen years old or is sixteen years old now knows what happened next. Jan said, "Fran, I just have to tell you about the new house I've bought out on Long Island . . ." After that, we couldn't stop talking. When her room got chilly, we went downstairs, lit the logs in the fireplace, and sat up until all hours.

Next morning, I started the day by saying, "What do you want for luncheon?"

As though I didn't know the answer, Jan said, "Sweet corn." Bill remarked he'd sort of like some chili.

We had both. Archie knew what to expect, but Bill, who'd never seen Jan and me eat sweet corn before, sat popeyed as he watched the huge stack on the platter diminish and the cobs pile up beside our plates. Jan and I love sweet corn, and when we eat it, we don't want anything else.

I must say, however, that Bill's enthusiasm for the chili matched ours for the corn. To my surprise, he asked for the red pepper and dusted on so much I expected him to go up in a puff of smoke any minute.

Altogether, it was a wonderful weekend. Jan and I talked again about our dream reunion—the one when we'll be able to juggle schedules sufficiently so that we can both go to Cleveland to see Marian Mann. She's married now, and we want to meet at her home, see her youngsters, and have a long, lazy visit.

But until that happens, we'll have to be content with phone calls. We aren't letter writers, and when something comes up that we just have to tell each other, Jan and I get on the phone and chatter for half an hour steady. Sometimes, too, we "visit" on the air. In spite of the fact that we're on rival networks, Arthur Godfrey—not one to be upset by a small detail like that—often turns to Janette and says, "Let's talk about the Kukla, Fran and Ollie show. Wasn't it wonderful yesterday when Ollie was talking about his pageant, and Fran said . . ." By the same token, Godfrey and all the "little Godfreys" are good friends of the Kuklapolitan players, are discussed regularly on our program.

I understand that this is not a matter to be taken lightly in the eyes of network vice presidents—so we take it seriously, and go on doing it. Actually, it's surprising how many friends—we can tell from letters we get from listeners—Jan's made this way for me, and I for her.

Whether we see each other next week or not till next year, we'll always have a million things to talk about, Jan and I, a million confidences to share, a million ideas to discuss and plans to dream up. That's what a friendship like ours is for—and it's a wonderful feeling!

I Can't Believe It Myself

(*Continued from page* 31)

I'm singing in Tripoli, Frankfort, Munich, Vienna. I'm singing in places like the *Titania Palace* in Berlin, the *Palais Chaillot* in Paris, *Stadt Opera House* in Wiesbaden—most of them names I'd never heard tell of let alone knew how to spell.

In Vienna I had a hotel bedroom in which I could have held a track meet. In Charleston, where I was born and raised, my aunt, my five sisters and two brothers and I never had that amount of space for the lot of us.

This isn't the half of it. I've just put down a few of the highlights of a story you probably won't believe because even though it's my story, I can't believe it myself . . .

Some people call me "Mr. Cinderella." I have to laugh at that. Sounds kind of delicate for a fellow that weighs three hundred and thirty pounds. (I used to weigh three hundred and sixty pounds. That's my normal weight. Now I'm down to where my clothes are getting too big for me.) Others say that the story of a poor lad who went from janitor's job to national fame in less time than it takes me to drawl "Horace Heidt" is the Horatio Alger legend of America. It sure is. It sure belongs in a book or a picture show more than it does in the life of Ralph Sigwald.

I just don't know how this happened to me. I couldn't presume—not by myself, I couldn't. But I wasn't by myself. I say my prayers every night of my life. I always say a prayer as I stand in the wings just before I go on a stage, so it's my belief that it happened to me because He helped me. He is the only One who can really help you . . . .

I started my life so comparatively poor, though, it's no wonder I can't believe my own story . . .

I was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on November 11, 1920. My father, he was a fireman. When I was the age of two my mother and father died. Not together. That is, not quite together. My mother died first of a heart complaint and my father grieved himself to death after a short while.

After my father's death my aunt, Miss Frances Meyer, took all eight of us orphan children under her wing and raised us.

We all of us had to work before we were grown—and we went to work willingly. Some ways it was a good thing because we know the value of money. I earned more last year than I ever expected to see in a lifetime but I haven't gone overboard about anything. I've bought me a few new clothes which I badly needed. My aunt cares mostly for things like cameos, brooches, watches and clocks so I brought her some watches from Europe, also a four-hundred-day clock. Other than the items mentioned, I haven't done any extra spending.

When you're a poor kid you learn how to use your hands, too. I know how to use mine. I can do everything with my hands. I can sew. I can cook. I can paint, do carpentry work, machinist work. At Horace Heidt's ranch in California I spent my spare time there stringing up chicken wire, fixing up the swimming pool, repairing the plumbing and the like. A good thing, too—you never can tell when the voice, which is a tricky thing, will give out, but the work you do with your hands will put bread in your mouth till your day is done.

Our house in Charleston was an old house built in the 1800's. It was small and kind of shabby and on the wrong side of the tracks, and my aunt was often hard put to it to feed and clothe us, but we were happy kids. We loved God, we loved each other and we loved music—so we had good times. We didn't have any money, of course, for a phonograph or a radio or for outside entertainment, such as the movies, but we made our own entertainment. My Aunt pounded the keys of the old upright and we kids crowded round and harmonized.

I always sang songs that made me cry. I still do. People have noticed that I sing The Lord's Prayer with tears in my eyes. I've got to sing with my heart as well as with my throat for unless I feel a song so deeply it brings the tears to my eyes, I can't sing. Of all the songs I sing The Lord's Prayer is the one I feel the deepest.

Every last one of my sisters and brothers has a fine voice. One of my brothers is a lyric tenor; the other is a *bass basso* and all of us, brothers and sisters, hit the scales at over two hundred. I think it's funny that the skimpiest of the lot of us—he's not an ounce over one hundred and sixty—is my brother, the bass basso!

Singing with my sisters and brothers was the only musical training I ever had. I sang because it came natural to me to sing and I loved it. I sang some in churches. This comes later on but while I was working as a janitor I was singing in three churches (from 9-10 P.M. in the Navy Yard Chapel; from 11-11:15 A.M. in a Methodist church and from 8-9 P.M. in a Baptist Church) every Sunday. Occasionally I earned a five dollar bill by singing for a wedding party or a small banquet. The money came in real handy but even so—down in Charleston, South Carolina—it just never struck me that you could earn your living by singing. I thought you earned it by sweating. That's what I prepared to do.

I went through public school. Then I took courses at Murray Vocational School where I learned to be a machinist. I didn't graduate from the school. I had to go to work so when, midway through, I got offered a job at the Charleston Shipyard, I took it.

I stayed at the shipyard about six years. I was satisfied. I was earning my living, supporting my aunt and the kids and that was plenty good enough for me.

When the war came along my weight kept me out of the armed services but many times I worked twice and three times around the clock on damaged ships brought into the yard, which gave me the feeling that I was helping my country as best I could.

A short time after the war was over my old school principal at Murray Vocational, Mr. John Clark, asked me to come back to the school in the capacity of what he called a "maintenance" man. Now the only difference between a maintenance man and a janitor is that a janitor just purely cleans up a place and a maintenance man has to fix anything that goes wrong from a blown-out fuse to a blown-off roof. My real reason for taking the job was that it was *my* school and it looked shabby and that's reason enough.

I stayed on as school janitor for three years. Happy as could be, too.

Then on January 2, 1949—a date I'm not likely ever to forget—I was told that an advance scout for Horace Heidt, name of Jim Rankin, was in Charleston to audition talent.

I couldn't for the life of me see what this had to do with me until my friends —and my boss, John Clark—urged me to audition for Rankin. At first I just laughed. They urged some more.

Well, sir, they never let up on me until they wore me down to a Yes. Even so, at five minutes before seven, with the audition scheduled for 7 P.M., I still didn't know whether or not I'd enter that audition hall. But I did.

I sang "Thine Alone." When I was asked to sing again (this was unusual but I didn't know it), I sang "Old Man River" (that's the one that proves whether you're a baritone or not) and I won the show—or I wouldn't be writing this story.

A few days later I'm notified that I am one of the five chosen to audition for Horace Heidt upon his arrival in our town.

When I sang for the boss, I sang the same songs I'd sung at the first audition. I also sang "All The Things You Are." I won the the show that night, too, and the boss wanted me to go to Savannah with him right away, that very night, to be guest star on his local talent contest there. He was offering me a job with his traveling "Parade of Stars" show, he explained, which meant a chance at the radio competition.

But I told him no, I couldn't go. I said it was too quick. I told him I'd have to get someone to take over my job as janitor before I could quit.

"There are six hundred students there at the school," I said, "I can't walk out on that."

I went on to say that if I could make it, I'd meet him in Savannah within the week, and be glad to. If that didn't do, I said, why, thanks kindly just the same . . .

But I went to Savannah bright and early the next morning. They got someone right off to take my job and Mr. Clark, the principal himself, drove me to Savannah in his car.

It was the first time I'd ever crossed the line out of my state. I was crossing more than a dividing line between states, though, and I knew it. I was crossing the line that divided my old life from my new life and I prayed I was doing right.

It comes to me here that some kids may not know how the Heidt set-up works. I didn't. So I'll try to explain what we call "Operation Heidt" with the belief that if I can help one talented youngster to the chance Horace Heidt gave me it will be a small down payment on my life-time debt.

It's like this: Horace Heidt keeps eight advance scouts on the road seeking out talented young people who are looking for their first big break in show

Exquisite Form
BRASSIERES

Hi-Low Witchery
The exciting difference is this simple small wire
PAT.

STYLE 801
Embroidered Nylon Marquisette cups with satin frame and back.
A Cup, sizes 32 to 36
B Cup, sizes 32 to 38
C Cup, sizes 32 to 40
White and Black
$3.00

EXQUISITE FORM BRASSIERE, INC. New York 16 • Los Angeles 14 • Toronto

Honeybugs®
so gracious for your entertaining hours at home

Other silhouettes in quilted nylon

Scuff

Jester

Angel

Pretty enough for hostess-ing your own television party. All-over quilted nylon with genuine leather soles, faille lining. In a bevy of delectable colors. Royal, light blue, red, green, navy, pink, white, and black. $2.99
Sizes 4 to 9, medium width. 5½ to 9AA.

At your favorite store, or write to Honeybugs, Dept. 28 — 47 W. 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

Have You Seen?

JOAN LANSING

Have you seen the new "channel" winners, girls? I'm talking about the television channel program winners you see on American Broadcasting Company Television Network shows . . . winners by a mile for great class and style.

Just take a good look at the line-up of shows "in the swim" these nights on ABC-TV. The famous LONE RANGER rides into view as he and Silver, along with Tonto, fight for right and justice . . . and head into the hills for General Mills.

THE LONE RANGER comes to a full STOP! as handsome BERT PARKS issues the call to STOP THE MUSIC! Now you can see this radio "sweetheart" on TV . . . and is he cute! BERT bounces along in a full hour of fun for everyone who tries to STOP THE MUSIC! Old Gold and Admiral are the sponsors.

Business is booming at HOLIDAY HOTEL, so check in for a fine time at this happy hostelry. DON AMECHE, the movie favorite, is the genial, general manager . . . with the entertainment-key to TV pleasure. Packard sponsors this ABC treat that's ridin' high with every girl and guy.

You might find this same guy and girl still a-whirl for BLIND DATE. ARLENE FRANCIS femcees this wit-and-woo show that's timed to perfect televiewing. Timed by Gruen, of course.

ABC-TV channel activities get into terrific action with I COVER TIMES SQUARE. Follow newspaper ace, JOHNNY WARREN, as he covers the beat of these famous streets. There's dynamite in the air . . . as you watch I COVER TIMES SQUARE. Appropriately sponsored by Airwick.

You'll see more high-tension TV on ABC's ROLLER DERBY . . . a fast-paced, high-speed program that gives you lightning looks at the sport that's sweeping the nation. It's quite lady-like, too, to cool off with Blatz Beer while you watch the torrid whizzing!

The great pig-skin pro, RED GRANGE, takes over your local ABC-TV Channel with his outstanding PREDICTIONS for football games from coast-to-coast. Florsheim Shoes "foots" the bill.

You can see most of these programs on your local American Broadcasting Company Network Television Channel on Thursdays. However, there is some variation in many cities . . . so please BE SURE to check your local newspapers' television logs for exact day and time.

Joan Lansing

Advertisement

business. The boss believes that there are hundreds of performers in every city in America, who have the talent to become professional entertainers but can't afford to leave their homes to take a chance in New York or Hollywood. So he has broken with the you-gotta-go-to-New York by taking his show right into the home towns of candidates for fame and fortune. In this way thousands are auditioned every week as I, one of these thousands, was auditioned in Charleston, S. C. Following the first audition, five contestants are chosen to appear on Heidt's Sunday night broadcast over CBS for Philip Morris' Original Youth Opportunity Program on which they compete for the weekly prize of $250. The contestant who wins that broadcast appears on the following week's show to compete with four new contestants. As long as you keep winning you keep competing each week for the $250 prize money. At the end of each thirteen-week period (of which, for the survivors, there are three, making fifty-two weeks in all) a quarter-final competition is held in which the outstanding performers of the thirteen weeks just past compete. The winners of the four quarter-finals receive an additional seven-hundred and fifty dollars and enter into the Grand Finals in which they compete against one another for the grand prize of $5000 and the gold championship belt.

Except for the gold championship belt which, because of my vast girth couldn't be found for me (I got one later!) this is the way it went with me —which is what makes the Horatio Alger story even I, who am living it, can scarcely believe . . .

In Savannah, I won again and then I, with the rest of the troupe, rolled merrily across the South, working North to Chicago where I made my first appearance on the air in the Chicago Opera House before an audience of eighteen thousand people I could see and a radio audience of uncounted thousands I could not see.

But just before I went on the air, I said my prayers. I asked God to please help me, and He did. I won with my rendition of The Lord's Prayer.

After the Chicago broadcast, I kept on winning and it was then I got the Lawd-a-mercy-can-this-be-I feeling about the whole thing. In my biography, written up by CBS, it says "As Ralph kept winning after Chicago, his popularity began to zoom." It sure enough did. Letters and phone calls, folks wanting autographs, agents offering to "handle" me, people asking me to endorse everything from toothpaste to television.

As the show travelled West, with me winning each week, the whole city of Charleston became Sigwald town. You never in your life heard the like! Every Monday morning the Charleston News Courier carried the headline, "Sigwald Wins Again." My aunt wrote me, "The whole town is in a frenzy—and so am I."

At the Fresno, California, quarter-finals I received the longest wire ever transmitted by Western Union. It was seventy-five feet long and jam-packed with more than twenty-five thousand Charleston signatures wishing me luck in the grand finals. The head of the Western Union office in Fresno brought me the wire himself. After I'd looked at it for a dumbfounded minute or so, it got all blurred with tears. I was thinking, *twenty-five thousand signatures from — twenty-five thousand friends!*

After I won the quarter-finals title (and the cash prize of seven hundred and fifty dollars)—this was in May, 1949 —the House and the Senate of South Carolina passed a joint resolution honoring me and requesting my appearance at a joint session which was to be proclaimed "Ralph Sigwald Joint Session in Columbia." At the same time the Charleston Azalea Festival named me "King For A Day" and sent a plane to fetch me home from the West Coast. On the way to Charleston the plane was ordered to land in Columbia, S. C., the state capital, where a motorcycle escort whisked and whirled me—*me!*—to the legislature. There, with Governor Strom J. Thurman in attendance, plus a crowd of 5,000 legislators and state employees I sang under the capitol dome for the first time in the state's history. The place was so crowded—some people sitting two on a seat—that the Senate couldn't get in and sit down. So I was obliged to sing twice, first for the House of Representatives and then for the Senate. After which, to make up for lost time, the Governor—the Governor—the Governor himself—drove me back to Charleston, in his own car, too, so that I would be on time to catch the Azalea Festival.

Nowhere—nowhere in the world, except only in America, could the like of this happen to the like of an ordinary working man like me.

On the night of December 18, 1949, I went into the Grand Finals of the Heidt show in Washington, D. C.'s Uline Arena. Of the eight thousand audience, a good one thousand were my good friends from Charleston who had come up to Washington, to be with me when I needed 'em and needed 'em, you can count on it, bad.

I didn't think I had much of any chance on that final and fearsome night, the competition being what it was. There was little Tommy Check, eleven years old, from Allentown, Pa.,—a drummer and boy, *what* a drummer! A little Gene Krupa. There was Al Hirt, a terrific triple-tongueing trumpeter—a twenty-five-year-old Harry James. There were Gilbert and Wayne Shepard, fifteen- and seventeen-year-old kids, Swiss bell-ringers, from Pasadena, California, and they were terrific.

On this night of nights the regular stage show of the Heidt Parade of Stars was, as always, presented first. Then the gong sounded for the Grand Finals with its five thousand dollar first prize and it's gold championship belt and although the echo of that gong may go out of my ears one day, I doubt it.

Tommy went on first. He was terrific. He was so terrific and the applause so deafening I said, "That's it!" The Shepard Brothers were on next and again

RADIO MIRROR DAYTIME FASHIONS: Pages 42 and 43*

**If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where* RADIO MIRROR *Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers, listed below:*

Skirt, vest and blouse: **McArthur, 1372 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

Jersey skirt and blouse: **Koret of California, 611 Mission Street, San Francisco, California**

the applause was a heat wave. Then Al Hirt for whose hot trumpet there was clapping and cheers.

I knew I needed help from Above. Standing there in the wings I prayed, as I always pray, for that help. Then I went on. I just went out there and gave it everything I had.

When I finished singing The Lord's Prayer, first there was a hush like there is in church. Then there was such applause, such cheering, such cries and yells as I have not the words in me to express. Even the people from Pennsylvania, Tommy's folks, cheered me to a man and to a woman. That's what did it, I'll always believe, Tommy's folks cheering for me. That's a feeling nobody can express. Then the thousand members of the Charleston delegation, *my* folks, broke into yells, went crazy, started a parade and I, all 360 pounds of me, was tossed about by dancing cheering fans.

I felt so proud and, at the same time, so humble. It made me feel funny, too, sort of sad—about Tommy Check. I knew the kid so well, had been trouping with him all that year, and what a little trouper he was and how his heart was set on the big prize and the golden belt. Yet he was wonderful about it, he was very wonderful. He ran up, put his arms around me—that is, around most of me—said he was glad for me, glad it *was* me. No wonder it says in the Bible, "Unless ye be as a little child . . ."

The only dark note of that night was sounded by the judges who said—as I've told you—that they couldn't find a championship belt big enough to go around my mammoth middle. They couldn't have found a belt big enough to go around my chest, that night, or the heart in my chest!

Or in my heart today—for Horace Heidt and Philip Morris.

Immediately following the Grand Finals we continued our tour of the USA and then, sponsored by the Air Force, we went to Europe, all sixty of us, the whole troupe. It was a stay-at-home boy's dream of being Marco Polo come more than true.

Today I'm still with the stage unit, occasionally do a guest broadcast, cut records (I am told that almost half a million of my Lord's Prayer records have been sold) and as I write I am in New York City where Mr. Heidt sent me to study singing, for concert work, with Professor Emilio Roxas, one of the finest voice culturists in the country. Mr. Heidt wants me to sing at Carnegie Hall this winter. He says he wants me to have "something to look forward to."

I try to keep my head down to size because in this business when you start thinking you're the best, you're the worst. I don't want to get that way. I don't feel I will. . . .

I've changed my old life for a new life altogether, but it hasn't changed *me*. Dating doesn't really interest me. I don't know how to dance. I've never been in love. Never had a romance. I haven't a big car or a big house or any of the so-called luxuries. I never had them. They don't interest me now. My pastimes are reading and listening to the radio. And I try to do things to keep the Boss happy. He gave me my chance.

By doing what I love to do, which is sing, I am able to take good care of my aunt who took such loving care of me. I'm able to help my sisters and brothers if ever they need help and, in the ways that matter to me, to help myself.

I just thank God for everything.

Veto Gives All-Day Protection Against Perspiration and Odor—In Just 5 Seconds!

New Veto positively says no, no to underarm "O". Super-effective Veto stops odor instantly . . . checks perspiration more effectively! It's an exclusive "wonder-formula."

Veto is light, fluffy—smooths on and absorbs as easily as vanishing cream. Never cakes or dries out in the jar. Has a delightful fragrance you'll love. And it's mild, won't irritate normal skin. Harmless to fabrics.

Guard daintiness from bath to bath. Use super-effective Veto daily. Get it now at any cosmetic counter.

Veto Protection Lasts from Bath to Bath!

To Tampon users...

Fibs*

is the Tampon with rounded ends... the only Tampon "Quilted" for comfort... "Quilted" for safety...

Next time try Fibs

(internal sanitary protection)

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

GOOD... any old time!

the cracker with that swell cheese flavor

America's largest selling cheese cracker!

Sunshine Biscuits, Inc.

Come away to carefree adventure this Winter—on any one of hundreds of different Greyhound *Amazing America Tours!* These low-cost pleasure trips include hotel accommodations, sightseeing, entertainment—everything planned in advance by experts. Whether you have a weekend, a week, or a month, you'll find just the Tour for you!

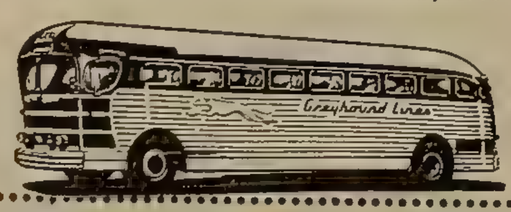
12-Day MEXICO TOUR . . . $124.85
A special escorted Tour from San Antonio to Mexico City, Cuernavaca, Taxco, Puebla, and dozens of other romantic Mexican attractions. Eleven nights' hotel, 19 meals included.

11-Day FLORIDA CIRCLE . . . $81.05
See "everything under the sun" in this fabulous Florida adventure. Begin at Jacksonville, swing through St. Augustine, Miami, Key West, other spots. Ten nights at smart hotels.

NEW YORK CITY, 5 Days	**$25.05**
BOSTON, 3 Days	**13.75**
WASHINGTON, D. C., 4 Days	**19.75**
LAS VEGAS-HOOVER DAM, 3 Days	**9.25**
CHICAGO, 3 Days	**12.00**
LOS ANGELES-CATALINA, 6 Days	**25.05**
YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, 3 Days	**45.50**
COLONIAL VIRGINIA, 6 Days	**40.45**
EVERGREEN CIRCLE, 3 Days	**21.85**
DETROIT, 3 Days	**12.10**
HAVANA, 3 Days	**50.50**

(By Bus from Miami to Key West, air to Cuba)

To all prices shown above, add Greyhound round-trip fare from your city. U. S. tax extra. Prices are subject to change.



FREE! "AMAZING AMERICA" TOUR FOLDER

Greyhound Information Center, 105 W. Madison, Chicago 2, Ill.—Send me your illustrated Greyhound folder telling all about *Amazing America Tours.*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City & State*_____ TS—12-50

R M

What's So Funny?

(*Continued from page* 54)

And I could imitate everyone who came into the store.

When I wasn't trying to be a comic, Coney Island was a fascinating playground. The beach in winter was an air-conditioned desert to be endlessly explored. My pals and I climbed on the silent, ghostly rides and wandered through the empty amusement concessions, now stripped of their summer glamour. The long hallway that led from the store to our apartment seemed dark and sinister in the late winter afternoons, and the seltzer machine gave off a weird whirr in the dusk.

One day when I sneaked back into the store for candy, the machine caught my leg and held me. After that, I never again tried to help myself to anything, without waiting for my parents' O.K. In fact, I used to look forward to being sick, because after the castor oil was down my father would let me choose any toy in the store. But when I won a fine fire engine at a Saturday afternoon movie, he promptly put it on sale. No castor oil, no need of a toy, was his philosophy.

By the time I was eleven my candy store and party clowning began to pay off. My father decided I was ready for better things, and we approached the local children's radio show. I became a member of Aunt Shirley's Kiddie Hour, you might say on a coast to coast hookup—from the Coney Island coast to the beach at Far Rockaway.

There must have been forty kids doing imitations of Lionel Barrymore. I have to confess that Lionel was my star act too. I got a chance to work with a little girl who did a Betty Boop number, and came into my own when we all joined in the finale and sang, "Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing," because I got to do a solo whistle at the end of each line. I also got the bird.

The weekly big deal of the program was a cake, a sort of seven-layer custard payoff (topped with marshmallow) to the youngster who got the most applause. The week I finally won the cake I brought it home proudly, and quit the show figuring I had now hit the heights and there was nothing more to strive for. My father put the cake on sale in the store—probably to show me that you can't have your cake and eat it too.

When I got into New Utrecht High School I began going half a dozen ways at once. Of course I was in with the jitterbug crowd, but I also joined up with the Great Intellects, the students of Serious Drama, the commercial art crowd, and a couple of others. I was still a comic at heart, and pretty soon my favorite subject got to be recess, when I could clown around. Finally, it got so my mother was spending more time in school than I was, and I figured she'd get the diploma. So I straightened out and kept my marks high. All except my marks for conduct. They were never too good, because I couldn't resist playing everything for laughs. My imitation of the principal really killed them. And finished me.

Utrecht had no amateur theatricals, except for the annual play. I did Cyrano in a super production of that classic and won a scholarship to the Feagin Dramatic School, but after six months under good teachers I got restless and decided I knew enough. With three or four other students I migrated to Christopher Morley's Millpond Playhouse, at Roslyn, Long Island, and got a bit part in "The Trojan Horse." I was a Greek Eddie Arcaro. For twenty weeks, at five bucks a week and room and board, I blacked my face and played a slave.

The trouble was I'd interrupt a rehearsal to give a Jolson imitation of "Mammy." Morley would remark that even Jolson didn't date back to the Greek era, and for a while rehearsal would proceed. Finally, half in friendship and I suspect half in desperation he told me I should be doing comedy, preferably a single. He gave me an introduction to Major Bowes, who in turn auditioned me for his Amateur Hour. I won three times and went out on tour.

Those tours with the Major Bowes units forced me to develop a fast line of patter. Then if a joke died, I had another ready to follow it. I learned how to hold an audience and put across a comedy song, and in six months I was hitting my stride and doing club dates and small theaters. Also a few super market openings. I dropped the regular run of impressions that all the other mimics were doing and developed my own comedy style, using fresh new material, interspersed with a few imitations. By the time World War II broke out I was touring with name bands and hitting the big theaters. On Pearl Harbor Sunday I was playing a theater in Pennsylvania. There was a Japanese juggling act on the same bill and the manager asked me to introduce them as Hawaiians. It didn't work too well, so next show I called them Filipinos. The audience decided they were Japanese, so we gave up and the act did a quick folderoo and spent the duration in barrels.

I joined the Hollywood Victory Committee bond drive at nineteen and was sent to the Aleutians and Alaska. Finally, my draft notice caught up with me there, and I went back to New York to report and take my physical. Three days later, after being needled and reneedled, I wound up back in the same camp as Private Carter, singing "There's no place like Nome." The doc said my eyes were bad, but they'd put me in the front line so I could see everything. The outfit I finally landed in was the Medical Corps. I couldn't figure out why, except that for years I'd been making jokes about doctors, or I'd done Dr. Kildare once too often!

After a year of this, I was sent out with Flying Varieties, an air force entertainment unit, and flown all over the world to do shows for servicemen and work for bond drives. Then came the desperate period of The Bulge, and I was thrown into combat training. Rehearsing a raid one day, in the wide open spaces of Texas, I got hit with a grenade, and on V-J day I got a medical discharge.

When I got back to work I did theater and nightclub dates and brought a brand-new Army act into Loew's State, in New York. I thought I was through with uniforms, when a call came through to Las Vegas, where I was working in a club, offering me one of the top spots in "Call Me Mister," which was opening on Broadway. I learned the part on the flight to New York and went on the following week, back in uniform for a full year. Then I was back in clubs, and hoping for Broadway.

Then it happened. Television, I mean. (Television—that's a Brownie camera with a five thousand dollar lens!) A lot of actors were waiting for it to blow over. Just a fad, they said. But I loved it from the first. It took me right back to where I started—working to a few people grouped together, expecting to be entertained. Back to the neighborhood parties where they'd asked me to perform. To the folks sitting in their own living room. I felt right at home.

Milton Berle put me on as a guest on his NBC-TV Texaco show in the summer of 1948, and I was interlocutor on the Pick and Pat Minstrel show on ABC-TV. When Berle took an unscheduled vacation in the middle of the season I got my first big TV job, as substitute emcee. Everybody thought I ought to be scared of taking over where Berle left off, but I was too dumb to worry about it. So they couldn't have Berle, I figured—they had to take me. I didn't try to do what he did, but what I could do, so it worked out. Then DuMont took me, for Cavalcade, for seven weeks that stretched on and on until NBC signed me to a long-term TV contract and my present program, the Jack Carter Show, on Saturdays.

You still think you want to be a comedian? To be called on for half a dozen benefits a month? (I once played a meat market opening and they gave me a blue ribbon-tied ham. My father didn't sell it, because he was retired. This time I could eat the loot.)

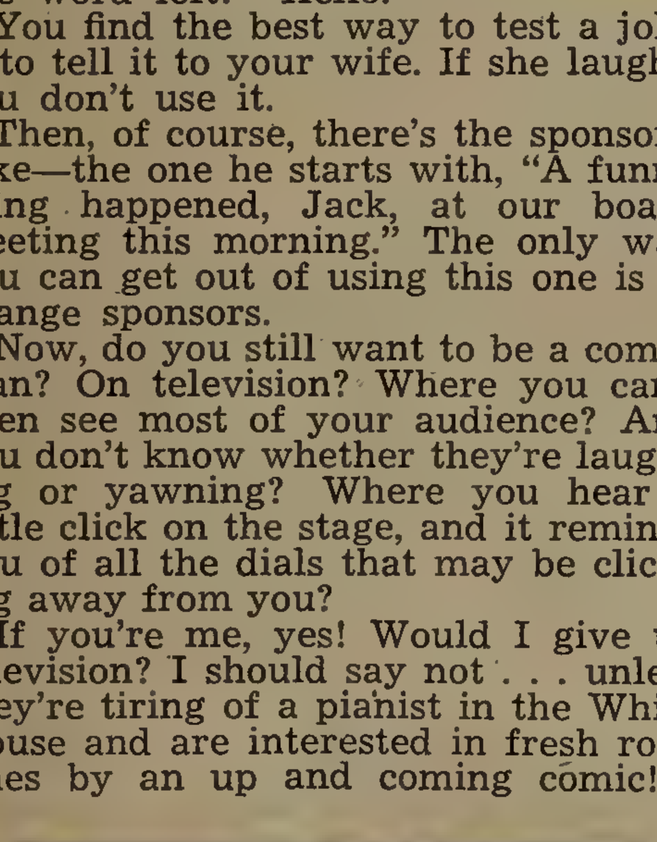
So you want to listen to jokes all day? Like the guy who meets you and says he has a brand-new joke for you. Of course you couldn't use it on television but you could clean it up. After you clean it up, there's only one word left: "Hello."

You find the best way to test a joke is to tell it to your wife. If she laughs, you don't use it.

Then, of course, there's the sponsor's joke—the one he starts with, "A funny thing happened, Jack, at our board meeting this morning." The only way you can get out of using this one is to change sponsors.

Now, do you still want to be a comedian? On television? Where you can't even see most of your audience? And you don't know whether they're laughing or yawning? Where you hear a little click on the stage, and it reminds you of all the dials that may be clicking away from you?

If you're me, yes! Would I give up television? I should say not . . . unless they're tiring of a pianist in the White House and are interested in fresh routines by an up and coming comic!

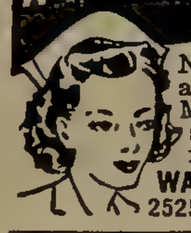


Compare the fit, uplift and separation... Compare the design and needlework, the self-lined inner cup and self-binding... Compare the sensational year's wearing and washing guarantee! Once you *try* Stardust Bras, you'll wear *no* other!

LOOK FOR GENUINE Stardust SLIPS, BRAS, UNDIES, GIRDLES, GARTER BELTS & BLOUSES

STARDUST INC., Dept. R, Empire State Bldg., N. Y. 1

WANT TO BE A PRACTICAL NURSE?
EASY TO TRAIN AT HOME



ACT NOW—HELP FILL THE NEED

Now you can prepare for practical experience as a **Trained Practical Nurse** in spare time. Many earn while learning. Ages 18 to 55. High school not necessary. Easy payments. Write for **free** information and sample lesson pages.

WAYNE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL NURSING, INC.
2525 Sheffield Ave., Desk E-53, Chicago 14, Ill.

ASTHMA

WRITE FOR NO-COST TRIAL OFFER!

IF YOU SUFFER FROM BRONCHIAL ASTHMA PAROXYSMS, from coughs, gasping wheezing ... write quick for daring **No-Risk, No-Cost Trial Offer.** No matter if you consider your case "hopeless"— Write Today!

NACOR, 1072-F State Life Bldg., Indianapolis 4, Ind.

DRAW ME!

$1,275.00 IN PRIZES!

5 PRIZES! 5 Complete $255 Art Courses, including Drawing Outfits!

Copy this girl

Here's your big chance, if you want to become a commercial artist, designer, or illustrator! An easy-to-try way to win FREE art training!

Whether you win or not we send you our comments on your work, if your drawing shows promise! Trained illustrators, artists and cartoonists now making big money. Find out now if YOU have profitable art talent. You've nothing to lose—*everything to gain.* Start your drawing now. Mail it today.

Amateurs Only! Our students not eligible. Make copy of girl 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Omit the lettering. All drawings must be received by Jan. 31, 1951. None returned. Winners notified.

Latest Winner List! Free course winners in previous contest—from list just released: J. West, Dodd Field, San Antonio, Tex.; R. Parks, 305 S. Urbana, Urbana, Ill.; K. Balodis, CPR Sec. Kinogama, Kormak, Ont., Canada; J. Bazin, 305 E. 87th, N. Y. City; E. Melecinsky, 1549 Corbin, New Britain, Conn.

Art Instruction, Inc.
MINNEAPOLIS • NEW YORK • CHICAGO
MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

ART INSTRUCTION, INC., Dept. 12960
500 S. 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.

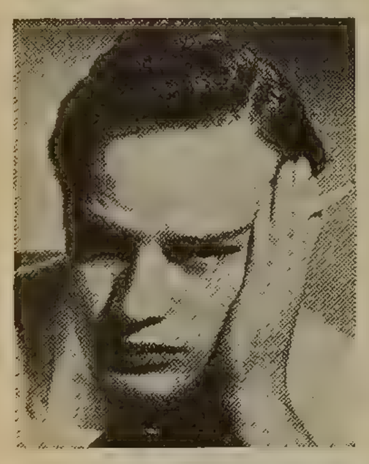
Please enter my attached drawing in your January drawing contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

*Name*_____ *Age*_____

*Address*_____ *Phone*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*____ *County*_____

*State*_____ *Occupation*_____



"That Mad Man Marlon"

He likes to shock people, reveals Elsa Maxwell—

he uses bad language, his table manners are primitive, his appearance leaves much to be desired YET he would give a friend his last cent!

Don't miss Elsa's penetrating article on Marlon Brando, the man of many moods and much talent

in December

PHOTOPLAY

On Newsstands Friday, November 10

EXCLUSIVE—June Allyson and Dick Powell with baby Pamela

• Four pages of gorgeous pictures in color and in black and white taken at their Bel Air home.

The Night Before Christmas

(*Continued from page 47*)

Pinwheel Sandwiches:
Remove all crusts from a very fresh loaf of unsliced bread. Cut bread lengthwise with a very sharp knife in slices ⅛-¼" thick. Flatten a bit with a rolling pin. Spread with softened cream cheese or any desired soft sandwich filling. At one end lay stuffed olives or small sweet pickles. Beginning at this end roll as for jelly roll. Spread a little soft butter on the last lap of bread to make it stick. Wrap rolls in wax paper. Chill thoroughly in refrigerator. When ready to serve, slice ¼" thick. For variety, tint softened cream cheese. Spread on bread. Lay maraschino cherries at one end. Proceed as above. Or lay alternating strips of green pepper and pimiento crosswise, 1" apart, over entire slice of bread. Proceed as above.

Open Sandwiches:
Cut bread into desired shapes using various cookie cutters. Spread with filling and decorate with nuts, red and green cherries, black olives, stuffed olives, watercress or parsley.

These sandwiches can be made a day ahead and stored in the refrigerator covered with a damp towel until serving time.

HOT CIDER CUP

2 cups cider
⅓ cup brown sugar
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
3 whole cloves
3 whole allspice
2 sticks cinnamon
1 quart orange juice
1 cup lemon juice

Combine cider, sugars, and spices in a saucepan. Place over low heat. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes. Strain. Return to saucepan. Add orange and lemon juice. Heat very slowly to boiling point. Serve hot in cups or earthenware mugs. Makes 15 servings. Complement this by serving with thin slices of Steamed Fig Pudding and a bowl of nuts.

STEAMED FIG PUDDING

1 pound dried figs
1¾ cups milk
1½ cups fresh bread crumbs
2/3 cup shortening
3 eggs, well beaten
1½ cups sifted flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt

Snip off stems from figs with scissors. Then cut in small pieces. Place in the top of a double boiler. Add milk; cook over hot water 20 minutes. Trim crusts from ½ loaf bread, then shred with a fork. Place in a bowl. Add shortening and eggs. Blend well. Mix and sift together flour, baking powder, sugar, nutmeg, cinnamon and salt. Add to bread mixture. Then add cooked fig mixture. Stir until well blended. Turn into a greased 2 quart mold. Cover tightly. Place mold in a large saucepan on a rack. Add enough hot water to cover ⅔ of the mold. Cover steamer. Steam 2 hours. Remove from water. Let stand 2 minutes then unmold. Serve hot with hard sauce. Store left-over pudding in refrigerator. Steam 30 minutes before serving to reheat.

SPARKLING FRUIT PUNCH

2½ cups orange juice
1 cup pineapple juice
2 cups cold water
½ cup powdered sugar
2 tablespoons grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon honey
6 whole cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
6 cups ginger ale
crushed ice

Combine all ingredients except ginger ale and ice. Chill thoroughly for at least 3 hours. Strain into a punch bowl, over ice, just before serving. Add ginger ale. Makes about 3 quarts. Serve with cookies.

SURPRISE COOKIES

1 cup sifted flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter
¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg, separated
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped nuts

Sift together flour and salt. Work butter with a spoon until soft. Gradually work in sugar. Add egg yolk and vanilla. Blend well. Stir in sifted flour. Roll into 1" balls. Dip in slightly beaten egg white then roll in nuts. Place 2" apart on an ungreased cookie sheet. Press down flat using the bottom of a glass. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) 5 minutes. Remove from oven. Make a depression in the center of each cookie with the back of a teaspoon. Return to oven and cook 8 minutes longer. When cool, fill centers with currant jelly, chopped candied fruit or tinted confectioners' sugar icing. Makes 2 dozen cookies.

CHRISTMAS WREATHS

1½ cups shortening (half butter)
1 cup sugar
Grated rind of one orange
2 eggs
4 cups sifted flour
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sugar

Work shortening with a spoon until soft. Blend in sugar. Add orange rind and eggs. Beat together until thoroughly mixed. Stir in flour. Wrap dough in wax paper. Chill thoroughly in refrigerator. Break off small pieces. On a lightly floured board, roll with the palm of the hand to a stick about 6" long and ¼" thick. Form each piece into a circle. Bring one end over and through in a single knot. Leave ½" end on each side. Place on an ungreased cookie sheet. Beat egg white until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in 2 tablespoons sugar. Brush tops of wreaths with egg white mixture. Decorate with bits of red candied cherries and green citron. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 10 minutes. Makes about 6 dozen cookies.

TOYLAND COOKIES

3 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup shortening
1½ cups sugar
2 eggs, beaten
3 tablespoons, sour cream
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix and sift together flour, baking soda and salt. Work shortening with a spoon until soft. Add sugar gradually. Beat together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, sour cream and vanilla. Blend well. Stir in sifted dry ingredients. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill in refrigerator. Roll out ⅛" thick on a lightly floured board. Cut in desired shapes with a floured cookie cutter. Place on a lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) 8-10 minutes. Makes about 4 dozen cookies.

That's My Bill

(*Continued from page* 59)

spend the week-end with her. We both loved to ice skate, and we decided to try the skating rink near her house.

I had secured for this occasion a magnificent outfit—at least that was my impression at the time—consisting of a bright red wool skirt and jacket, topped off by a squirrel cap, which I had borrowed from my mother and hastily remodelled. The tail of the cap part stuck out a little in back, giving it a rakish Daniel Boone quality.

Feeling distinctly superior to anyone in Brooklyn, I swirled around the rink doing figure eights, and tricky loops, positive that I was cutting a very dashing figure. I was extremely pleased with myself, and completely oblivious to the fascinated stare of a young Brooklynite who was standing by the sidelines, apparently mesmerized by the squirrel tail at the back of my cap.

I had just completed a graceful turn when suddenly a blurred figure hurtled toward me. I felt a hand grab for my cap, and the next thing I know I was knocked square on the ice. The figure materialized into a boy with red hair, who was also sprawled on the ice. Apparently there had been a slight miscalculation. But he didn't stay around to explain. He scrambled to his feet and whizzed away into the crowd, before I realized what was happening.

Irish temper boiled inside me. My skirt had a rip from stem to stern, and my cap—my beautiful cap—lay mortally wounded on the ice.

Ellen came rushing over to me. "Did you see that?" I sputtered furiously. "Did you see what that . . . that creature did to me?" I was so mad I could hardly talk, which was very unusual for me. "If I just knew who he was."

"I know who he is," Ellen said. "He goes to school with my brother. His name's Bill, but everyone calls him Red. His last name is Deegan or something like that. No—Gargan. That's it—Bill Gargan."

"Well," I said, meaningfully, "that's very nice to know. Gargan, huh?"

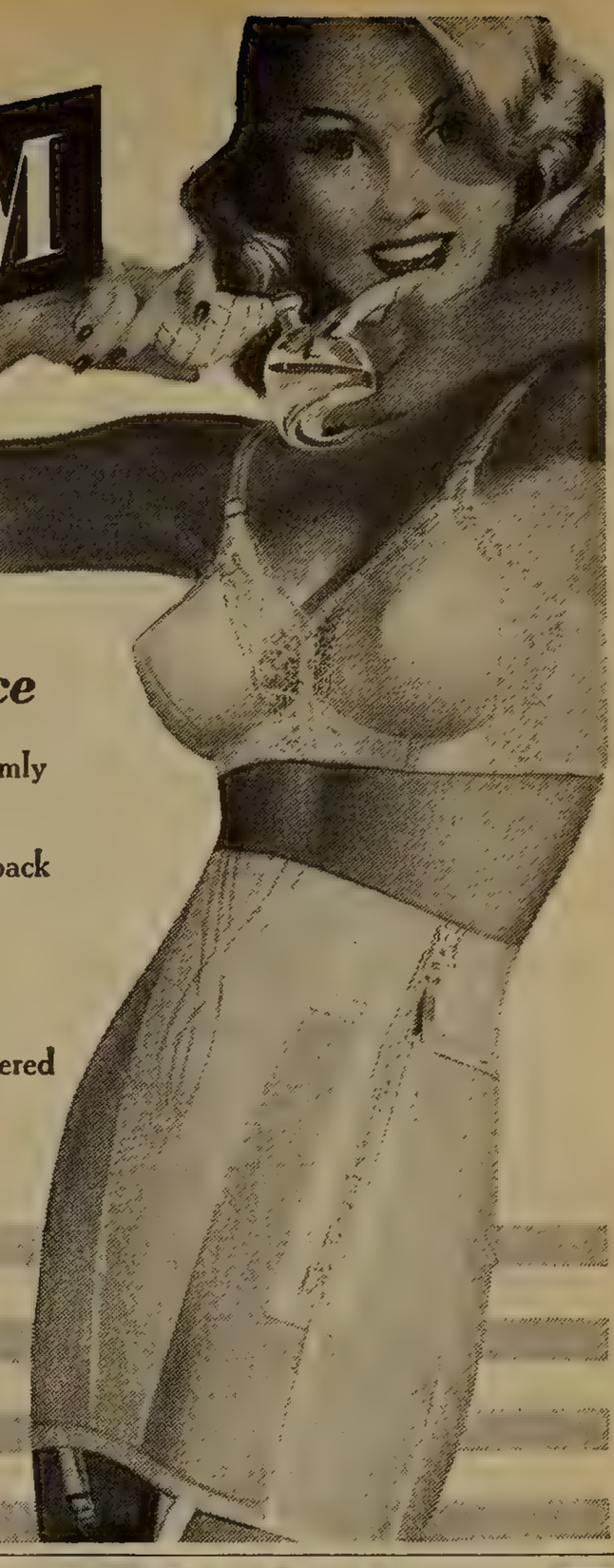
The main problem, the next few weeks was to figure out when I could manage to meet this Gargan fellow again. Ellen told me there was going to be a school dance, where he would probably be, and we decided we should go.

Through Ellen's brother I maneuvered an introduction to red-headed Mr. G. Before the evening was over, Bill Gargan, boy steam-roller, was following me around like a dreamy-eyed spaniel. "Gee," he'd say every once in a while. "You sure look familiar." And I would smile innocently up at him.

Revenge was sweet. I decided to let Bill take me to the next dance, where I promptly ditched him and gave all my attention to his arch rival, the baseball captain. Then I'd accept dates for the movies, and just not show up. I did all sorts of terrible things to him, and he'd just look more bewildered and crestfallen—and keep calling me up.

One day I let him take me for a walk in Central Park. We were just walking along, with me chattering away a mile a minute, when all of a sudden I looked at him, and I felt funny. I don't know what it was—the red hair, the hurt look in the blue eyes that met mine so squarely, or maybe a touch of spring. Whatever it was, that's when I fell in love with Bill because that's when I

BESTFORM



put your curves
in their proper place

. . . give your good lines a chance to show, do it firmly and with flattery—just slip into Bestform's all nylon girdle. It has nylon taffeta front, sides and back and boned nylon diaphragm, with four sections of nylon leno elastic that trims and slims.
■ Style 5667—16" sizes 25 to 34. White and pink. **$5.95.** ■ Nylon taffeta bra with embroidered nylon marquisette trim—style 6077. **$2.00**

no finer fit at any price

HAIR OUT
SWIFTLY AT HOME!
Lips, legs, face or arms . . petal-smooth and hair-free can be yours thru the amazing development of Dr. Frederic Damrau, famous New York Medical Consultant.
Send for FREE Booklet M
MISS RUTH, INC. • 1711 Walnut St., Phila. 3

JOLLY TIME
FOR YOUR
HOLIDAY FUN
ALWAYS POPS
JOLLY TIME POP CORN

CHAPPED SKIN?

Try this famous Canadian lotion. (1) Nothing soothes and softens a chapped, dry skin *more* quickly—(2) aids its healing *more rapidly*—(3) *protects* skin more *surely* against chapping, roughness and dryness!
At cosmetic counters—25¢, 50¢ and $1 bottles

Campana
Italian Balm

Kahn's
American Beauty

SLICED Bacon
with the old fashioned, unforgettable flavor. *Genuine Hickory Smoked*—sweet and mild . . . Transparent wrappers show the entire slices.
THE E. KAHN'S SONS CO., CINCINNATI, O.
"American Beauty" Hams, Shortening and Fine Meat Products Since 1882

Reduce
This Common Sense Way

"I've really got to reduce!"—how many times have you promised yourself that and then kept putting it off. Delay no longer—let Sylvia of Hollywood tell you how to reduce *The Common Sense Way*. There is no magic at all about *The Common Sense Way* to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book *No More Alibis* you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

Sylvia of Hollywood Names Names

Sylvia of Hollywood has reduced scores of famous stage and screen stars—successfully. In this book Sylvia tells how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure. Perhaps your own figure problems are identical to those of your favorite screen star.

New Edition Now Ready

A brand new edition of Sylvia's famous book, *No More Alibis* is now ready for you. This edition contains all the text matter of the original book, plus the greatest part of her splendid book on personality development entitled *Pull Yourself Together, Baby*. Now get Sylvia's secrets of charm as well as beauty! The price of this new edition is only $1 postpaid. Order today while supply is still available.

Partial Contents—New Edition

Too Much Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat Pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-Legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing Off Fat, Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs—Off with That Double Chin! Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Advice For The Adolescent—The Woman Past Forty—The Personality Figure, Glamour Is Glandular, This Thing Called Love, Cure-For-The-Blues Department, Take a Chance!

Bartholomew House, Inc., Dept. RM-1250
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid a copy of Sylvia of Hollywood's NO MORE ALIBIS! COMBINED WITH PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, BABY! I enclose $1.00.

Name.....
Please Print

Address.....

City..... State.....

told him that I was really Squirrel Cap.

He just looked at me in horrified amazement, and then we both started to laugh. It was a beautiful moment! From then on there was never anyone else for either of us. We started going together and just never stopped, that's all—although we didn't actually talk of marriage until years later.

We used to scrap a lot at first, but even that was fun. Bill's sense of humor always got the better of my temper. It's a private joke between us that no matter what happens, I always end up having things my way. Bill bases this largely on the fact that since he wanted daughters, we have sons, boys being my preference. But Bill made just as much fuss about Barrie, our first child, as any father possibly could. He went around for six months with a book on child care under his arm, and behaved more like an anxious mother than a proud papa. He was the same way with Leslie, our second boy.

I hadn't even finished high school when Bill got his first part on Broadway. A speaking part—that is, if you use the term loosely. He played a Hawaiian banana peddler in something called "Aloma of the South Seas." For this he spent two hours every night applying the dark makeup, which in those days came in buckets and behaved like a mixture of frozen lard and dried glue. Actually this was what he must have been paid for, because his time on the stage was a matter of seconds, and the speaking consisted of just one word . . ."Ugh!"

"It's always tough in the beginning," he told me. "I'll get something better, you'll see."

And he did. In a few months he'd persuaded the director to let him understudy the leading role, which was then being played by Harry Bannister. Then one night, as in every understudy's dream, Bannister became ill and Bill's chance to go on as a real live actor came at last.

He marched out on the stage as though he'd played the role a hundred times, and performed so well that the Shuberts were impressed enough to let him continue in the lead when the show went out on the road. From then on, Gargan became one of the regular leading men for the Shubert productions. He got top billing in practically all the shows which followed.

During this time I finished school and managed to get myself a few small parts in musicals around town. I never had any great ambition to act or be on the stage, but I did want to be part of the world that Bill lived in and loved.

It was fun, though. We'd meet after our respective shows and spend hours over coffee with other theatrical people in those little restaurants where show people inevitably gather. The only thing that disturbed us both was that when Bill went on the road it got terribly lonesome. One weekend while he was playing a ten-week run in Baltimore, I packed my mother and father and we went to visit him. The folks were very fond of Bill and had no objections to our romance, although they were a mite concerned about his being an actor. They were tolerant people, however—they told us we were crazy to stay in show business, and went on loving us anyway.

When the three of us appeared at the station, Bill raised his eyebrow in that way of his and a glimmer of appreciation came into his eyes. He looked at my father and said, "Oh?"

In beaming innocence Dad came over and shook Bill's hand. "How are you, my boy?" he greeted him fondly.

Bill grinned impishly. "Fine thank you sir," he replied. "I hope."

Dad looked slightly puzzled. My mother came over and kissed Bill, and then I kissed him. Bill raised his hands in the air. "O. K." he said, "I surrender. Where's the wedding going to be?"

"Idiot," I said, but I kissed him again. "Whatever gave you the idea I wanted to marry you?"

"I can't possibly imagine," said Bill, his eyes bright with amusement. "It's just that I got to thinking. These long distance phone calls every night. Do you know they cost me practically a week's salary? I figured you'd be a nice kid and help me cut expenses. I can't think of a better reason for getting married," Bill finished and the tenderness in his eyes took all the tease out of his smile. We started making plans on the spot, and two weeks later we were married.

There didn't have to be any more long distance calls, but we still didn't have much time together at the beginning. We didn't even have a honeymoon. Bill had to be at the theatre most of the time. We just barely managed to have dinner alone.

To this day, as a matter of fact, we *still* don't have dinner alone very often. Bill's one of the most gregarious souls I've ever met. He loves people, and he loves to cook for them. He won't let

"If only I knew then what I know now..."

said an unhappy war bride a few years after a hasty marriage. And she's just one of thousands of ordinary people with problems. People who've found happiness in their daily lives through listening to the radio program "My True Story." For "My True Story" presents the problems of *real* people in dramatic form—direct from the files of True Story Magazine. So, whether *your* problem is one of love, hate, jealousy, hope, fear or any other . . .

TUNE IN "My True Story"
AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

me get near the stove. He's a regular kitchen prima donna.

Bill is full of un-Gargan-like surprises. One much more important than culinary skill was his friendship with Leslie Howard. I believe that friendship was one of the most important things that ever happened to him.

They seemed such an odd combination—this big, garrulous Irishman and the slender, quiet-spoken Britisher whose tastes were as delicate as Bill's were hearty. It was nevertheless a deep and genuine friendship and lasted until Howard's tragic death a few years ago.

Bill met Leslie while working with the Theatre Guild during the middle Twenties. Bill had developed an interest in the more cultural aspects of show business. (His "arty" phase I sometimes call it, though I know he was dead serious about it at the time, and did learn a great deal.)

He and Leslie Howard were doing a play called "Out of the Blue Sky" which, although it wasn't very successful, gave Bill a chance to give his abilities a wider range. Howard told him he had the makings of a really fine actor, and taught him things about the theater Bill never knew. That was the beginning of their friendship, and even though Bill's work with the Guild lasted only a couple of years, Leslie and his wonderful wife Ruth became a permanent part of our lives.

When Leslie was in Europe one year, we learned he was returning to New York to produce "Animal Kingdom." He cabled us the date of their arrival and asked us to meet them at the boat.

I got a copy of the play and read it. And it was the funniest thing, I just *knew* the part of Red Reagan was absolutely the role for Bill. He was it. Ordinarily I don't go about casting my husband into everything I read, but this was different. The only trouble was the role had already been assigned to Clark Gable.

Bill agreed that it was the kind of thing he'd been waiting to do all his life, but he saw no point in making himself miserable about it. If Gable had the part, that was that. Bill was used to the fact that Clark very often got parts that Bill himself was up for. They used to be rather close rivals in those days. Bill says when he'd see Gable coming out of a producer's office, he wouldn't even bother to go in.

"You might as well forget it, sweetheart," he told me. "If Leslie had wanted me to do it, he would have asked me." Being professional about his career, Bill busied himself with other projects. But I very unprofessionally spent the days chewing away at some angle which would show Leslie right off the bat what a natural for the part Bill really was.

Then, just a few days before the Howards were to arrive, one of those once-in-a-lifetime miracles happened. We were visiting my cousin Ellen on Long Island (she'd finally moved from Brooklyn) and were having one of those nice lazy afternoons in the yard, when all of a sudden we saw a yellow roadster come tearing down the road and smack head-on into a car that was parked across the street.

We ran over to haul out the occupants—a man and a woman—who, beyond a little shaking up, were unhurt. Prohibition was in full flower then, and the first thing that occurred to me was that if there was any liquor in the car the man would probably get into real trouble. I don't know why it was the first thought, since I was

LITTLE LULU

Sneezin's greetings! It's Kleenex*!

Little Lulu says: DURING COLDS, GIVE YOUR NOSE A HOLIDAY WITH COMFORTING KLEENEX TISSUES. YOU'LL AGREE NO OTHER TISSUE CAN EASE RAW BEEZERS — STIFLE SNEEZES — JUST LIKE SOOTHING, STURDY KLEENEX. SERVES ONE AT A TIME!

© INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO. ★T.M.REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.

500 Men To Wear SAMPLE SUITS!

Pay no money! Send no money! My plan is amazing! Just take a few orders for sensational values in made-to-measure suits at low, money-saving prices, and get your own personal suit **without a penny cost** and make money too! No experience needed now or ever. Rush name, address for complete facts and **Big Free Sample Kit** containing more than 100 actual woolen samples. Write today!

Progress Tailoring Co., 500 S. Throop St., Dept. M-101, CHICAGO 7, ILLINOIS

"How to Make Money with Simple Cartoons"

A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address FREE BOOK

CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE
Dept. 5912 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

RELIEVES HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, NEURITIS PAIN FAST

Here's Why...
Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anacin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

BE SERENE—BE CLEAN!
SIMPLE FEMININE HYGIENE

The modern way. Simple, satisfactory, ready-to-use Boro-Pheno-Form suppositories. They're dainty, medicated, astringent, deodorizing—each complete in itself. Learn for yourself about FEMININE HYGIENE with Boro-Pheno-Form.

FREE! *Interesting and informative booklet free on request. Get your copy today.*

Ask Any Druggist Anywhere or Write

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co.
Dept. T-12
2020 Montrose Ave.
Chicago 18, Ill.

DR. PIERRE'S BORO PHENO FORM

Everest & Jennings Folding WHEEL CHAIRS

LIGHT, STRONG, FULL SIZED CHAIR FOLDS TO 10 INCHES

Ideal for travel, work, play. Beautifully designed and chrome plated. Try it and you'll buy it.

All Welded Joints—No Rivets
See your dealer or write

EVEREST & JENNINGS Dept. 2
761 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles 38, Cal.

Don't be HALF-SAFE

by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will—if they reach your dress—cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches—and ruins—your clothes.

As doctors know, not all deodorants stop both perspiration and odor. But Arrid does! It's been proved that the new cream deodorant Arrid stops underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days safely—keeps underarms dry and sweet.

Remember this, too. Arrid's antiseptic action kills odor on contact—prevents formation of odor up to 48 hours and keeps you "shower-bath" fresh. And it's safe for skin—safe for fabrics.

So, don't be half-safe. Don't risk your happiness with half-safe deodorants. *Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure.* Arrid with Creamogen will not dry out, and it's so pleasant and easy to apply. Get Arrid today—only 39¢ plus tax.

Get Well QUICKER

From Your Cough Due to a Cold

FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

DESTROY UNWANTED HAIR FOREVER

TEMPORARY RELIEF IS NOT ENOUGH

ONLY BY KILLING THE HAIR ROOT CAN YOU BE SURE UNWANTED HAIR IS GONE FOREVER BRINGS RELIEF AND SOCIAL HAPPINESS. DO NOT USE OUR METHOD UNTIL YOU HAVE READ OUR INSTRUCTION BOOK CAREFULLY AND LEARNED TO USE THE MAHLER METHOD SAFELY AND EFFICIENTLY. USED SUCCESSFULLY OVER 50 YEARS

SEND 6¢ COINS OR STAMPS FOR BOOKLET

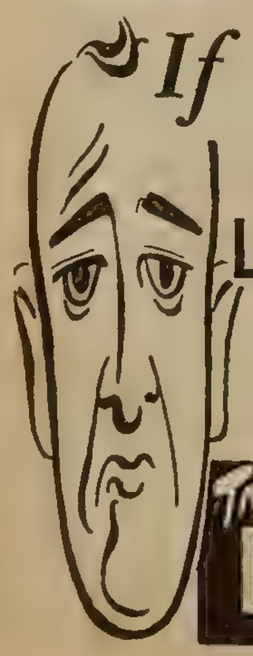
NEW BEAUTY FOR YOU!

MAHLERS, INC., Dept. 58-T, Providence 15, R. I.

WHEN ASTHMA STRIKES

Here's the easy, proved way to combat asthma's distressing symptoms. The aromatic fumes of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR help clear up congestion—bring amazing relief. So easy to use, so economical you can't afford to be without it. Powder, cigarette or pipe mixture form—at all drug stores in U. S. and Canada.

use ASTHMADOR



If **SLEEPLESSNESS**

(Due to Nervous Tension)

MAKES YOU FEEL LONG FACED and DULL

. . . try Miles Nervine for the welcome relief thousands enjoy. Follow the label. Avoid excessive use. Money refunded if not satisfied. At all druggists.

TM MILES NERVINE

barely eighteen and none of us drank, but it was. So I asked him. He nodded and mumbled something about a jug in the rumble seat.

By the time the boys in blue arrived, the incriminating evidence was safely out of sight.

The man was so grateful for having been saved from what probably would have been a nasty time in court that he couldn't seem to thank me enough.

"If there's anything I can ever do for you," he fairly begged, "please, please let me know." He handed me his card. He was the owner of a large New York beauty shop.

"Thank you," I began, "but there really isn't . . ." And then an incredible idea exploded in my mind! "See him?" I said, pointing to Bill who was standing nearby talking with the others. "Well," I went on, taking a deep breath, "I want his hair dyed. Red."

The man looked at me questioningly. "But it's red now," he said. "Auburn, anyway."

"I know," I said. "But I want it real red. Blazing red, Fireman red."

Bill looked up, and saw us eyeing him.

"Hey," he said coming over, "what's going on here?"

I grinned at him. "A secret," I said, and refused to tell him until we were alone. When I did tell him, he let out a roar of protest that must have been heard for miles. But remember what I said? There's a family joke (?) that I usually get my way.

The next day my erstwhile auburn-haired husband emerged from a shop in mid-town Manhattan a little pale around the gills, but with the loudest red hair this side of Killarney.

"I feel terrible," he kept moaning.

"You don't either," I told him. "And you look grand."

A few days later we were at the dock waiting for the Howards. They came down the gangplank, eagerly searching us out in the crowd. Then Leslie saw Bill. He took one look, and his eyes widened in amazement. Then he said in a kind of awed whisper, "Red Reagan!"

It was the beginning of a new career for Bill. It was his first part of any dramatic significance, and the one which brought him national recognition. It brought him his first Hollywood offer, for Lewis Milestone came across the country to see "Red Reagan," then persuaded Bill to come to California to play the part of Sergeant O'Hara in a motion picture he was about to make. Perhaps some of you remember "Rain." It was Bill's first picture.

We had every intention of returning to New York after the picture was over. "Don't buy anything we can't take on the Chief," Bill kept warning me.

I didn't intend to buy so much as a pair of Mexican jumping beans. All I was thinking about was how lovely it was back in New York.

The thing that changed my attitude toward California was simple—an invitation to Palm Springs. In the old days, before the Springs became famous as a resort for the wealthy and the weary, it was just another hole in the desert. But there was something about it that got me. The "land for sale" signs began to tantalize me, and a few days later I found myself writing a check payable to a real estate man.

When I got back to Hollywood and the magic had dimmed slightly, I felt that I'd been a weak and foolish female. Whatever would Bill say? Well, we could always sell it back, I decided, and with this reassuring thought I confessed to my husband that I had made a purchase we couldn't possibly take with us on the Chief.

When I finished, he said, "Well, I guess I better go have a look at it. Man ought to see what his wife's been up to. For better or for worse, remember?" He gave me one of those funny, quick grins and patted me on the head with an air of paternal forgiveness.

The next thing I knew, Bill had collected an architect, and a contractor. Six months later we had a ranch house in Palm Springs. And a few months later still, we had the beginnings of a bona fide ranch.

Bill said there was no point in just pretending to be ranchers. Besides, it would be good for us to have a sound investment like a ranch to fall back on if times ever got tough. It was an unromantic approach I felt, but then Bill is much more of a realist than I am.

There was certainly nothing romantic in the way Bill went about learning to be a rancher. It was sheer, unadulterated hard work. He approached it as he did everything else—with all of him. He read some books, but mostly he just went out and tried it out with his own hands. If blisters were pennies we'd have had a fortune.

The boys and I spent most of our time at the ranch while Bill was in pictures, and when we weren't there or trekking through the desert we stayed at home in Beverly Hills. Life was pleasant, and the kids and the ranch and Bill's career all grew and prospered.

Then came 1941, when life stopped being pleasant and predictable for everyone.

Tune In

"DOUBLE or NOTHING"

with Walter O'Keefe

Every Morning and Every Afternoon on NBC Stations

Read the true life story of Walter O'Keefe and see the beautiful full-page color portrait in TRUE STORY Magazine

NOW ON NEWSSTANDS

Bill tried to enlist, but they wouldn't have him. He did, however, join the USO and spent most of the war years overseas. He was the first actor to fly the Hump, and the first one to reach the boys in India. Those were agonizing times of worry for me, even though I know that husband of mine is as indestructible as they come. But he came back, and in a major's uniform, too.

Of course, when he returned Bill found the picture industry had changed along with everything else. It was tough to regain his old position and he found the parts he did get were very uninspiring. Bill didn't just want to be in pictures, he wanted to act. It looked as if Hollywood no longer had a real place for him.

Characteristically Bill looked the problem square in the eye and decided to start elsewhere to rebuild his career.

Radio was a possibility, but it was not new to him. He'd done a number of air shows before Martin Kane, Private Eye. But television . . . that was a challenge! Perhaps, he confided to me, he could figure a way to find a niche in both radio and TV. If he could get an idea that would be suitable, he'd have a chance to try a lot of things he wasn't able to do in pictures.

He made some careful investigations into the TV set-up and then went into a huddle with his writer Ted Heddiger. Together they created Martin Kane, Private Eye. Bill's always had a soft spot for the detective character for his father was one in Brooklyn years ago.

Bill had no idea how or to whom "Martin Kane" was going to be sold. He just was sure it would be. He knew he had a good idea and when Bill believes in something he can talk anyone into believing it, too.

A few weeks later he called from New York to give me the joyous tidings that his present sponsors had just bought themselves a radio and television show entitled Martin Kane, Private Eye, starring William Gargan.

There was only one unhappy note. We would have to leave California for most of the year.

So I packed up the suitcases and went to say goodbye to George and Scrovney.

George is our turtle. We figure he's at least three hundred years old. Bill found him touring around the back yard one day and thought maybe the old fellow needed a home. He built him a little wooden shelter out in the garden and he's been with us since.

I didn't mind saying goodbye to George, because he seems to enjoy solitude. But I knew Scrovney would be a different problem. He's our Siamese cat, and Bill's special pet. From the day he brought him home, a little bright-eyed bundle peering out from under Bill's jacket, Scrovney was my husband's constant companion.

"It isn't that we don't want you," I found myself explaining to him, in some desperation. "It's just that New York is too hectic for you." I hoped he would understand, but he was determined to be difficult. He gave me a bitter look. "Phooey," he said. And quite distinctly, too.

Hectic was just the word, too. Not since the early days in pictures was there so much scrambling, confusion and crisis. Getting the radio show under way wasn't so bad. It was the television debut that had us on edge.

The day of the first program was nerve-racking. Bill didn't even come home for dinner. I was to meet him at the studio after the show.

A few minutes before I was to leave, the phone rang. I almost didn't answer it, but how glad I am now that I did! It was a call from Leslie Howard's daughter, "Doody", who had landed in New York just that day.

To me it was a wonderful omen. Doody, who is really named Leslie after her father, seemed to me to be a kind of sign that Leslie's spirit was hovering about, bringing Bill luck at the beginning of this new career. Leslie had always brought Bill luck. So I insisted that Doody come to the show, but I didn't tell Bill.

When it was over, we walked out of the client's booth as Bill was delivering the last handshakes. He looked up, and saw me. Then he saw Doody.

His eyebrows shot up in amazement. He let out a wild yell and came tearing over. "Doody" he shouted as he lifted her into the air with one of his huge bear hugs.

"She called just before I left tonight," I explained when Bill had simmered down. "I knew it meant good luck."

Bill gave me a quick understanding smile. He looked at Doody for a quiet moment and took both her hands in his. "Good old Leslie," he said in a kind of choked whisper. That Gargan is a very sentimental guy.

It's an odd thing that our younger son, Leslie Howard Gargan, who is also named after the famous actor, resembles him in so many ways. He has something of the same shy, pensive quality. And that same look of quiet amusement when he's observing people. When our son was four, the elder Leslie had the boy's portrait painted. It's still hanging in our living room. I remember Leslie saying, "It isn't so much like him now, Mary, but he'll grow up to it. Your son's an old soul. Like me."

Barrie, our older son, is very different. He's the garrulous extrovert and his energy is as boundless as his father's. He looks so much like Bill it's a little startling. Except for the fact that Barrie's several inches taller and a good thirty pounds heavier, they look almost like twins.

The boys adore their father, and I think the main reason is that Bill was always on the level with them, even when they were little. He was a stern disciplinarian when they behaved badly, but he was ready to admit when he was wrong, too.

Bill's that way with everyone. He believes in being honest about what he likes or doesn't like. Not being honest means being a phony to him, and he hates phonies. And he isn't afflicted with that air of conceit that marks so many actors. In fact he hates talking shop when he's away from the studio. He'd much rather talk about cooking or horses.

"I can't relax and think about my work at the same time," he says. "Besides, if more actors left their roles at the studio they'd be a lot better off."

Right now, however, Bill seldom gets out of the studio. Doing a television show keeps him constantly on the run. The days are packed with countless crises. Unlike the movies, there is no chance for a "retake" on TV.

Bill loves it though. He likes the challenge and the sense of going forward with something new. As far as we know he'll continue with Martin Kane for at least another year. What will happen after that I can't tell. But as I said before, with Gargan around anything can happen.

HAIR MORE Colorful—

LIFE MORE Exciting!

Dates...or doldrums? So much of your romantic appeal depends on your hair. Keep it glowing—with warm, thrilling *Marchand* color!

Follow *every* shampoo with a colorful Marchand Rinse. One of Marchand's 12 flattering shades will do a glamour job for *you*, whether you're blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. This beauty rinse not only adds *color*, it removes shampoo film and fills your hair with glorious highlights!

Safe, easy to use. Marchand's does so much more for your hair than lemon or vinegar.

Marchand's★

"MAKE-UP" HAIR RINSE

2 Rinses 10¢ • 6 Rinses 25¢

★By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

DON'T LET THOSE "DIFFICULT DAYS" COME BETWEEN YOU

Maybe it *was* his fault—that quarrel. *Maybe.* But *next time take care!* Don't let those *Monthly Blues* make you nervous and irritable! Instead — for nervous tension, periodic cramps and headache — help get usually grand relief with these improved Chi-Ches-Ters Pills! Packed in three convenient sizes. Get Chi-Ches-Ters Pills at your druggist.

CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

FREE—New illustrated booklet of intimate facts every woman should know. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write today! Chichester Chemical Company, Dept. 25-S, Philadelphia 46, Pennsylvania.

R M

High School Course at Home — **Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin.
American School, Dept. H953, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

Now YOU can Make Daily Extra Cash Income!

No investment necessary! You need no previous experience! We furnish materials. All you have to do is handle orders for us—on your own time!

Represent us in your community. Help your friends and neighbors by handling their magazine subscription orders for them. Write today without delay and let us tell you how easy it is. U.S.A. sales only. Address:

Macfadden Publications, Inc.
Bartholomew Bldg., Dept. RM12-5
205 E. 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED and Colored in Oils
to size 8 x 10 on double weight paper
FREE A Famous Hollywood Star in Colors with each order.
89¢ 3 for $2.50

Same price for full length pictures, busts and groups. Your original photo returned with enlargements. Give color of eyes, hair and clothes. Just mail photo, negative or snapshot regardless of size and enclose 89c per picture. Pictures mailed postpaid within 5 days. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SEND YOUR PHOTO NOW
Payment must accompany order

ALBERTS PHOTO STUDIO CO., Dept. C
Bush Building, Suite 1901 New York 18, N. Y.

Made-Over Mindy

(*Continued from page 33*)

year," seventeen-year-old Mindy told me, "I've got to give up singing."

I might have thought she was joking if it hadn't been for her looks. In show business, beginners as well as stars usually gild the lily and sometimes add a few petals of their own where nature is remiss. Nature had given Mindy as much beauty as woman has a right to. But Mindy looked as if she had chosen her clothes while playing blindman's buff.

"You've got charm and a wonderful voice," I advised her cautiously, "but, well, you don't dress properly."

"How should I dress?"

That was a sensible question but she stumped me. After all, like most men, I always had my opinion of when a woman looked right or wrong, but I realized that training in aeronautics and the music business had hardly prepared me for grooming a young woman.

"The only thing I'm sure of," I told her, "is that a band-leader, for example, would not want a vocalist who looks like a fugitive from high school. Beyond that we must get advice."

So friends of mine looked at Mindy. And their counsel boiled down to this: "Dye your hair blonde . . . use heavy make-up . . . dress in low-cut gowns."

"Eddie, what do you think?" Mindy asked.

I was confused. I valued their opinions but couldn't agree with them.

"I like you the way you are," I told her frankly. "Let's see if we can find some clothes that match your personality."

So I accompanied Mindy on shopping excursions and, believe me, it was quite a strain. I was never able to acquire the suavity of movie characters who accompany women to a dress salon. I was strictly awkward and embarrassed.

I should have known then that to go through this for any girl, I must have been in love. Mindy must have known, too, but we never talked about it. Actually, there didn't seem to be any "falling" in love—it was as if it had been there all the time!

But to get back to gowns. "I'm not much help," Mindy said.

"You aren't," I agreed. I discovered that Mindy was one of those rare women who could walk by the most fashionable dress shop in New York and never glance at the window.

"I'm thinking of more important things," she explained.

"Like baseball."

That, she said, with a grin, was true.

Strangely enough, my trying to convert Mindy from a girl who dressed and acted like a tomboy was quite similar to the problem that had been confronting her mother. The Carson children consisted theoretically of two boys and a girl. But Mindy was a girl by fact, not by choice. In their Bronx neighborhood, she was recognized as a hot infielder with a batting average as good as her male playmates.

Her family doctor has recorded two black eyes, several loose teeth and a split head that Mindy suffered in rhubarbs. You can realize the work that had to be done in making her into the girl critics now describe as "so feminine and graceful." And you can appreciate that her mother didn't know whether Mindy would grow into a lady or the Yankee ball club's first woman shortstop. But the Carsons let Mindy make her own decision except on one point: her becoming a singer.

And every two months on the dot she reopened the subject with her parents and each time they said no. But it was more than mere nagging with Mindy. She has a great deal of independence. She proved that in high school when she took an after-school stenographical job with a candy company.

"Why did you do that?" I once asked her.

"Well, I needed more spending money," she explained. "I didn't want to ask Dad for a bigger allowance."

By the time she graduated, she advanced to assistant-sales-manager in the candy company—quite a lot of responsibility for a seventeen-year-old—and earned herself a winter vacation at her aunt's Florida home. Her singing ambition got another lift in Miami. A night club owner heard her voice in a community sing and offered her a job at one hundred twenty-five dollars a week. She turned it down—but came back north with a new argument for her parents.

The first night home she spoke eloquently, as only a teen-ager can. She spoke rapidly, not allowing them to get a word in edgewise. Then she sat back breathless, waiting for the usual objections, and preparing her rebuttal.

Instead of arguing, her father asked, "Do you think you could get this idea of singing out of your system in a year?"

"Yes," she said.

"Then go ahead."

I met Mindy only a month after her parents consented. In those few weeks, she had learned that a dozen important people may like your voice but nothing comes of it. But her luck changed after she recorded "Rumors are Flying." I played the disc for Harry Cool, who was taking his band into the Glen Island Casino.

"By the way, I haven't got a vocalist yet," he said.

"Do you have anyone in mind?"

He shook his head and, as an afterthought, said, "I like the girl on this record. Who is she?"

"You can meet her right now," I told him. "She's out in the reception room."

I kept my fingers crossed, for to a bandleader the appearance of a vocalist is almost as important as her voice. Mindy came in wearing a simple, tailored suit she had just bought. To me, she still looked a little awkward on high heels. But Harry took his time talking to her and watching her.

"She'll do," he said and hired her for the duration of his engagement.

Mindy and I knew that we were headed in the right direction. And it was then that I, too, made a decision. I had returned from the army to my father's publishing business. When Mindy came along, I decided to try my hand at being a manager. Naturally, she was my first client.

"We're starting out together," she said.

In a subtle way, she became an important part of my personal life. I realize now that someone should have written a song, "You'd be so Nice to Adjust to." It would have applied to Mindy, although our meetings always appeared to be for business reasons—engagements, or auditions that I was

continually trying to set up for her.

We saw so much of each other that it was inevitable that we should either end up hating each other—or loving each other. With us, love. But our business tie-up complicated terribly any opportunity for announcing our engagement. I couldn't very well get Mindy an audition or a job if people in show business knew we were engaged. They'd think my interest in getting her bookings was purely personal.

"I don't know when the romance began," Mindy says now. "It just grew."

It grew in spite of the fact that most of the time I had to work her hard to make her improve her poise and grace. And when her first big chance came, I was as eager and tense as she. That happened when Mindy had used up six months of the year her parents had allowed. Paul Whiteman was auditioning for his program, Stairway to the Stars, and he agreed to hear Mindy.

She had every reason to be nervous. With only two months of actual singing experience, she was about to audition for the most famous bandleader of our time. Pops Whiteman sized up the state of her nerves immediately.

"Relax," he told her. "Just imagine you're singing at home."

"I'll try," she said.

Pops grinned, saying, "That's foolish advice. You'll be scared anyway."

And she was scared—until she got to the microphone. But when she sang you knew that she was thinking only of the song. Pops was so pleased he gave her a permanent job on the show. It was a wonderful experience for her, but when the radio series came to an end I had other plans.

"You need night club experience—but it'll be tough," I announced.

I explained that a singer must have real showmanship to hold her audience in a club. The people must fall completely under her spell or they rattle their glasses and start table conversation. Clothes, appearance and poise, which have no significance on radio, mean everything to a night club audience. And in these departments, Mindy still had a short-stop-ish appearance.

"I moved like an all-star athlete," Mindy freely admits. "Eddie says I walked out to the mike as though I were going to first base after hitting a home run."

We began rehearsing immediately with me—and I can think of nothing funnier—teaching Mindy to walk gracefully. My experience had included neither acting nor female impersonation. And my physique is in the standard male tradition. But there I was demonstrating how a woman should walk from her hips and carry her shoulders and head.

"Now, Mindy, let's see you curtsy," I finished.

Two days later, as we traveled to Baltimore in a train compartment, I was still trying to teach Mindy to curtsy. It looks simple enough: you merely put one foot behind the other and sort of sink at the knees. Every time I demonstrated I twisted my ankles and lost my balance. When Mindy tried, she tripped over her skirt and fell flat on her face. Just before show time, however, a dancer showed her how to curtsy. Mindy learned all right—but the first time she tried before an audience, she dropped so low that she had to use her hands to help her up.

Just the same, she was highly praised during the engagement and other offers came in. Mindy then made a swing around the country preparing for her biggest night club job at the New York Copacabana. And when she arrived there, she made history. After her initial four-week date, she was held over for another month and upped to star billing, becoming the youngest performer ever to be so honored. That was followed by a movie contract offer.

"You open at Ciro's in a few days," I told her. "Why don't you decide about movies after you get to Hollywood?"

"Will you be coming with me?" she asked.

"I want to go with you," I told Mindy. "But in a new capacity. Wouldn't you rather introduce me as your husband than your manager? I'd like it a lot better that way!"

We'd never been officially engaged—for business reasons, as I explained. Now there wasn't time. So we announced our engagement and our wedding all at once—three hours after we were married!

"Now I'm a boss, too," was Mindy's comment.

I was right. I like it a lot better this way.

When we are both in Manhattan our day starts at ten in the morning. Mindy comes down to her office, which is next to mine. There she rehearses, keeps up her music files, plans her NBC programs and answers fan mail. During the day, I am still boss. After work, however, she takes over. And as a housewife, she manages very well *now*—although, at first, she had her problems.

"It won't jell," she told me, after following the "simple" instructions for gelatin dessert. "Cooking seemed so easy, watching mother, but it's another matter when you do it yourself."

Of course, Mindy had been playing ball when most girls were in the kitchen. But her mother gallantly came through with advice. The first month Mindy averaged about ten telephone calls per meal to her mother. Now her specialties, so far as I'm concerned, are fried chicken and French toast.

About every third week end we get away from Manhattan for relaxation at my father's home on Long Island. There we try to act like a normal couple, lounging and talking. And Mindy spends a lot of time playing with the children of other guests.

"I want a medium-sized family," she tells everyone. "About three children."

She wants that medium-size family very much—and so do I—but at the present Mindy's work is too demanding. When you realize that such established stars as Jack Benny and Bob Hope tour the country regularly to maintain their prestige, you can understand why it's so important for such a young entertainer as Mindy to be on the road. But I'll never forget her telephone call from San Francisco last spring. I knew at once she was blue.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Are you sick?"

Then she told me. She had left her hotel that morning with her music cradled in her arm. In the lobby she met a young woman, carrying her baby in one arm exactly the way Mindy carried her music.

So you can see everything isn't candy and cake for a young singer. But Mindy has made the transition from tomboy to wife. When she sings, you know she has left the baseball mitt behind.

But I like best the way Mindy's mother phrases it.

"This is truly the age of miracles," she says. "Mindy has become a real lady, and married a nice young man!"

Relieve Constipation Pleasantly

Your child will enjoy taking this tasty laxative

MOTHER, doesn't it hurt you to *force* your child to take a laxative? Millions of mothers know the happy solution to that problem. It's Ex-Lax!

Youngsters love its good chocolate taste. But equally important to you, Mother, is the gentle way Ex-Lax works. It brings effective relief without upsetting your child. Mothers can trust Ex-Lax—it's the dependable laxative many doctors use in their practice.

When Nature 'forgets'... remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

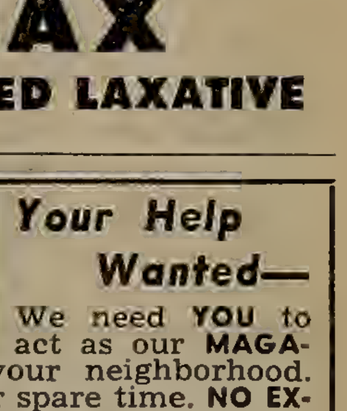
Do YOU Want Extra Dollars? . . .

Your Help Wanted—

We need **YOU** to act as our **MAGAZINE SECRETARY** in your neighborhood. Earn $10 to $50 in your spare time. **NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!** Take subscription orders for ALL magazines for your friends and neighbors. Write **TODAY** for **FREE material** (U.S.A. sales only) to:

Subscription Secretary Div.
MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. RM12-5
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

"The Work I Love" AND $35 to $45 A WEEK!



"I'm a TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE and thankful to CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING for training me, at home, in my spare time, for this well-paid dignified work."

YOU can become a nurse too! Thousands of men and women, 18 to 60, have studied this thorough, home-study course. Lessons are easy to understand and high school education not necessary. Many earn as they learn—Mrs. R. W. of Mich. earned $25 a week while still studying. Endorsed by physicians. Easy payments. Trial plan. Equipment included. 51st year. Write now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 212, 41 East Pearson Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_____ Age_____

City_____ State_____

R M

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ELIMINATED

by amazing discovery called

Meets all tests

"PELEX"

THE EGYPTIAN BALM

Removes every hair, with roots, from face and body. Harmless, odorless, easy to use.

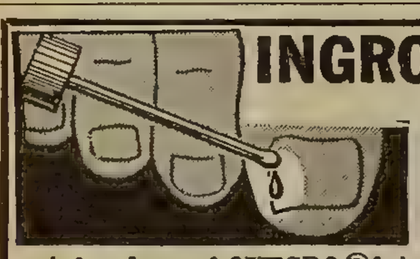
DESTROYS ROOTS SO HAIR CANNOT GROW!

Entirely New Method with Guaranteed Results

Write for FREE illustrated folder

NOFRETETE

PELEX BEAUTY PRODUCTS CO.
P. O. BOX 173F • BERKELEY, CALIF.



INGROWN NAIL Hurting You?

Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTGRO® bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO toughens the skin underneath the nail, allows the nail to be cut and thus prevents further pain and discomfort. OUTGRO is available at all drug counters.

Temporary

WRINKLE REMOVER

A few drops of magic, and in a few minutes, the soft, smooth touch of youth is yours again . . . wrinkles and puffiness under the eyes smoothed away. Thrill to SMOOTH, temporary wrinkle remover, a gay new cosmetic that helps you look lovelier, fresher, and younger. At cosmetic counters everywhere—39¢ plus tax. Or send 50¢ in coin or money order to cover the cost, tax, and mailing charges for enchanting SMOOTH, to Technical Laboratories, Inc., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY

NEW SILK FINISH

ENLARGEMENT

GOLD TOOLED FRAME

Beautiful 5 x 7 enlargement made from your favorite snapshot, photo or negative and mounted in a handsome gold tooled frame. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully hand colored in oil. **SEND NO MONEY**—simply pay postman 29c each for the enlargement and frame plus cost of mailing. Satisfaction guaranteed. Limit two to a customer. Originals returned with your enlargement. Offer limited to U.S.A

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. A33, Hollywood 38, Calif.

WIN WIN WIN

YOU CAN WIN CONTEST PRIZES!

Write for free *"Shepherd Confidential Contest Bulletin"* — finest winning help for the biggest contests now on.

Win Cash, Cars, Homes, Trips and other prizes, as our Students are. Write today for FREE BULLETIN!

SHEPHERD SCHOOL
1015 Chestnut St., Dept. E
Philadelphia 7, Penna.

WIN WIN WIN WIN WIN WIN

A Good Place to Be

(*Continued from page 63*)

my coffee to cool it, I said, "No kidding, Charley? Rushville Center got this big honor?"

"No kidding, Shuffle." Charley shook open a magazine, one of those big slippery ones, and turned it around on the counter so I could see. And so help me, there was a picture of Main Street, looking North, with the Cameo and Prince's Store and the General Drug all showing up big as life. At the top of the page was "The Town that Tells America's Story." It was real exciting, like suddenly seeing a familiar face in a crowd you thought was all strangers. "Well gosh," I said to Charley, "that's something for sure, ain't it!"

"Sure is. And you know what?" He leaned over the counter and pointed to the cover of the magazine. "See this? *People USA,* that's the name of this magazine, and it goes all over the world, Shuffle. Right now maybe in London, England they're looking at this picture and reading all about us here. Makes you think," Charley said soberly, taking back the magazine and carefully putting it beneath the counter.

I bent down and hooked my rubbers up over my heels. I wanted to hurry down to the Perkins Lumber Yard and talk this big thing over with Ma—like I usually do with everything that happens, I guess. Having a friend like Ma Perkins is sure a wonderful thing for a feller like me. I'm alone, you know—got no family, nothing but myself. That is, I've got no family but Ma's. She's made me part of it. I know she'd be hopping mad if she heard me say I hadn't any of my own. "What are we, Shuffle?" she'd say—matter of fact she has said it, couple of times when I hurt her feelings by not coming straight to her when I had a problem. "What are we, Fay and Evey and Willy and me? Aren't we your family? Land, Shuffle, you been a part of this family so long we couldn't get on without you." That makes me luckier than most, having a family with Ma Perkins in it, looking out for me and caring what happens to me. What's more she's my boss—or was when this thing happened about Rushville Center. Means a lot when your boss is your friend too.

When I got to the office, what do you think—there sat Ma with a copy of this magazine, *People USA,* open in front of her! "Well," I said. "Sure takes the pleasure out of life, the way you get to finding things out so fast a feller can't be the first to bring you the good news." I went over in the corner and took off my rubbers and hooked my umbrella over the clothes-horse, taking the opportunity to see if Willy's coat was hanging up there. For a wonder, it was. Willy—Willy Fitz is Ma's son-in-law, married to her daughter Evey—he's not the earliest bird in town. But he's sure been shaping up well since he began working with us at the Yard.

Ma's blue eyes were sparkling behind her glasses. "It is good news, isn't it, Shuffle? My land, how proud it makes you to be a part of this town of ours. All the things it says here about us—they must have had somebody down here reporting on us, Shuffle, you know that?—and taking the pictures and all."

"You always been proud of this town, Ma," I reminded her. "Don't know of another citizen that's felt the way you do about it. Matter of fact, don't know of another one that's done more'n you have to make it worthy of this great honor."

"Well now, that's a speech you ought to have left Mayor Ross to make." Willy had come in behind us without me seeing him, and now he stood there grinning. "Say, Shuffle, you turn a right pretty phrase when you want. They ought to make you part of the welcoming committee."

"What welcoming committee?"

"Wait'll you hear!" Willy sat on a corner of the desk to tell us. "They're sending a delegation to present something to us for winning this. From New York City, or wherever this magazine has its office. Right down here to Rushville Center they're sending it. Shouldn't wonder if it was a silver cup or something like that."

Ma shook her head gently. "Now wait, Willy. We don't know for sure they're doing any such thing. This being mentioned in the magazine and all, that's honor enough for us. We don't need silver cups to remind us."

"Well, maybe not a silver cup. But Evey was to this luncheon thing yesterday—the Garden Club, you know—and she heard it from somebody who heard it straight from Mayor Ross's office himself! And they're getting up a whole reception with bands and stuff. Great, isn't it? A little excitement around town after all this quiet." He rubbed his hands together happily.

I snorted. "All this quiet! Willy Fitz, you know darn well you like this town just the way she is. I know I do. What do we need with excitement and com-

WATCH FOR THE

vicious criminal described on the "True Detective Mysteries" radio program Sunday afternoon.

$1000 REWARD

is offered for information leading to his arrest. For complete details, and for an exciting half-hour of action and suspense, tune in

"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Every Sunday afternoon on 502 Mutual radio stations

mittees and sil er cups and whatnot? We got everything we need right here in Rushville Center, and we had it before these smart fellers came down here and told us we had it. What they're just finding out I known about all the years I been here, that this is the best place in the whole world to be living—this and the other towns that are like it! They don't have to give us no silver cups to go on being the kind of place that's fit for decent human beings to live!"

The little office was so quiet I could hear the echo of my last words. Ma and Willy were both looking at me in some surprise. "Land o'goshen, Shuffle," Ma said at last, "maybe Willy here is right. Maybe they ought to put you up there making speeches. I don't know when I've heard a nicer way of thinking." She continued to look at me as if she was just getting to know something new about me, and I went over and sat down at my own desk and started shuffling around with my papers because I was feeling a little uncomfortable. Bashful. Wasn't like me to go shooting my mouth off that way.

"Tell you the truth, though, Shuffle and Willy." Ma's voice had a worried tone in it now. "I got to thinking myself last night, after Evey came home and told us. Even if we don't get a silver cup, if Evey didn't hear the truth about what they got planned for us down there at the magazine—well, there's bound to be something going on in town to celebrate this. And I just hope nobody does . . . well, nothing foolish. Like . . ." Ma shook her head again, not quite knowing what it was she wanted to say, or maybe not knowing just how to say it, so as not to hurt anyone's feelings.

"Oho," Willy said. "I get you. You're afraid the Pendletons, maybe, will promote themselves a big slice of celebration. All dressed up in fancy clothes and such, furs and jewels and whatnot."

"Well . . ." Ma sighed. "It just ain't Rushville Center, really—not the plain folks who live here. It would be a shame if Mayor Ross got talked into doing something flashy that didn't really look like the rest of town."

"Sure would," I said. "It wouldn't be representative, that's what—wouldn't represent the real life that goes on here in town. And after all that's what we got this silver cup for, for being representative."

Speaking of representative, what we were doing that morning at the Lumber Yard was absoluately representative of what was going on all over town. It must have been, because if people hadn't of been sitting around hashing over the news all day they couldn't have come up with all the different stories about what was going to happen that were going around town by nightfall.

Stories! You never heard such! First the whole staff of the magazine was coming down in a body with the key to New York City in its hand. Then Mayor Ross was getting called to go up to New York to get the silver cup and about eight million dollars or thereabouts as part of the award.

Joseph, the young feller who's practically like a son to Ma—Joseph came round to Ma's house that night after dinner and said, laughing, that down at the Lodge Hall they were saying President Truman himself was going to make a speech about Rushville Center. Having just had one of Ma's good dinners, finished off with apple dumpling and coffee, I was feeling too mellow to be hard on anybody, but I couldn't help saying a thing or two about any danged fool who'd repeat such a story.

"Not you, Joseph," I made sure to tell him, "but these other chaps down there making fools out of themselves. By gosh, this whole town's acting like a bunch of children judging from what I been hearing all day. Makes you almost ashamed to be associated with them." You see, it was beginning, that inferiority complex I spoke about. I was starting to be afraid that Rushville Center would look foolish—not in *my* eyes exactly, but in the eyes of these important magazine people from New York. I was afraid one or two people in town would make the rest of us look ridiculous.

"Well, nobody really thinks President Truman is going to take any notice," Joseph said mildly. "Only thing is, there's something going on down in the Mayor's office, and that's one reason these stories are going around so fast and furious. There's something brewing. You'll see."

Fay, who's Ma's younger daughter, looked at me with a smile. "Don't you feel proud of Rushville Center, Shuffle? Don't you want to celebrate our being chosen as the typical American town."

"Well sure, Fay, who wouldn't? But I don't . . ." I struggled with it for a minute and then gave up. I just couldn't say what it was bothering me, why I had this grumpy feeling about it. I know now, though—I think I was mainly annoyed that just the fact that we were taken notice of by some outside people could get everyone in town all het up.

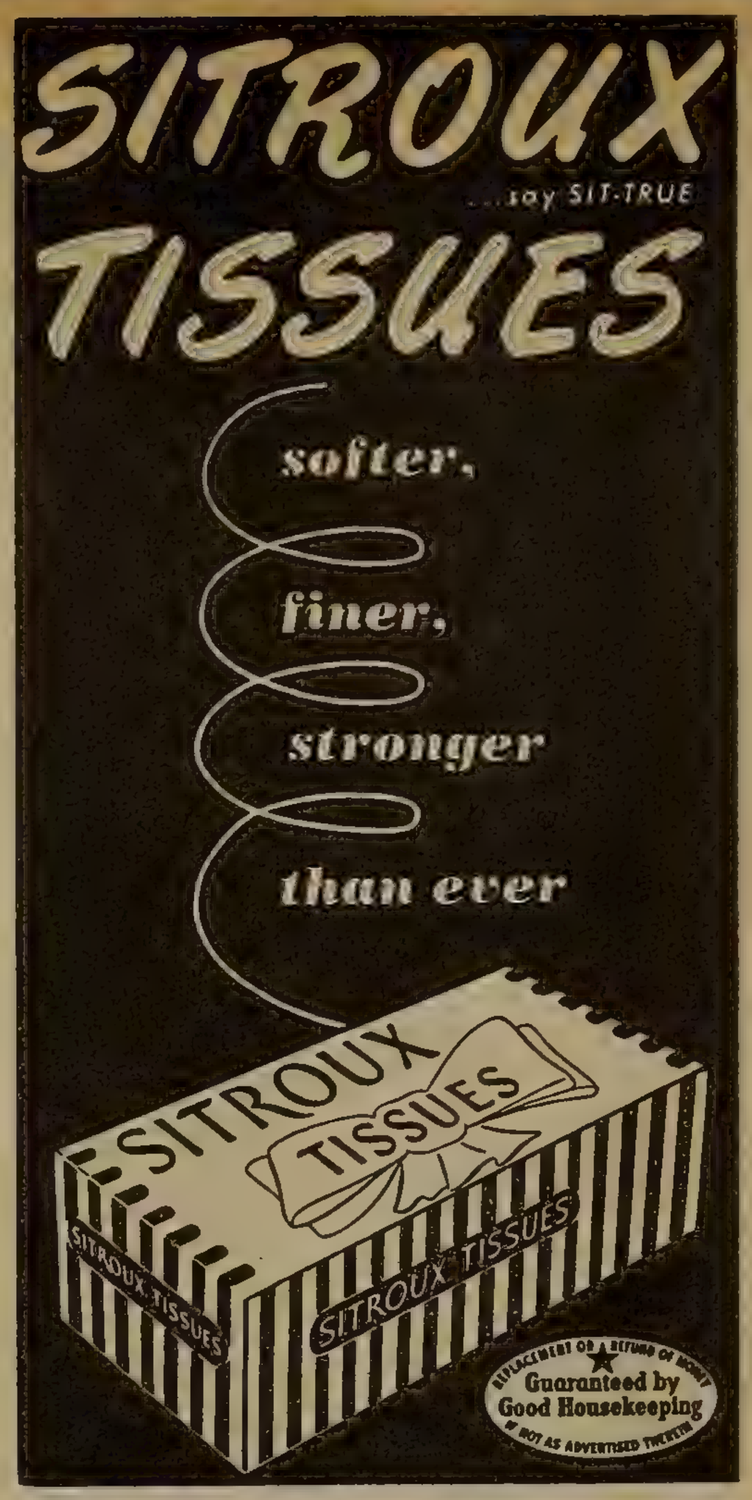
But Joseph was right. Something was brewing for sure, and a few days later we all found out what it was. Not a silver cup, and not a key to any city either, nor yet a million dollars. Purely and simply, this magazine was sending some writers down to Rushville Center to do a whole bunch of stories about us, not just the one that had already been printed. A whole series, with pictures and everything. And after *that*, after all the articles had been printed one by one, they would be collected together into a real book and sold!

"Well," I said to Ma down at the Yard the day we found out, "this beats all. A book about Rushville Center is something I never thought I'd see."

"No, it's not the sort of thing that comes to mind," Ma agreed. She sighed. "I guess now the plans will begin to get made, Shuffle—for the greeting and all. I do hope they do the right thing by Rushville Center. Something pleasant and friendly and dignified. Let them get to know us like we really are."

"I'll bet. More likely they'll be hanging out the Memorial Day flags and getting the kids from the high school in their band uniforms." The picture depressed me so much I made it even better. "And a big dinner at the Pendletons' with finger-bowls. And banners hanging all over Main Street like it was a carnival or something."

Well, and you know something? All those far-fetched ideas I was sprouting off there in the office, about a carnival and what-not—you know how far-fetched they were? Why, practically the first thing anybody suggested (it was all reported in the paper) was a Fair! Then after a few days that petered out, and they began developing all kinds of things. A water show, a darned old Aqua-something they were



I Was Nearly "Nuts" With Fiery Itch—

Until I discovered Dr. D. D. Dennis' amazingly fast relief—D. D. D. Prescription. World popular, this pure, cooling, liquid medication speeds peace and comfort from cruel itching caused by eczema, rashes, scalp irritation, chafing, athlete's foot and other itch troubles. Greaseless, stainless. Trial bottle, 35¢. First application relieves, soothes that angry red itch or money back. Ask druggist for D. D. D. Prescription.

Amazing New Plan!
DRESS for YOU FOR ORDERING 3 !

Pay no money! Your choice of gorgeous new dress in your favorite style, size and color GIVEN TO YOU for sending orders for only 3 dresses for friends, neighbors or members of your family. **That's all . . .** and your own dress is included without paying one cent. **FREE SAMPLES!** Write for big Style Presentation showing scores of latest fashions . . . actual sample fabrics in nylons, rayon, cotton dresses; lingerie, hosiery, and children's wear, sportwear, suits, etc. No money needed. **EARN CASH TOO—Up to $23 in a Week IN SPARE TIME!** You can get complete wardrobe and **EARN CASH TOO—IN SPARE TIME, EASY!** Write today giving dress size and age.
HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. C-514, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Happy Is The Day When Backache Goes Away . . . .

As we get older, stress and strain, over-exertion, excessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slows down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness. Getting up nights or frequent passages may result from minor bladder irritations due to cold, dampness or dietary indiscretions.

If your discomforts are due to these causes, don't wait, try Doan's Pills, a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. While these symptoms may often otherwise occur, it's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

going to put on down at the Lake.

Finally the plans got shaved down to a big delegation of welcome to meet the train that was bringing the writers from the city. Old Miss Marcella Purdy, from the high school, she told Ma that they were going to put on a parade with a band and have the prettiest gals dressed up like drum majors, twirling batons, and Ma got so unhappy over that that she did something about it. I don't know what. I suspect she kind of made a chance to have a little talk, informal-like, with Mayor Ross and sort of talked him out of it. Ma appears to keep pretty quiet as a rule, but she can sure get around when there's something she wants to get done!

Whatever she did, it got done thorough. There weren't going to be any drum major or majorettes or much of a committee either. Just enough to make the newcomers feel welcome to Rushville Center, and help them find their way around. You see, in her quiet way I don't know of another single person that's got as much influence in Rushville Center as Ma Perkins. She don't always use it, in fact I don't know as she knows how much of it she really has, but there are times when she feels so strong about the town or somebody in it that she just naturally puts forth her hand to help it come out right. Never saw the time when it wasn't the right thing that she tried to get done, either. Folks in Rushville Center, they're likely to listen to what Ma has to say, and I guess Mayor Ross lent an ear that time.

But there was one person I should've known you couldn't keep down, and that was Mathilda Pendleton. I never will forget the day I got that letter in the mail at the rooming house. I had to tear through about six envelopes and then it finally fell out, and I turned it all around and even then it looked so strange to me I barged right on down to the Lumber Yard without even stopping for breakfast. "Say, Ma," I said to her almost before I was really in. "Ma, look here—did you get one of these too? What in tarnation *is* it?"

"Why, it's an invitation, Shuffle dear." Ma glanced at it and nodded. "I got one this morning too. It's what's called a formal note of invitation, Fay tells me." Then, because she can't help being just plain nice-natured, she added, "I expect it'll be a fine party, or reception or whatever. I believe I'll get me a nice new dress for the occasion."

"Just like a woman," I snorted. "For gosh sakes, Ma, this sounds like Mathilda Pendleton is going to do just what we hoped she wouldn't—have one of them parties with finger bowls and all."

"I don't know, Shuffle," Ma said. "Seems to me it might've been so much worse, with the Water Carnival and all . . . Fay tells me this Mr. Sinclair is a famous writer. Wrote some books about the war. She's all excited about meeting him."

"Fay ought to know," I said grudgingly. "She reads more'n anybody I know. She wants to meet him, eh?" I folded the card and put it away in my pocket. Ma was right, I guessed. If Mathilda Pendleton didn't go off the deep end with it, just a plain party might be as good a way as any to have them meet Rushville Center folks. Just then Willy walked in, so I took the occasion to ask him something that was bothering at the back of my mind.

"Assuming you got one of these here invites too, Willy," I began, and Willy nodded and said yes, they'd got one that morning. "Well," I said, "you figuring—that is, you aim to do anything about getting yourself a new suit for this affair?" I'd begun to wonder, what with the printed-up invitation and all, if I had anything grand enough to wear to this tony set-up.

"Why, I didn't figure on it, Shuffle," Willy said sadly. "I don't think the budget runs to it, right now, what with Evey going to have to get herself decked out like royalty. Nope, I'll just brush up the old blue gabardine."

"Well, I'll join you, son," I said. Fact was, I was relieved to hear he wasn't getting a new suit. "I'll stick to the old faithful serge I got. I'm too old and ugly to be setting myself off in a tailcoat."

Ma laughed in her comfortable way. "Now Shuffle, you know the Pendletons don't expect anyone coming in a tailcoat. Land o'goshen, old friend, they're just Augustus and Mathilda, same's they were way before this Alfred Sinclair or this Miss Morrison was thought of. We'll all go together and have a fine time—like always. And it'll be interesting to see what these folks make of Rushville Center, now won't it? That's the big thing, Shuffle. What they'll be writing about us, and the pictures they'll be taking—I believe it's this Miss Anne Morrison who takes the pictures. We got to see they get the true impression of our town."

It was a good thing the night of the party finally came round, because I don't believe anyone could've stood another minute of suspense and waiting.

Like it says in the Bible, I arrayed myself splendid that night, laying on liberally with the bay rum. Felt pretty nice, getting spruced up for a change. Felt even better when I got over to Ma's and she said, "My, Shuffle, you look awful nice!"

I took up her hand and patted it. "Tell you something, Ma Perkins, you look pretty nice yourself. Nice as any lady there is going to look."

Ma twinkled at me. "You know, Shuffle," she said. "No matter how old a woman gets, come the time she's going out to a big affair like this, she feels real bad if somebody don't tell her she's looking pretty. Thank you, old friend." Brought a lump to my throat, that did. I'd like to see the day when Ma Perkins couldn't look grander than anybody just by looking like herself. To cover up my feelings, I looked around at everybody—Fay in a long something, with her shiny hair pretty as a picture, and Evey, brushing off the shoulders of Willy's snappy gabardine suit and fussing over everything the way she does. She had on a few too many frills it looked to me, but it'll be a sad day for the ladies when they have to come to Shuffle Shober for stylish advice, so maybe I'm wrong. And Joseph looking bashful, like always, but real handsome in his good suit. I said to Ma, "Well, we've done the best we could. Let's hope this big city bunch thinks we're good enough."

"Shuffle dear," Ma said reprovingly. "Let's go in the right spirit. If this Mr. Sinclair is as good a writer as Fay says, he must be a real smart man. And if he is, don't you think he'll be able to see what Rushville Center's really like? Even if there are a few who try to make it look like a bigger, fancier, richer place than it really is—don't you think he might be able to see what life here is really like?"

"I deserve that, Ma," I told her. "I surely do. I just wish it was you entertaining these folks, then I wouldn't give it a thought. But as it is," I finished gloomily, "with that gilt-edged invitation and all, I keep worrying about the finger-bowls. What on earth do you do with them anyway—supposing they have 'em?"

Willy exploded in a guffaw. "Drink out of them, Shuffle!" He slapped me on the shoulder and laughed. "Drink out of them, that's what."

Everybody laughed, and we started off, me in a happier frame of mind than I'd been. This lasted till about when we got there, and then, when I saw the Pendleton house, I began worrying all over again. Couldn't help it. You should've seen what they'd done to it.

First off, they had a new fancy iron gate down at the end of the path, and in the yard—pardon me, on the grounds—they'd stuck a couple of lights on poles, looking like street lights. I guess they were meant to look like an old mansion-house in England, or something. Then, if you please, when we got up to the door and rang and it opened, there was this maid in uniform.

Well, at the Pendleton house that's not so strange. What was comical was noticing behind her as she took our hats and things, there were two other maids going about their business. *Two,* making three altogether, and in these fancy uniforms that looked like something off the stage.

Willy breathed in my ear, "Gee. Get that, Shuffle." Then Evey gave him a twitch on the elbow and kind of dragged him forward, and I followed with Ma. When we got to the living room door we came face to face with the Big Wheels themselves—the Pendletons, I mean, and two people I figured were Alfred Sinclair and Anne Morrison.

Well, Mathilda Pendleton was in red,

The Life of a Glamorous Woman Reporter!

Listen to

"Wendy Warren and the News"
Monday through Friday CBS Stations
Check Paper for Time

Read the news of women today in

"Woman's World"

reported by Wendy Warren each month in **TRUE EXPERIENCES** magazine now at newsstands.

and she fairly blinded me so I couldn't really get to see what the others looked like. It wasn't till we had passed into the room and had found ourselves a kind of corner that I had a chance to look back, casual-like, and get myself a peek at them. I saw that Evey was doing the same, and so was Joseph—practically everybody in the room, in fact, excepting Ma, who had too good manners to stare. Too good self-control, too. She sat down next to Marcella Purdy and was calmly chatting away. But not the rest of us. We were too busy trying to size up the visitors.

This Sinclair fellow, now . . . he was a tall, thin chap. Bony. I was surprised to see there was some gray at the side of his hair. Not so awfully young, then. Not one of these young smart-alec types. He had a thin, bony face, with small dark eyes that looked very piercing. "Why, it's a nice face," I thought. "Smart-looking but not wise-looking. He looks like a real intelligent feller." Passing on to the girl, I saw why Joseph hadn't been able to take his eyes off her ever since we'd come in. I'd noticed that—he acted as though his eyes were stuck to her or something. Beautiful? I wouldn't say that. She was on the tall side too, but not so very thin Her dress was gray, and her eyes were light—maybe gray, too. They were so enormous I could see that much even way across the room. Her hair was short and curly, and reddish. But what was making Joseph stare wasn't anything you can put it in words. It was a something—a certain kind of personality that you could see in her face and in the rest of her too, that kind of caught you and made you look twice. I felt suddenly sorry for Joseph, and yet in a way I envied him too . . . for being young, I guess. For being able to feel that struck by a girl, and hope she might throw a look his way.

"Gee, she's beautiful." Evey's voice came out in a sigh. Fay, beside me, nodded, without looking toward Anne Morrison. She'd seen enough in that first look, I guess, as a woman can.

"Very," she answered her sister. "She's very sophisticated-looking, too. So is he."

"Just what I was thinking," Evey said. She cast a dissatisfied glance at Willy's gabardine suit. "I wish Willy would get himself one of them . . ." her voice trailed off. It was plain enough that no matter what Willy ever got himself he wasn't going to end up looking like Alfred Sinclair. Even Evey could see that. She sighed and turned her attention to the rest of the room.

"Some party!" I thought to myself. Why, the few people who were speaking were doing it in whispers, like in a museum. I got to do something about it, I decided, and cleared my throat to begin. I don't know what I would have said, but just that minute I caught Willy's eyes, and I saw he was doing the same as I was, trying to think of something to say. So I shut up and let him do the thinking.

He coughed. "Say, Shuffle," he bellowed. "How's about . . ." Then he stood there with his mouth half open, just looking at me. He hadn't meant to shout like that. He hadn't any idea just how his voice was going to come out. But it echoed around that quiet room something terrible. We stared at each other, and then I couldn't help it—the corners of my mouth began to twitch. Gosh knows what would have happened if one of them maids hadn't come round right then with a tray with some glasses on it. She shoved it between us, and Willy took one and I took one, and the bad minutes passed over.

Without meaning to, we had helped things somewhat. After that noise Willy made people started to talk a little louder. One or two laughs came sounding down the room. Things were warming up a bit. Folks began moving around from place to place, and I was reminded of a movie I'd seen down at the Cameo with one of those big cocktail parties in it, where dressed-up people rushed around from group to group, chattering away and nobody being able to hear a thing anybody else said. That was what Mathilda Pendleton wanted us to do, I guess; act like those people in a Hollywood movie. Well, she'd be lucky if she got any kind of a party at all, the way things were going. Rushville Center folks just ain't the cocktail-chattering type, and you couldn't make them into it by sending out a printed-up invitation.

"Say, when do we eat?" Willy's voice was low now, but worried. "I'm hungry. We got to do something besides stand around." Just as he spoke, some doors at one end of the room were opened, and people began going into another room. It looked as though it might turn out to be food, so we went too. It was food all right. Around and around we went, and you never saw such a table. All I could think was the Pendletons must have hired the plates and silver and stuff. No one family ever could've outright owned anything like that. It was like a palace. It was just too good to be true. And furthermore the danged food looked so fancy nobody had the heart to lay a fork to it. We just kept pushing one another round and round.

Finally I decided I'd had enough, and I got myself a plateful of something I still can't make head nor tail of. But it didn't matter, because right about then I happened to look up and see Joseph and Anne Morrison, and my appetite went anyway.

There they stood, just staring at each other. It's a mystery to me how they ever got together, but as I said it was a big room, and crowded, and plenty of things went on I never got to see. Somehow or other Joseph had managed to make her feel the way he was looking at her, and evidently she'd been interested enough to start looking at him. I felt suddenly that I had to get Joseph out of it. I don't know out of what, or why, but it was like I'd heard a cry for help. She was so outright glamorous, and so different from him, as they stood there. Like two different worlds. "Notice him or not," I thought, "it won't help him any if she does. More likely she'd hurt him. He's not her kind . . ." With a confused feeling that I must help I put down my food and turned to go to them, but just then I felt a hand on my arm. It was Ma.

She looked over where I'd been looking, where Joseph and Anne Morrison were now at last starting to talk to each other. She shook her head.

"But Ma," I said, "it's no good for Joseph to get interested in a woman like that. She—"

"He's only just met her, Shuffle, dear," Ma said softly. "Oh, I know what you mean—I saw how he was looking at her, when we came in. I know he's not just talking to her like to any stranger . . . maybe there's got to be something between them, when there was such a look in his eyes. I don't know." She hesitated. "You know, Shuffle, how I feel about Joseph. I'd do anything to spare him getting hurt. And yet there are some things we can't any of us do

When you have a
HEADACHE

Take Alka-Seltzer and you'll SMILE with RELIEF!

ACID INDIGESTION
COLD DISCOMFORTS
MUSCULAR PAIN
All drugstores U. S. and Canada

ANALYZE Handwriting
More and more men and women in home and various professions report greater earnings spare time. Home study. Test lesson, YEAR BOOK free. No children.
I.G.A.S., Wilhoit Bldg., 509, Springfield, Mo.

VOICE DEVELOPER!
POWERFUL, Magnetic, Impressive Voice developed with New Invention—Diaphragm Exerciser. Free Details. Voice Developer, Box 665-CS-(38V), St. Louis, Mo.

NOSES RESHAPED
FACE LIFTING

Loose skin, wrinkles, outstanding ears, lips, baggy eyelids, breasts, scars, tattoos—corrected by plastic surgery. Consultation and Booklet MC Free.
LINCOLN HOUSE PUBLISHERS
542 FIFTH AVE., Suite 63, N. Y. C. LE 2-1596

LEARN NURSING AT HOME
G.C.S. Course Written by Two Doctors and Clinically Tested
We'll train you to be a practical nurse at home during spare hours. You can earn as you train. Professional outfit included. *High school not necessary.* Men, women, 18 to 60 are needed now. *Easy-pay tuition plan.* Cancellation privileges. *Mail coupon now!*
GLENWOOD CAREER SCHOOLS
7050 Glenwood Avenue, Dept. N1-12, Chicago 26, Ill.
Send free booklet and full information on Practical Nursing.
Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST
Use DERMOIL

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.
Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test." Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 3925. Strathmoor Station. Dept. 4404, Detroit 27, Mich.
SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE
©1935 LAKE LAB

for those we love, much as we'd like to. Saving them from getting hurt is one of the things. Sometimes we can make it easier, but most of the time they've just got to learn in their own way." She sighed, and I sat down again, knowing she was right. What could I have done anyway—gone over like an old bear and broken up Joseph's talking with this girl? And then what?

"And anyway," Ma added, "a little flirtation might be just the thing for Joseph right now. He's been sort of unhappy lately, just drifting . . . A little flirtation never hurt anybody, Shuffle."

Somebody laughed behind us, and I turned to see Alfred Sinclair standing there. "Those are wonderful words, Mrs. Perkins," he said. "It is Mrs. Perkins, isn't it? Something tells me I ought to have a long talk with you. You say the kind of things that I like to hear."

Ma said calmly, "I'd be glad to talk with you, Mr. Sinclair, any time."

Mr. Sinclair was looking at her closely, as if he was trying to find out something by just looking, without asking any questions. Finally he said, "I don't mean to be impertinent, but I wonder . . . have you lived here a long time, Mrs. Perkins I mean—do you know the town well?"

"The town, Mr. Sinclair?" Ma smiled, friendly, and he smiled back. "You don't mean do I know the names of the streets and so on, I guess. You want to know if I know the people? I think I do. I've been friends with many of them for so very long now . . . and I've been fond of many of them."

"Yes," Mr. Sinclair said. "I believe you do know and love the whole town. I want to talk to you very much. I want to learn something about this town from you, if I may—"

Suddenly, listening, I remembered what I'd lost sight of completely in all the excitement about Mr. Sinclair and Miss Morrison—the reason they were in Rushville Center at all. We had won a title, I reminded myself. America's typical town—the town that tells America's story. They were after *us*, trying to find out what makes us tick. It wasn't likely, as Ma had said, that a man like Mr. Sinclair would be fooled into thinking that this house and this party were real Rushville Center. Not on your life. He knew too much. He'd been around too much, anybody could see that. He must have seen in a minute how Mathilda Pendleton was putting it on for show, and how underneath this was a place for plain and simple folks. For the first time that night I began to really relax.

"I want to see the way people here really live," Mr. Sinclair was saying. "The only way I can do the job I was sent down to do is by getting to be a part of Rushville Center."

"Come and see us, Mr. Sinclair," Ma said graciously. "Come tomorrow night if you can, and have dinner with us—me and my family, and Shuffle here. And maybe Joseph will come too. That'd be a good way to start."

"Perfect. Just the—"

"Ah, Mr. Sinclair." Like a school of sharks, Mayor Ross with the Pendletons behind him surrounded us. Mathilda was trying hard to look sweet, but you could see she really wanted to glare at us. I guess because her guest of honor was sitting there beside us as if he liked it. "We were just wondering about tomorrow night," Mayor Ross went on. He coughed apologetically. "Unfortunately, culture is . . . well, we can't offer much in the way of culture. Pictures you know, and music, and . . ." He stopped, his mouth open.

"Ballet," Augustus put in helpfully. "Can't take you to a ballet, say—"

Mayor Ross had figured out what else to say. "But there are certain things we feel you should see. The old church out on the back road, for example. They dug up some Indian tools there once. Arrowheads. Flints."

Mr. Sinclair smiled. "Please don't go to any trouble," he said. "As a matter of fact Mrs. Perkins has been kind enough to ask me to have dinner with her family tomorrow night, so I—"

"But you—that is, we planned . . ." Mayor Ross paused again. He seemed to having a hard time talking to Mr. Sinclair, who just looked at him patiently and waited for him to finish. The Mayor fiddled with his watch chain. "You have found a true gold mine of information in Mrs. Perkins," he said. Never have I wanted to take a poke at a fellow much as I did right then, but in another way I was enjoying myself too much. A gold mine, indeed! "She can tell you a great deal about . . . about people, and so on, who live here. However we'd like you not to miss our—" he gave something between a laugh and another cough—"our few points of real interest. The old church, now. And the Grange Hall. And there's a big new bottle factory going up—"

Mr. Sinclair kind of unfolded himself. He was very tall, very solemn as he stood looking down at Mayor Ross. His voice was real gentle, like talking to a child.

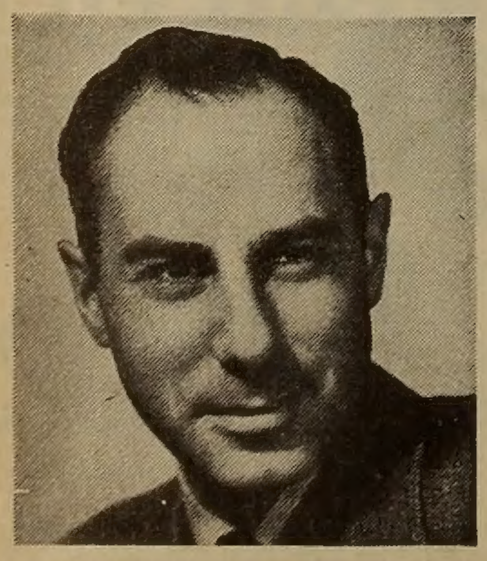
"These things about Rushville Center are probably extremely interesting," he said in that quiet way. "But I believe I'll wait for a while before I see them. You see . . . I have an idea that it's more important, far more, for me to learn about the Rushville Center that Mrs. Perkins knows." He turned slightly and smiled down at Ma somehow as though they understood each other. "You see," he went on, "I have a feeling that Mrs. Perkins *is* Rushville Center."

Mayor Ross got red as a beet. Mathilda gasped out "Well!" Augustus, he didn't do anything, and right then I felt he was the smartest of them. What was there he could do, when you got right down to it?

I don't know as Mathilda ever got over what happened after that. Mr. Sinclair just concentrated on Ma like nobody else mattered in the whole room—I don't mean he showed bad manners or anything, but it was pretty plain he found her real interesting to talk to. Not just that evening, but all the rest of the time he was in town. Matter of fact they got to be real good friends after a while. Mr. Sinclair spent most of his days just sitting and talking with Ma, and I noticed that he never turned down any of her wonderful meals, either. Said he hadn't tasted that kind of cooking in so long, he'd almost forgotten it existed. Ma's apple cake and chicken pies and potato pancakes impressed Mr. Sinclair so much I thought he'd begin writing a recipe book instead. Ma was very happy when, just before they left Rushville Center when their work here was done, Mr. Sinclair and Anne Morrison decided to be married. Turned out Mr. Sinclair himself was from a town just like Rushville Center . . . so what can you tell by just looking at a feller, I'd like to know? I guess maybe that was why he had sense enough to see that Ma—like he said—is Rushville Center. You'd have to understand a town like ours to see how a simple, plain person like Ma could be the heart and soul of it—the one that folks come running to with their good news and bad, the one who's the most trusted friend of every living soul in the place. Ma doesn't need three maids and diamonds in the chandeliers to make her impression—not on the right kind of people, those who know the real from the put-on.

Which brings me back to what I was saying about inferiority complexes and how unnecessary they are. There I was, thinking Mr. Sinclair, being from the big city, would come round maybe poking fun at the things I'm fondest of—the quiet, ordinary, plain things that make Rushville Center the good place it is to live. Working hard, and sitting around a family dinner-table, and going downstreet to see a friend, and maybe walking up Main Street on a summer night. Things like that. But need I have bothered myself? Not on your life. If Mr. Sinclair himself had been a false front kind of a feller, with no real brains, then maybe he'd have sneered at our small-town ways. But if he'd been that kind it wouldn't have mattered a darn what he did! As it was, being he was a real worthwhile person, he understood. He turned to Ma, didn't he, like he'd known her always? And don't I turn to Ma, and haven't I from the first day I knew her I'm not counting how many years ago?

So there you are. Mr. Sinclair and me, we look different, we think different, we live different. But down deep, where it matters, there's a lot goes on in both of us that's just the same. Come to think of it, I guess you can count on that being true with most decent, honest human beings.



Listen To:

BILL STERN'S

"SPORTS NEWSREEL"

Every Friday **NBC**

10:30 p.m. EST

Read **BILL STERN'S**

"SPORT SURPRISE" feature in the current issue of

SPORT magazine now on newsstands

Pattern beauty that lasts

because of these

New SPRING GARDEN

LOVELY LADY

DANISH PRINCESS*

YOUTH

How proudly she chooses this beautiful pattern! And how wisely, too... for it is by Holmes & Edwards, the silverplate that's Sterling Inlaid!

Two blocks of sterling silver *are inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of most-used spoons and forks to give these charming patterns lasting loveliness.*

Why take years buying "place settings" when tonight you can own a service for eight, 52 pieces, for $69.95. Other sets as low as $49.95. No Excise Tax.

COPYRIGHT 1950, THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., HOLMES & EDWARDS DIVISION, MERIDEN, CONN. ®REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HOLMES & EDWARDS

STERLING INLAID°

SILVERPLATE

MADE BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

°ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U. S. A.

Hint to your one-and-only

"Only Samsonite will do!"

nsonite Matched
in stunning
tural Rawhide Finish

• Is that an extravagant hint? Not a bit of it! Samsonite luggage is *kind* to young budgets. Two pieces cost less than you'd expect to pay for just one piece of such quality! • Besides, this handsome luggage wears for years and years. Words can't tell you but time will show what it means to have Samsonite's better-than-leather coverings . . . construction strong enough to stand on... luxurious long-wearing linings... fittings and locks of solid brass... shock absorber handles • Maybe you'd better not trust to a hint! Maybe you'd better come right out and *say* there's nothing like Samsonite and that's what you'd like to have!

MATCHING SETS ALSO IN:

a. Train Case . . .	$17.50
b. Vanity O'Nite . .	17.50
c. Men's Overnight	17.50
d. Ladies' O'Nite (Regular) . . .	19.50
e. Ladies' O'Nite (Convertible) .	22.50
f. Ladies' Wardrobe	25.00
g. Two-Suiter . . .	25.00
h. Pullman	27.50
i. Hand Wardrobe .	35.00*

*ALL PRICES SUBJECT TO EXISTING TAXES

FLIGHT PROVEN
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

Samsonite Luggage

Shwayder Bros., Inc. Luggage Division, Denver 9, Colorado. Also makers of Samson Folding Tables and Chairs. Folding Furniture Division, Detroit 29, Michigan